The Saturday Evening
POST
March 23, 1957 - 15¢

MAR 19 '57

CONFESSIONS of an AMBULANCE CHASER

BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE

Who Takes Over If the President Collapses?

By Beverly Smith

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where space really counts—

NEW **HOTPOINT** SUPER-18 with BIG·BIN

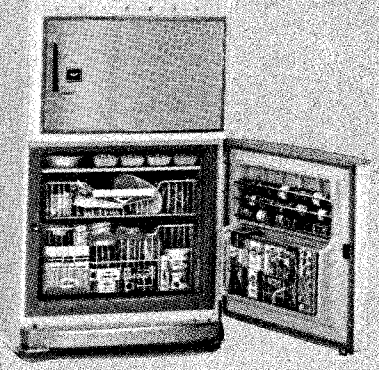
Full-sized, 11-cubic-foot refrigerator and a 7.3-cubic-foot freezer all in one—yet no wider than a refrigerator alone!

So big — yet it steals *no extra* wall space. *So convenient*—you'll honestly wonder how this trim new beauty can open up to such a spacious storehouse for both fresh and frozen foods.

Lavish use of aluminum—everywhere aluminum counts—is part of the secret. Feature after feature owes its new beauty, its strength, its practical convenience to aluminum. See the glide-out aluminum shelves that put foods squarely in front of you. See the big aluminum Dairy-Stor in the door. And the waist-high Big·Bin that *swings out* . . . putting the big showcase crisper and even your *biggest* bottles *right out in front.*

Touch your toe to the foot-pedal latch on the 250-pound freezer *underneath.* Door shelves here, too, and *two* slide-out baskets!

Close the doors. See how gently, yet how *tight,* they shut. Yet Hotpoint's new safety latch opens at a touch from outside or in. And look at the *beauty.* See and *do* all this at your dealer's, soon!



Hotpoint | Refrigerators • Food Freezers • Air Conditioners • Ranges • Automatic Washers • Clothes Dryers • Customline • Dishwashers Disposalls® • Water Heaters • Television • HOTPOINT CO. (A Division of General Electric Company), Chicago 44

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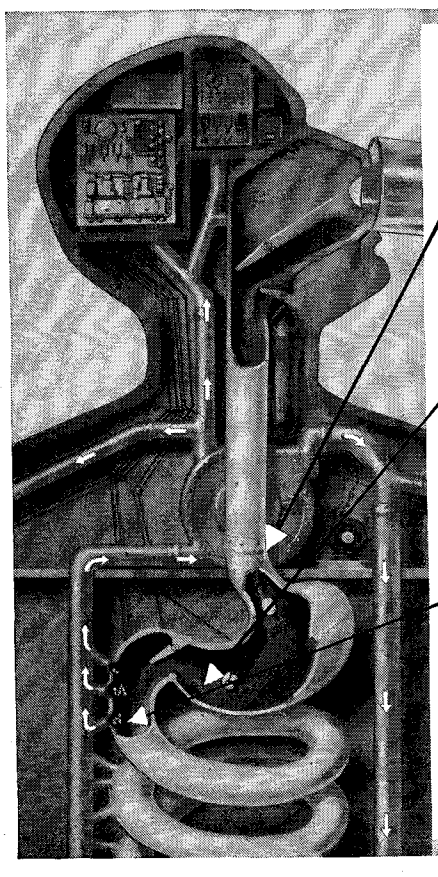
If you've been taking aspirin for colds...remember—

BUFFERIN®



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. So . . .

3. Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

✔ **acts twice as fast as aspirin**
to relieve cold miseries and headaches!

✔ **won't upset your stomach**
as aspirin often does!

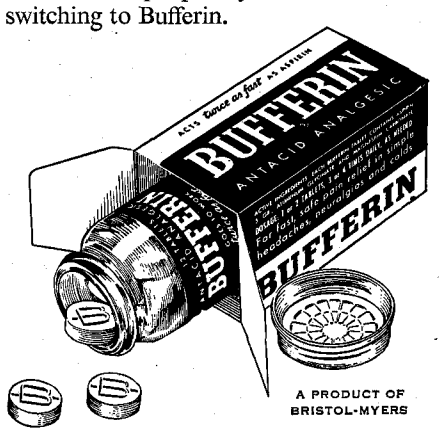
Medical research shows that most cold sufferers stop taking pain relievers before getting completely rid of a cold.

Why? Many people find that ordinary pain relievers, taken over prolonged periods of time, cause upset stomach.

That's why you need Bufferin. It acts twice as fast as aspirin, yet is so gentle and safe you can take it over prolonged periods without fear of upset stomach.

It means this—from the first sniffle of a cold, right through until the last cough, you can count on Bufferin for fast, wonderful relief.

P.S. Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to relieve headaches and other pains, too! No wonder people by the millions are switching to Bufferin.



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

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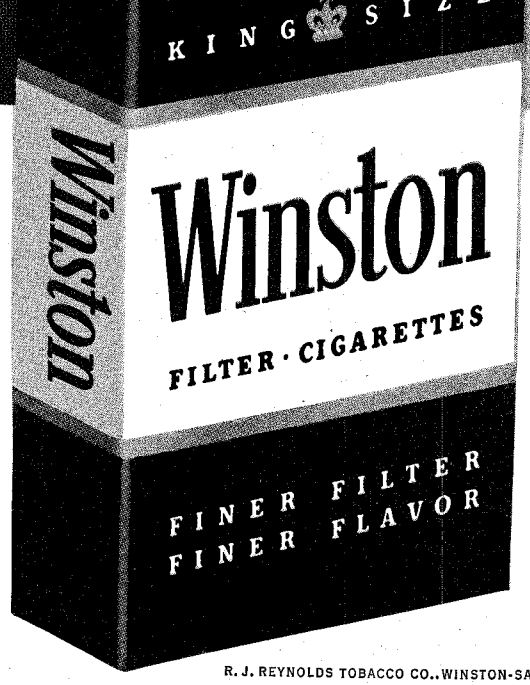

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The taste folks take to *(and talk about)*...WINSTON

You'll like the extra good taste of Winstons, too! And the way that exclusive Winston filter—*snowy-white and pure*—really lets the rich flavor come through! So, if you aren't already enjoying today's most talked-about flavor-filter combination, get yourself a pack of Winstons right now—for flavory filter smoking!

Smoke WINSTON...enjoy the snow-white filter in the cork-smooth tip!

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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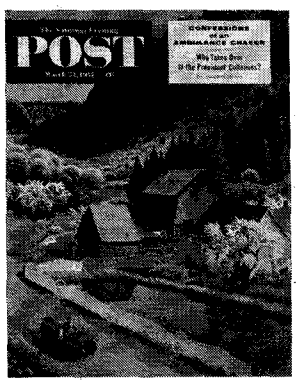

THE COVER

Springtime and John Clymer have just painted those mountain shoulders in cheerful new hues. The whole place had been a monotonous white for some months and needed redecorating. Clymer, portraying this farm from memory, left out a beat-up old waterwheel to have more space for milk cows. (Would that there also were chocolate-soda cows, cider cows, even dry-sherry cows, but there aren't; so forget it). Clymer also omitted half of that fence; maybe he feared that if the thing had more wheels it might get moving in a high wind and roll down the pike lickety-toot. If a fence, while exceeding the speed limit, should hit an auto, who would sue what? Another question: when helicopters replace automobiles, will jeep wheels be used for antiques, sidewalls painted white?

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S., payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice. All subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 220

The greatest star of the screen!

There's no place like Rome! M-G-M demonstrates this delightfully in "Ten Thousand Bedrooms."

★ ★ ★ ★

In a truly grand tour, you're whisked away to that romantic city on wings of song in the genial company of Dean Martin and two of the loveliest co-stars who ever made debuts in the same season, much less the same picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

One is the young singing sensation, Anna Maria Alberghetti, now making her first film appearance as a *grown-up*.

★ ★ ★ ★

The other "deb" is the tall, dark (and *then* some) Eva Bartok, famed Continental beauty making her first appearance in an American film.

Standing on the corners of this triangle, helping all the fun race by, are Dewey Martin, Walter Slezak, Paul Henreid, Jules Munshin, Marcel Dalio and two very comely newcomers, Lisa Gaye and Joyce Taylor.

★ ★ ★ ★

Filmed by M-G-M in its beautiful Italian locale in CinemaScope and MetroColor, "Ten Thousand Bedrooms" is a sleek, fast-moving vehicle for another debut, too: Dean Martin's as a solo performer.

★ ★ ★ ★

As the playboy owner of the "Ten Thousand Bedrooms" in the Hunter chain of luxury hotels, Dean is a delight in both the vocal and romantic departments.

★ ★ ★ ★

Although he's the easy-going kind of Texan who can afford four private planes (one for each direction) our story begins when he and his personal pilot (handsome young Dewey Martin) land *one* of them in the land of the Caesars.

★ ★ ★ ★

Which Martin (Dean or Dewey) winds up with which sister (Eva or Anna Maria)? Well, no spoil-sports we. Suffice it, that the joy engendered is just about the last word in the lavish uniting of young lovers in lovely old cities and ultra-modern glamors.

★ ★ ★ ★

More than ever will taste, elegance and fun be associated with the name of producer Joe Pasternak.

★ ★ ★ ★

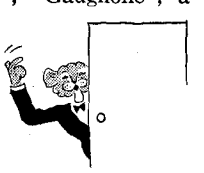
Richard Thorpe has directed the racy screenplay with his customary style and deftness.

★ ★ ★ ★

The writers are Laslo Vadnay and Art Cohn, William Ludwig and Leonard Spigelgass.

★ ★ ★ ★

Of Academy Award songsmiths Sammy Cahn and Nicholas Brodszky's score, you're sure to be hearing and humming: "You I Love", a swing ballad; "Only Trust Your Heart"; "Gauglione", a Spanish-flavored street song; the title song; and a very funny "foreign" version of "Rock Around the Clock."



—*Leo*

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You'll love the fresh taste and the convenience of PREAM!

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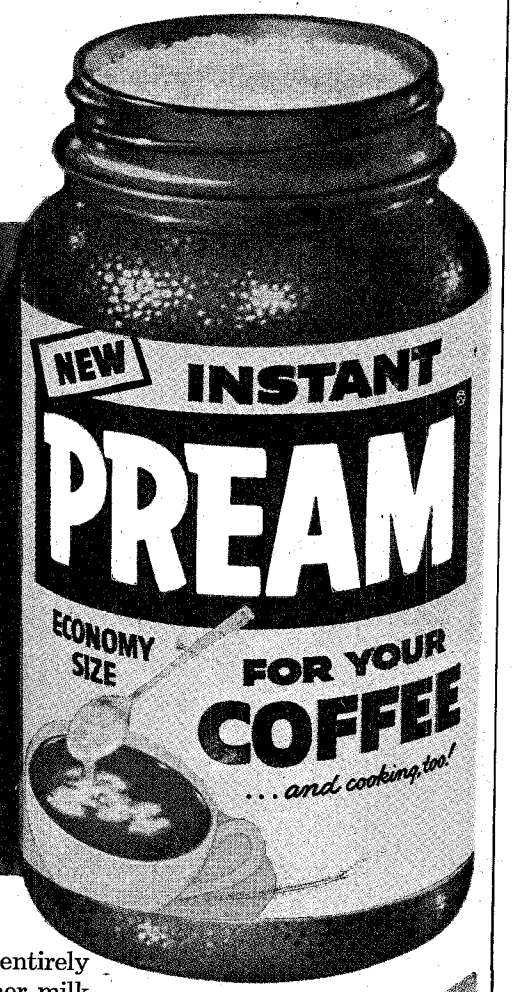
BIG NEW ECONOMY SIZE!



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If you like it "with" . . . you'll love it with **PREAM!**

Letters

Funniest Ever?

Dear Sirs:

I have just read the first installment of EVERYBODY LAUGHS AT ME by Victor Borge, as told to Dean Jennings [Feb. 16].

I can't say that I have ever before heard of Mr. Borge or Mr. Jennings. But I can say this seems to be the most humorous article thus far I have read in the Post or anywhere.

ALEXANDER MEREDITH
Seneca, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

Victor Borge—a side-splitter, funniest thing ever in the Post.

WALLACE REID
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Re EVERYBODY LAUGHS AT ME—We don't!

MR. AND MRS. FRANK KENNEDY
Detroit, Mich.

Future Homemakers

Dear Sirs:

What memories your cover by Stevan Dohanos on the February 16th issue evoke. The recipe shown on the blackboard for "white sauce" provided an extra chuckle. . . .

Wouldn't you just know the husband I acquired in later years is just a plain meat-and-potatoes man, who detests sauces of any kind, explaining they are used as a means to camouflage left-overs or to make good foods "taste like what they ain't."

MRS. RAYMOND V. DWYER
Carlstadt, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

What is wrong with our school classrooms is depicted on your February 16th cover. As a former teacher I enjoyed the concentrated attention on the work. But alas, the next minute that public-address system will blare some unimportant announcement which concerns no one in the class or could be saved for tomorrow's bulletin! It happens every hour—or oftener. And the teacher will have to start all over again to get the girls' attention and build up the continuity of thought.

There ought to be a law prohibiting the installing of public-address systems in our schoolrooms!

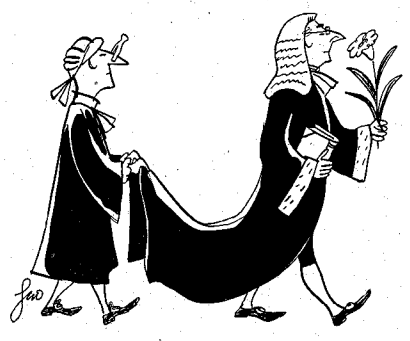
MRS. ROBERT R. RENFRO
Seattle, Wash.

His Lordship's Nose

Dear Sirs:

The Old Bailey [THE QUEEN'S JUSTICE IS QUICK, by Martha Gellhorn, Feb. 16.] . . . had a peculiar custom called "Carrying the Posy," which no doubt still exists.

I visited this court some years ago and, being an American lawyer, was permitted to sit immediately behind the barristers, who were trying a murder case. Lord Darling was presiding. When he entered the courtroom, I noticed he was



carrying before him a fragrant flower. At recess I inquired of one of the barristers the reason for this. He told me it was called "Carrying the Posy" and that it originated about a hundred years ago, when Newgate Prison adjoined the Old Bailey. The stench from the prison was unbearable, so the judges started carrying the flower to overcome it.

Newgate was torn down about a hundred years ago, but the judge still carried the posy.

DAVID PAINE
Montclair, N.J.

● *And he does to this day. The custom is still observed. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Miss Gellhorn mentions that the present Old Bailey, damaged in the Second War, was built in 1907. I was in London at the time and recall that quite a controversy raged in the London press after someone had drawn attention to the fact that the statue of Justice, which crowns the dome of the building, did not show the lady blindfolded. However, this provoked the devastating retort, "Quite true, but isn't it time that Justice should see what she is doing?"

ANDREW PATERSON
Montreal, Canada

Lincoln's Reminder

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading the finest story you have given us for a long while, THE MYSTERIOUS MR. TODD, by George Sumner Albee, Feb. 9. It is just what we need—a reminder of what our nation really stands for, and a warning against the dangerous trend toward materialism and selfishness which Mr. Lincoln tried so hard to have us avoid.

MRS. ARTHUR SAND
Loomis, Neb.

Capitol Crush

Dear Sirs:

In regards to the problem of the White House crowding as told in the Feb. 16th

(Continued on Page 6)

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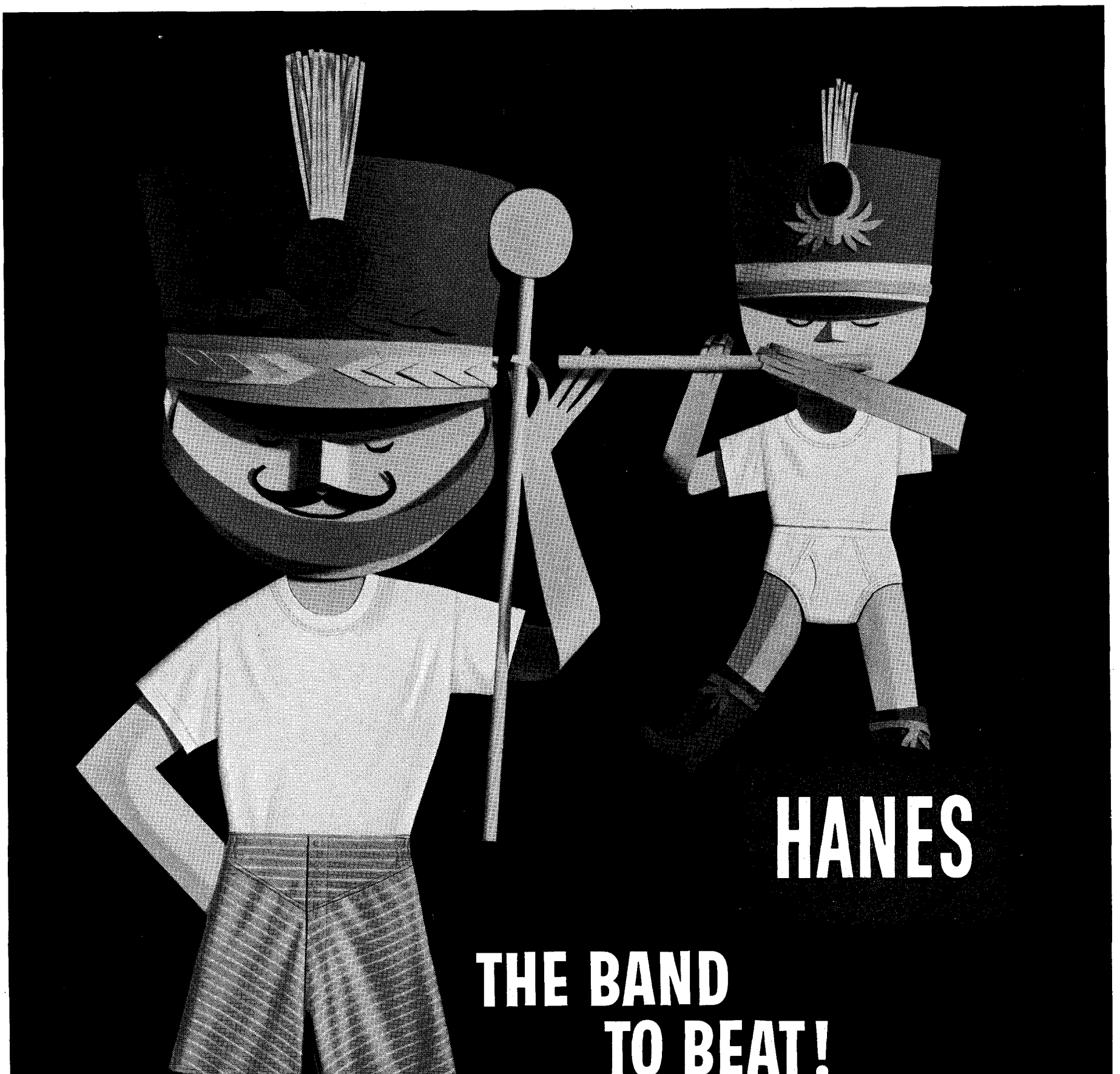

Hanes patented neckband keeps its shape always!

Here's one T-shirt that can pass a parade inspection no matter how often it's worn, how often it's washed. The secret is in Hanes' exclusive No-Sag construction—always fits smooth and snug. What's more, there's even Nylon-blended yarn knitted right into the neck for added strength. Another secret: Hanes' exclusive whiter-than-white finish. Stays snowy always—wash after wash. Add it up—get the best T-shirt buy in town! **Only $1 for men, 75c for boys**

MORE GREAT BUYS	for men	and boys
Fig Leaf briefs	95c to $1	69c
Whiter-than-white undershirts	79c to 85c	59c
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The most
IMPORTANT
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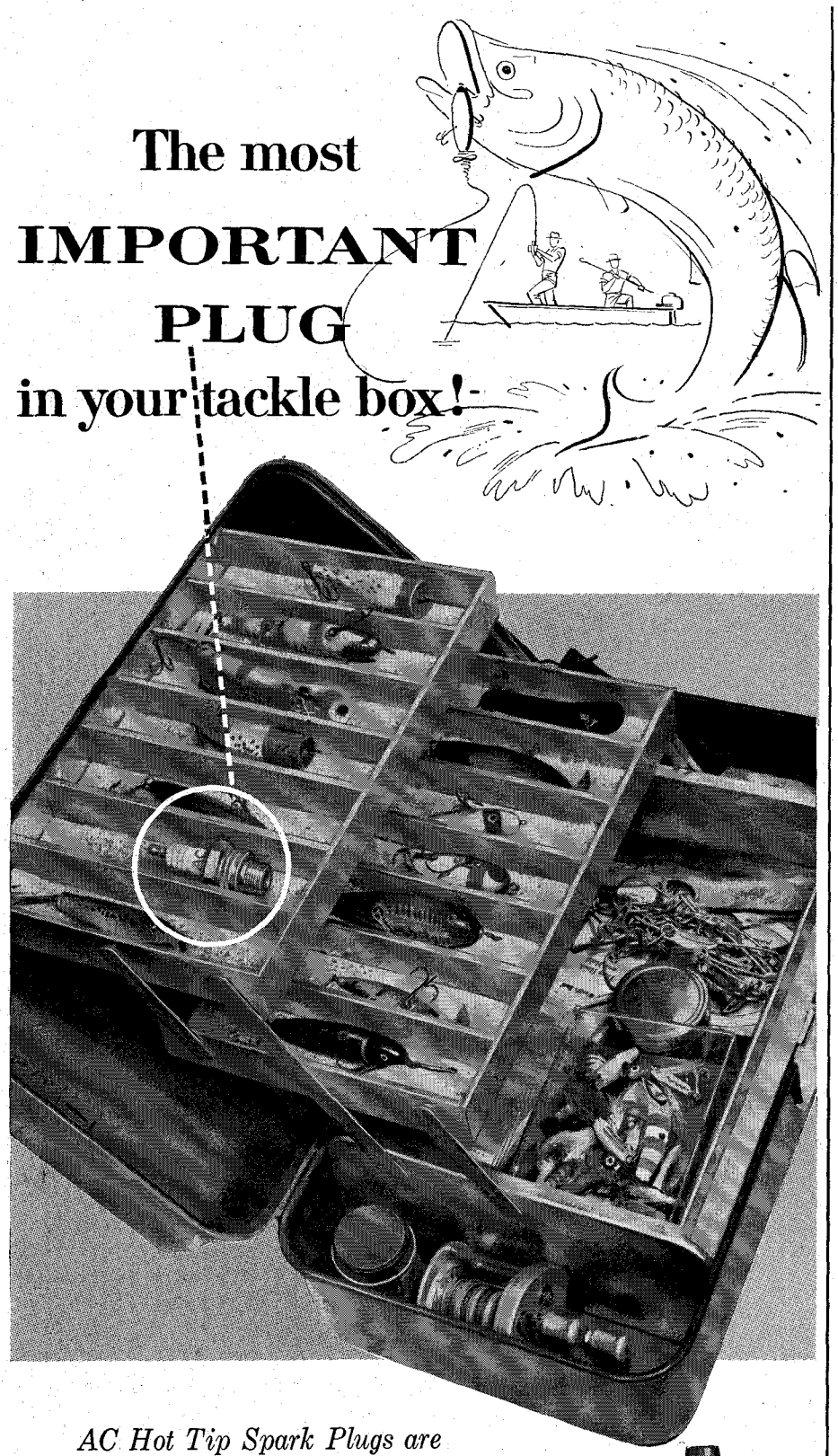


AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs are marine-engineered to take you where the fishing is best!

Whether you're trolling for tarpon or going after pan fish, you'll be interested in these words of wisdom for Izaak Waltons!

It takes more than colorful lures to land the big ones! Rod, reel, boat and smoothly running motor all play their part.

Many an experienced fisherman takes no chance on quick starting and smooth performance. He carries a spare set of AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs wherever he goes.

AC marine-engineered Spark Plugs have the exclusive "Hot Tip" feature that burns away fouling oil and carbon deposits as soon as they form. They're rustproofed to prevent the corrosive coating causing shorting through flash-over.

Put an extra set of AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs in your tackle box. Get them from your nearby AC retailer now!

Watch WIDE WIDE WORLD—NBC-TV

HOT TIP SPARK PLUGS

AC SPARK PLUG THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Post article TAKE THE PRESIDENT OUT OF THE WHITE HOUSE! [by Peter Wyden] the best and simplest solution would be to fire about 75% of the duplicate makers, carbon-copy filers, press agents and others. At least three quarters of the bureaucrats could be done away with and the only things missed would be the propaganda they put out to glorify their jobs and the President.

JOHN MOORE
Herrin, Ill.

Doom Cliff

Dear Sirs:

One of the nicest things that The Saturday Evening Post has done for a long time was to print in the February 9th issue the last installment of DOOM CLIFF by Luke Short that had been running in Collier's. When I had notice that my Collier's would not be coming any longer, I was very much disappointed because I could not finish my story and also because I felt that I was losing an old friend. Well, I still have The Saturday Evening Post—thanks again.

W. RAY TABLER
Hagerstown, Md.

Not Hirsute, But Heroic

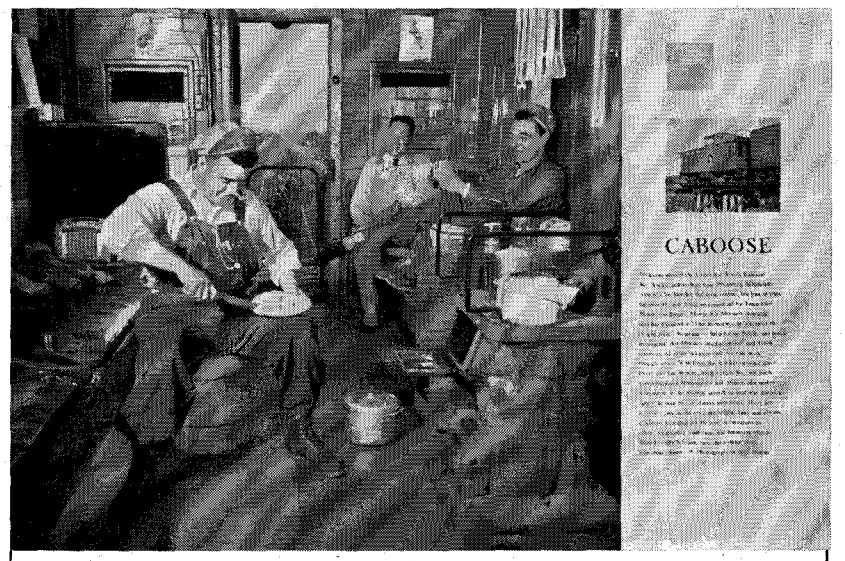
Dear Sirs:

Referring to Richard G. Hubler's story of Alan Ladd, HOLLYWOOD'S UNLIKELIEST HERO, in the Post of February 9th, I cannot let such an article go unchallenged.

What does he mean, "unlikely hero"? Is it necessary to look like a hairy prehistoric man in order to portray a hero in motion pictures?

It is a distinct pleasure for some of us to go and see a picture where the leading man is refined and an exponent of decency and manhood, and at the same time is a very handsome man.

MRS. F. M. SCHAFFER
San Bernardino, Cal.



STORE-BOUGHT PIE

Dear Sirs:

In the Feb. 9th issue, the text of The Face of America: CABOOSE, on page 33 speaks about a "tasty triangle of pie fresh from the familiar caboose stove." In the first place, anyone can see that is a bakery pie on a cardboard plate, but most important, the caboose stove has no oven. The open door in front of the stove that fooled your editor is where you put in the coal and kindling, and the bottom door is used when you remove the ashes. My grandpappy was a railroad man and I've been in a caboose!

We all love the Post, but how we do enjoy catching you with your oven down.

MRS. M. R. RHOADS
Oregon, Ill.

● *Our thanks to Mrs. Rhoads, and to many other readers, for pointing out what was obvious to everyone except four nodding Post editors.—ED.*

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Reading across pages, then down:

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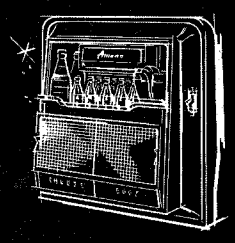
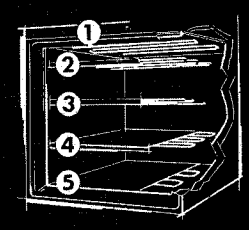
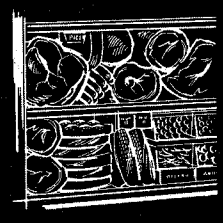


EXCLUSIVE STOR-MOR DOOR Bring foods to your fingertips! Refr erator door features big bottle spa butter keeper; jumbo freshener; che and egg drawers. Freezer door off fruit juice rack; handy package ra with first-in-first-out convenience; p five pint containers!



FIVE AMANA-MATIC FREEZIN SURFACES! All shelves, and top a bottom of Amana freezer section prime freezing surfaces. Exclusive w Amana! All foods stored on, or direc below, solid freezing plates!



NO SPACE-WASTING BASKETS sparkling new Amana combinati Reach in, take what you like without or trouble. It's easier, better, for all f stays on or directly below Amana-M freezing surfaces!

Model FPR-18

32 inches

Here's uncrowded food storage for you! Frozen food storage? **297 pounds of it in this genuine Amana freezer section.** Refrigerator space? **Equal to conventional 12-cubic-foot model.** Cold? **Genuine Amana-Matic freezing gives you even zero temperature always.** And here's the big point. **Both, mind you, in just 32 inches of precious kitchen space.** This is really modern living. Freezer living . . . the modern Amana way. Get this 2-in-1 appliance of the future. **It's available today** . . . at better dealers everywhere.

Amana®

BACKED BY A CENTURY-OLD TRADITION OF FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP

The words Amana and Deepfreeze are trademarks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

AMANA REFRIGERATION, INC. • AMANA 5, IOWA • Producers of World-Famous Amana Freezers "Guaranteed to Outperform All Others"
Freezer-*Plus*-Refrigerators • Built-In Freezers and Refrigerators • Room Air Conditioners • Central-System Air Conditioning • Deepfreeze® Chest Freezers

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ONLY LOW-PRICE
WITH *TRIPLE-TOUGH*

New RIB HI-MILER gives you features you simply can't match for the money

Only $19.95 6-ply rating

for size 6.00-16 plus tax and recappable tire—no more than you'd pay for some auto tires. Other sizes also attractively low-priced, including TUBELESS in 15" and 16" sizes. Prices subject to change.

CONVENIENT BUDGET TERMS, TOO! PAY AS LITTLE AS $2 WEEKLY FOR A *PAIR* AT MOST GOODYEAR DEALERS'.

Triple-Tempered, Triple-Tough 3-T Cord
–a Goodyear exclusive

Same Basic Design used by big fleets to cut costs

Deep, skid-resistant tread

Flatter tread–more rubber grips the road, assures longer wear

Tougher tread rubber–for a longer-wearing tire

More Mileage–more recaps

See "THE GOODYEAR PLAYHOUSE"—TV—Sunday 9-10 E.S.T.

Hi-Miler—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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TRUCK TIRE BUILT 3-T CORD!

That

Triple-Tough 3-T Cord licks the 3 Great Tire-Killers to give you more miles, more recaps, more carefree operation!

Ever wonder why some tires wear out so fast?

Or suddenly fail—with thousands of miles of unused rubber still on them?

The big answer is CORD—the plies of cord in the tire body. If it can't fight off HEAT—the SHOCK of daily bumps and bangs—the FATIGUE of hard service—*all the rubber in the world can't save the tire!*

But Triple-Tough 3-T Cord *can!*

It's Triple-Tempered by Goodyear's exclusive process. Just the right combination of *Tension, Temperature* and *Time* stabilizes it at the precise point of greatest strength, resiliency and durability.

It fights the 3 Great Tire-Killers as no lesser cord can do! You get longer original mileage and more recaps. *You KEEP ON saving money with those same faithful tires, long after others would be junked!*

The world's ONLY tires built with Triple-Tempered Triple-Tough 3-T Cord are GOODYEAR. That's a reason why Rib Hi-Miler can't be matched for the money. See it at your Goodyear dealer's now! Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

GOODYEAR TIRES

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values—better tire care. Convenient credit terms.

GOODYEAR

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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Editorials

We Need a Plan for the Relief of Ailing Presidents

When the Constitution was adopted in 1789, the normal span of life was considerably shorter than it is today, and there were no antibiotics, vitamin pills or advanced surgical procedures to defy the law of averages. In these circumstances it is extraordinary that the founding fathers omitted from the Constitution any definite provision for taking care of things if the President should become physically unable to carry on his duties. The succession to a President who died in office was established, but apparently the problem of an ailing President did not come up.

Despite the several occasions in our history when the incapacity of a President has plunged the Executive Branch of the Government into a fog of uncertainty, there has been no really serious interest in solving this problem until the illnesses of President Eisenhower. Since then, although things appeared to go on like clockwork during the President's illnesses, several plans have been proposed. In the current issue of the Post, Beverly Smith, Jr., our Washington Editor, gives the historical background of the problem along with summaries of several of the proposed solutions.

Perhaps it is blowing our own horn to say so, but the Post feels that Mr. Smith's own ideas on this subject, which he describes as Smith's Two Cents' Worth, make very good sense. The difficulties in prescribing a procedure which protects the President against a possible *coup d'état*, while at the same time protecting the country against prolonged periods of uncertainty and confusion, are enormous. The Smith plan takes care of both contingencies, as nearly as any such complicated plan can.

Of course, it is always conceivable that three Supreme Court justices, two Cabinet members and four members of Congress could simultaneously arrive at the conclusion that a President with ideas like those of the one in office at the time was obviously incapacitated. But the chances are overwhelmingly against it. Some may feel that Mr. Smith is a little vague as to the medical or psychiatric talent which his proposed commission would be expected to consult, but his assumption that so distinguished a body should be given full discretion in this matter certainly seems sounder than an effort to spell out in advance all the minutiae which would arise in such an emergency.

However, Smith's Two Cents' Worth undoubtedly provides for such emergencies, somewhere in the fine print. Mr. Smith was a lawyer before he was a magazine editor, and footnotes, precision and legal precedents are in his blood. With the eminent constitutional lawyer cited by Mr. Smith, we say, "Let Smith's Two Cents' Worth become the second Smith Act, and soon!"

"Liberals" Use Any Club to Discredit Nationalist China

By GERALDINE FITCH

Back in 1944 Lt. Gen. P. T. Mow came to Washington as a procurement officer of the Chinese Nationalist Air Force, authorized to spend $49,000,000 for military aircraft and airplane parts. Seven years later, when the Chinese Nationalists had set up a single procurement office for all branches of the service, Mow refused to transfer the balance of his funds to the new organization or turn over his accounts. Ordered to report to Formosa, he refused to go. Instead he charged "incredible corruption" by the Nationalist Government. The Nationalists replied that more than $25,000,000 of the air-force funds which were supposed to have been spent were not supported by vouchers and that nearly $7,000,000 was missing.

Inevitably, the "liberal" section of the American press took General Mow and his executive officer, Col. V. S. Hsiang, under its wing and echoed his charges. The Washington Post published a series of five articles to the effect that behind the recall of General Mow lay "a morass of fraud, corruption and intrigue" which called for investigation.

The Reporter magazine devoted sixty-five pages, or almost the entire two issues of April 15 and 29, 1952, to what it called "a shocking story waiting twelve years to be told," involving "billions of dollars and a shocking list of famous names."

The field day of General Mow and Colonel Hsiang came to an end when the Nationalist Government sent its Vice-Minister of Justice, Dr. Cha Liang-chen, who is doctor of juridical science from the University of Michigan, to file suit in the United States District Court for the District of Columbia against Mow and Hsiang.

When the prosecution sought to subpoena the two officers, it was discovered that Hsiang had sent his family to Red China, had secured a Las Vegas divorce and had married a secretary in the offices of the defense lawyers. Mow had decamped to Mexico with a former night-club entertainer. By the time missing air-force deposits of $2,000,000 were located in two Swiss banks, the Chinese puzzle involved four countries: China, the U.S.A., Mexico and Switzerland.

When the case was completed, the decision went to the Republic of China (Formosa), granting it custody over all records and funds. The court audit set the missing amount as $6,368,000, and Mow's appeal from the audit was dismissed by the Appeals Court. Doctor Cha's toughest battle was won.

Many proceedings in different states and against different banks followed, with the result that a considerable part of the missing millions was recovered. The United States Treasury froze another $2,000,000 which Mow had invested in Treasury notes. As recently as August of last year, a judgment for $810,000 was handed down in a Los Angeles court in favor of the Nationalist Government.

These facts have been reported in the newspapers here and abroad, but the "liberal" crusaders against Free China have not admitted that they were taken in by Mow and Hsiang. The odds are against their ever doing so.

Editors' Note: Mrs. Fitch has spent many years in China and now lives in Formosa. She is the author of Formosa Beachhead and is now at work on another book.

"Integration" Isn't an Earth-Shaking Problem With Our Youth

A gentleman who lives in a good-sized New England town has a ground-floor office which looks out on a heavily traveled street and sidewalk. There is a high school a few blocks up the hill from his building, and our man—who admits he is lazy—has always been happy to swing away from his work and watch the kids straggle to school in the mornings and stream away from it afternoons.

He's got to know a lot of the youngsters well enough to wave to them, if they aren't too busy with their own more important affairs to notice him. After school had been in session a couple of weeks in the fall, he spotted two kids, newcomers to him and undoubtedly to the school: two little colored girls, about fifteen years old. Maybe they were a little dowdy in their dress, always together and by themselves, quiet, too timid to think of waving to the man in the window, minding their own business.

Then one afternoon while the autumn was still mellow, he heard exuberant teen-age noises in the street, and sat back in his chair to watch young America go by. It was a group of five high-school girls, and right in the middle, and the center of easygoing attention, was one of the little colored kids, complete with bobby sox, bright "boy coat" and shirt, pony tail, and a good deal of still quiet but obviously happy self-possession. Our man naturally waited and watched, and sure enough the scene was duplicated a few minutes later, when the other newcomer went by, surrounded by her classmates: French, Irish, Polish and just about every national extraction in this factory town. Since then, the two colored kids are often together, but more often with their new friends.

Says our observant citizen: "Of course it is generalizing from a specific case. I realize different sections of the country have different circumstances, traditions and points of view. But I can't help feeling that if grownups would just leave the kids alone, there would be an amazing amount of easy, unforced 'natural integration' from Maine to Mississippi and points West."

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Hal March asks the 50° to 75° question!

What is a Tempawate? It's the lighter-weight, perfect-weight suit for "in-between" temperatures of 50° to 75°...when the weather is too warm for winterweights, too cool for summerweights. Hart Schaffner & Marx tailors these remarkable suits for men *and* women in a choice of handsome fabrics, plain and patterned...and you'll wear your Tempawates more days, more seasons, more comfortably. Indoors, outdoors, in or out of isolation booths, the correct answer is always Tempawate suits.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

FAMOUS HAL MARCH AND DR. JOYCE BROTHERS of "The $64,000 Question," Revlon's great TV Program, are wearing HS&M Tempawate suits. His is a Trend-styled, silk-highlighted worsted. Hers is of an imported French wool-and-silk.

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GREATEST GUARD AGAINST MEAT SPOILAGE

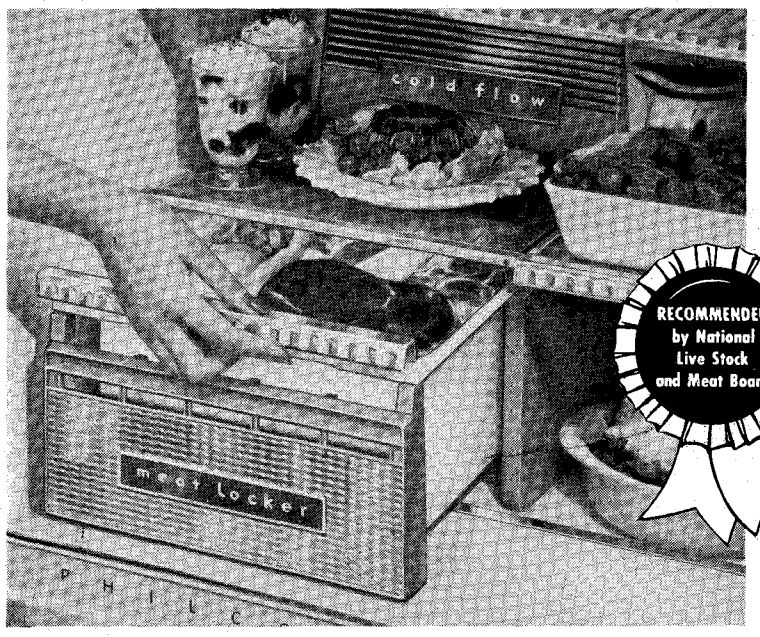
SINCE THE REFRIGERATOR WAS INVENTED

Exclusive "Cold Flow" Meat Locker in the 1957 PHILCO Super Marketer keeps meat fresh days longer without freezing. Even the most perishable meats stay juicy, tender and delicious longer than ever before.

Meat accounts for 25% of your food dollar . . . and is the most perishable food you buy. Yet, believe it or not, fresh meat is seldom kept under ideal conditions in today's homes. This is because most refrigerators cannot provide the *closely controlled temperature and humidity* that fresh meat requires.

What it takes to keep meat at its best

Meat experts say meat keeps best at the *exact* temperature of 33 degrees—one degree above freezing. However, the temperature in the refrigerator section of the average twin-system model is about 40 degrees. This is fine for most fresh foods . . . *but seven degrees too warm for the safe keeping of meat.*



Philco's new zone of 33-degree cold

The "Cold Flow" Meat Locker, found only in the 1957 Philco Super Marketer, is an altogether new idea in the refrigeration of meat in the home. It's a separate compartment within the refrigerator that operates on a cooling system entirely its own (see diagram at right). A special duct achieves (1) the meat-perfect temperature of 33 degrees, and (2) carefully balanced humidity to prevent drying out, shrinkage and loss of flavor.

The Super Marketer saves you shopping and cooking time. No longer do you have to cook chopped meat or chops—or eat cold cuts—within a day or two of purchase. You can now buy these highly perishable meats on a week end, store them in the Philco Meat Locker drawer, for eating in the middle of the following week. And you'll never have to wait hours for meat to thaw because it will never freeze in the Meat Locker.

Three years in the making

Philco began work on a separate zone for meat back in 1954, following a recommendation by the National Live Stock and Meat Board. Today, after three years of research and testing, the "Cold Flow" Meat Locker emerges from the Philco laboratory as one of the outstanding advances in modern refrigeration. You'll see the Meat Locker in the new 1957 Super Marketers now on display at your local Philco dealer's.

Don't miss these other exciting PHILCO features . . .

- **Full Family-Size Freezer**—not just a tiny compartment
- **New Cheese Keeper**—keeps cheese mold-free, ready to eat
- **Waist-High Crisper**—keeps fruits, vegetables garden-fresh
- **Dairy Door Bar**—has room for 2-quart milk containers
- **Choice of Colors**—Suntone, Startone or gleaming white
- **Smart Custom Styling**—provides the modern "built-in" look

COLD AIR, flowing from freezing coils down through a special duct to the Meat Locker, provides a near-freezing "climate" plus carefully balanced humidity to keep meat fresh days longer.

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

LOOK AHEAD . . . and you'll choose PHILCO®

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The Statue of Liberty is constructed of 200,000 pounds of copper sheeting 3/32 of an inch thick over a steel framework.

Chemistry brings America more copper!

Copper is in ever-increasing demand. To meet this demand, ore recovery methods that make possible the use of ores containing *less than 1% copper* have been developed through chemistry. Thus, millions of pounds of copper are coming from sources once considered too low grade to be worked economically. And chemistry is also helping to obtain additional supplies of other essential metals such as iron, zinc, lead, chromium, manganese—from low-grade ores!

American Cyanamid Company, a leading producer of chemicals for ore recovery, works with mining companies throughout the free world to secure higher yields at lower costs. This is another way Cyanamid helps make fuller use of America's natural resources. AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

CYANAMID

50 CYANAMID 1907 1957

HELPING AMERICA MAKE BETTER USE OF ITS RESOURCES

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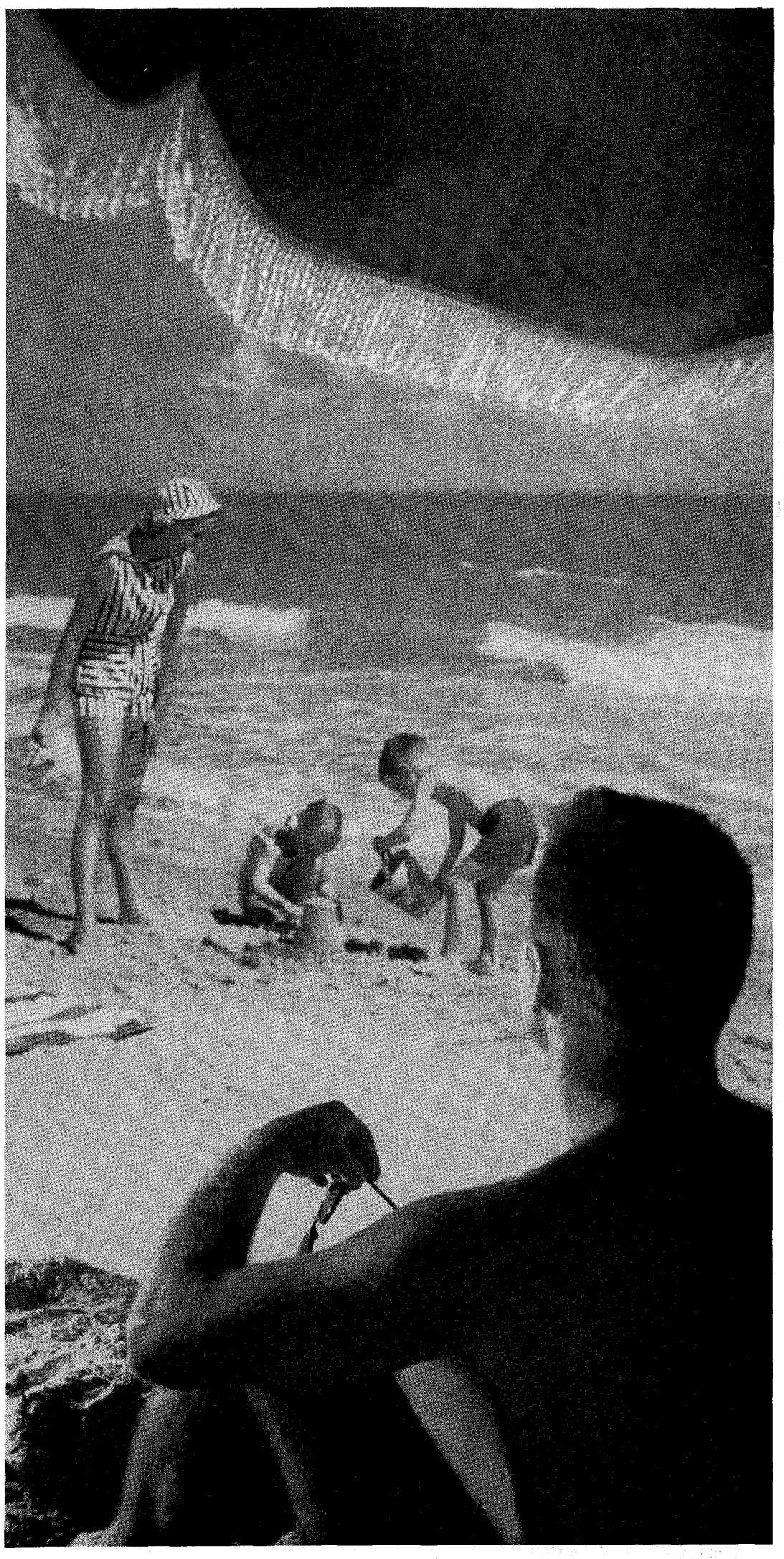

A better life for them

. . . he's insured in the New England Life

This man is relaxed, contented. He looks at his family and sees something invisible to other eyes. Security surrounds them all.

He has provided for *their* future and *his.*

His peace of mind is deepened by the guaranteed privileges of the New England Life contract. In its all around liberality this contract is unexcelled by any other life insurance policy.

The New England Life agent in your community will gladly explain why this contract means *a better life for you.*

A BETTER LIFE FOR YOU

NEW ENGLAND Mutual LIFE Insurance Company
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE COMPANY THAT FOUNDED MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE IN AMERICA — 1835

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© 1957 Poultry & Egg National Board

Eggs Belong *in everybody's breakfast*

Millions of people of all ages will enjoy this remarkable food tomorrow morning. Will you be one of them?

Eggs *belong* in your breakfast because they are practically perfect protein food to satisfy your hunger—build your energy—bring you to the mid-day meal without let-down. Eggs are quickly and easily prepared—as sizzling sunny-side-ups—as fluffy omelets—poached, boiled—in golden, nut-sweet scrambled form or any number of appetizing ways.

A marvelously complete *natural* food, eggs are pre-packed by Mother Nature with a wealth of balanced nutrition. Vitamins and minerals in abundance plus a special kind of protein so near to perfection that scientists use it to measure the value of protein in other foods!

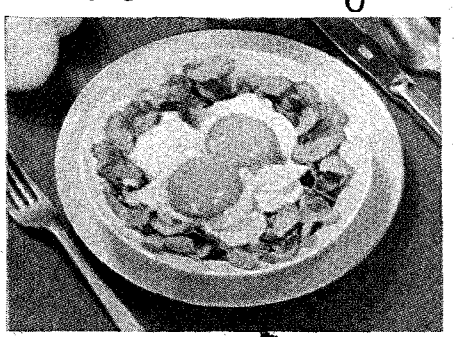
Remember, too, that if you're watching your weight, the egg's low calories are for you. Eggs "stick to your ribs" but are kind to your waist-line. What's more, they are so easily and completely digested.

If you're watching your budget, eggs mean unbeatable economy as the meal or in the meal. A main-dish serving costs only pennies, and eggs blend so well with all foods. Truly add appeal to any meal.

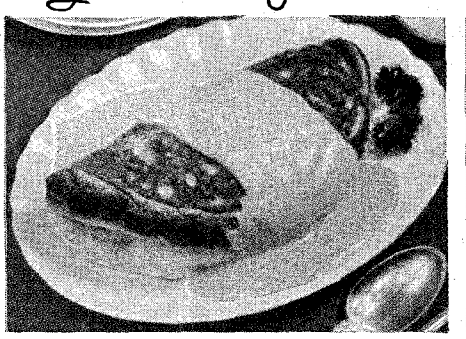
So be good to you and yours. Include extra eggs in your week. Enjoy them often, too, as you "eat out". You'll look better, feel better, work and play better. Eggs *belong* in your daily living!

the EGG . . . friendly to all foods

POACHED ON FLAVORFUL CORNED BEEF HASH



SOFT COOKED WITH CHOICE OF CEREALS



OMELET WITH ZESTY CHEESE SAUCE

FRENCH TOAST WITH CRISP BACON

POULTRY AND EGG NATIONAL BOARD *(Egg Division) Executive Offices and Home Economics Kitchens: St. Charles, Ill. Regional Offices:* NEW YORK, BOSTON, SAN FRANCISCO, ATLANTA

A 48-State Non-Profit Educational Agency Bringing You Better Nutrition for Better Living From The Poultry Producers of America

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Presto... An Electric Range

Sauce won't separate!

Presto Electric Sauce Pan watches your cooking! Eliminates need for double boiler. Delicate foods won't burn. Sauces won't separate. Food stays warm without overcooking. Price includes the metal cover.

$13.95*

Dutch Treat, automatically!

Presto Electric Dutch Oven. Controlled heat makes casseroles and meat dishes automatically perfect every time! Keeps foods simmering-hot without scorching. Price includes the metal cover.

$17.95*

No flops for flapjacks!

Presto Electric Griddle. Sit at the table and cook perfect pancakes, hamburgers, sausages. Enjoy greaseless foods because exclusive slide-out drip tray drains off fat.

$16.95*

Eggs won't scorch!

Presto Electric Fry Pans. Bacon, eggs, hamburgers, just right every time! Two convenient sizes for controlled-heat cooking; big 11-inch size or companion 9-inch size.

$10.95* and **$12.95***

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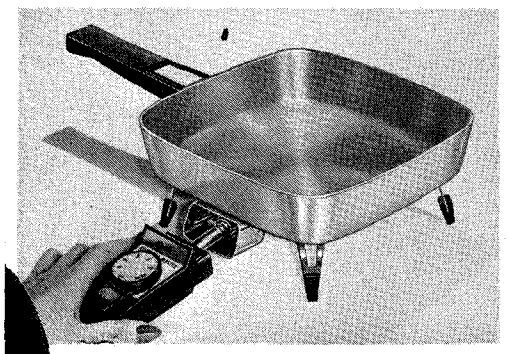
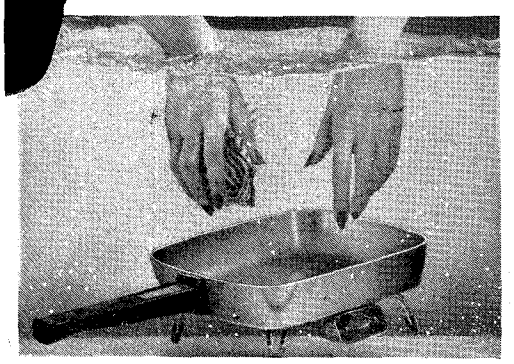
n the palm of your hand !

This one $6.95* Control-Master operates 6 new submersible appliances that fry, grill, bake, roast, stew and pressure cook—by controlled heat!



PLUGS IN to make any Control-Master appliance automatic. One Control-Master operates all six. You save $6.95 with each appliance you add!



DETACHES so each appliance washes under water, handle and all. No worry about handles slipping; wash Control-Master appliances without a care!

Now you'll do your best cooking, every day. Bacon slices will always be straight and evenly brown; pancakes always light and lacy; pot roast will always be tender and rich with good beef juices. All you need to bring about this every-day miracle is one palm-size Presto Control-Master that gives you controlled heat cooking for just $6.95.

An electric cooking brain

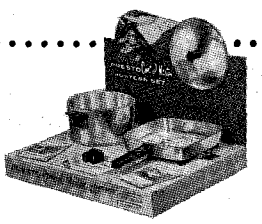
The Control-Master is a variable heat control which senses the temperature of the food and automatically maintains the temperature you have selected, giving you perfectly controlled heat. It plugs in to each of six appliances to cook automatically, then detaches so each appliance can be washed completely under water, handles and all, without danger of damage. All appliances meet rigid new standards for submersible appliances, set by famous Underwriter's Laboratories.

Save $6.95 on each appliance you add!

One Control-Master contains thermostat, pilot light, and heat settings to run the entire family of appliances. Once you own it, you save $6.95 on the next appliance you buy, and the next. You could spend hundreds of dollars for an electric range just to get the controlled heat features you enjoy with carefree, economical Control-Master appliances. See them where better housewares are sold.

GIFT SET AT SAVINGS

Beautifully gift-packed, the Presto Hostess Set includes a Control-Master, an 11-inch Presto Fry Pan, and a Presto Dutch Oven with cover. Individual pieces worth $37.85, the set, only $35.95.



Presto®

Control-Master®

APPLIANCES

NATIONAL PRESTO INDUSTRIES, INC.

Eau Claire, Wisconsin

*MANUFACTURER'S RECOMMENDED RETAIL OR FAIR TRADE PRICE, FED. TAX INCL. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

Meals 3 times faster!

Presto Electric Pressure Cooker. Just set it and forget it; complete meals 3 times faster. Submersible controlled heat pressure cooker $19.95* saves money, retains vitamins and minerals, aids digestion.

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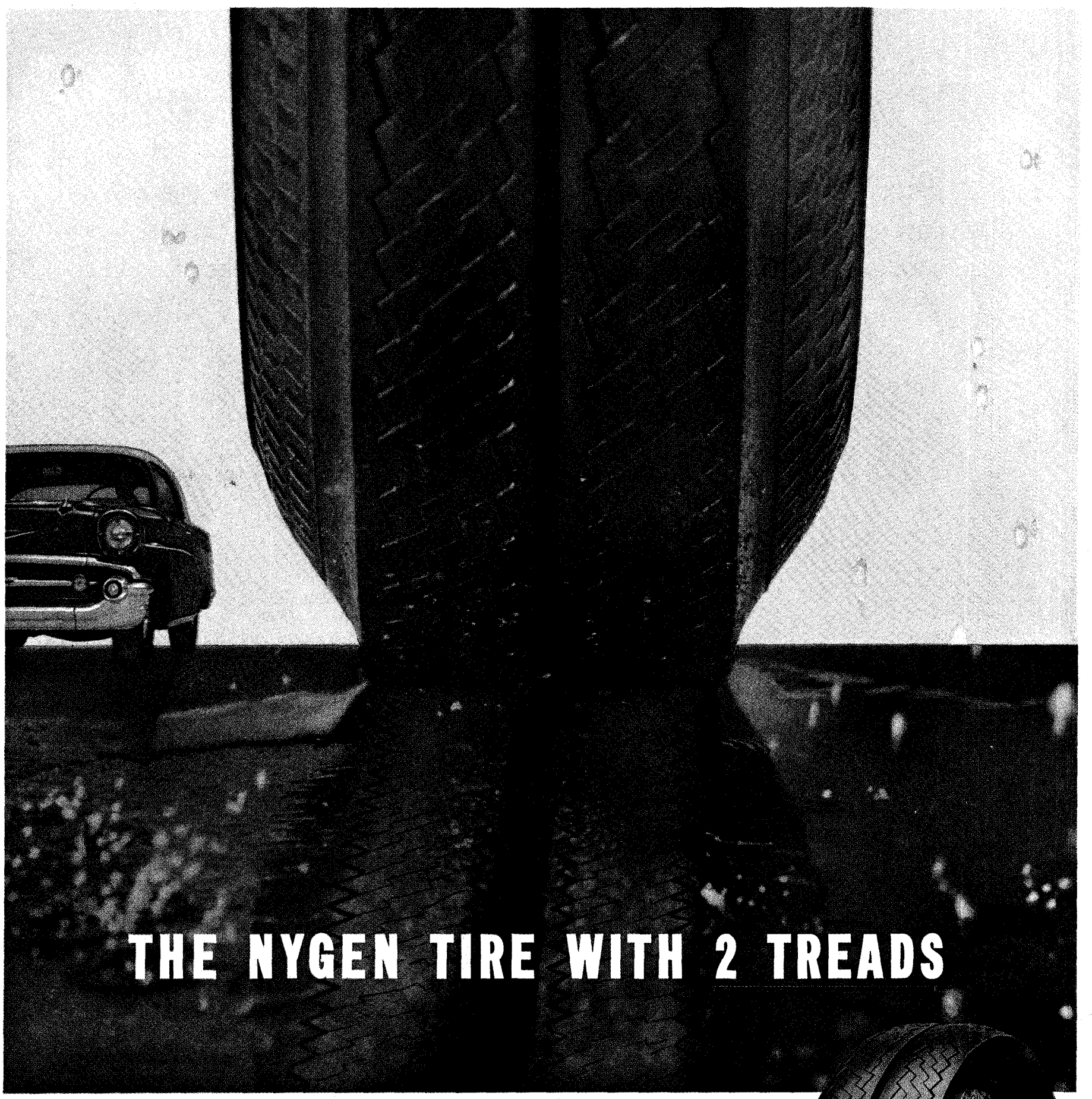

This is the most outstanding tire you have ever used!

It will probably last as long as you keep your car and will give you a better ride, better stability and astonishingly quick, safe stops.

With a strong NYGEN body and HI-DENSITY Rubber the General Dual 90 is the ultimate for high-speed safe driving.

To appreciate all the advantages of the Dual 90 with two treads, see it at your local General Tire Dealer's.

GENERAL DUAL 90

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

How an Ambulance Chaser Works

A smooth character steps up after the sirens scream.

He offers to help win the victim a fat settlement.

Other people's accidents earn him over $50,000 a year.

By Robert M. Yoder

Ambulance chasing is a roundly damned, little-understood profession. Soliciting lawsuits—chasing—is forbidden in thirty-two states by statute. Still, it can be a wonderfully lucrative career, and no one has demonstrated this more clearly than a man we'll call A. E. Fyre. Ever since quitting a more conventional sales job to become a chaser, Fyre has had little difficulty earning between $50,000 and $60,000 a year before expenses.

Dignity is A. E.'s racket. He is a small man with a large amount of presence. His age—he's in his sixties—inspires confidence. So does his dress: he wears conservative and expensive suits, a trim, double-breasted overcoat, a Homburg hat. You would no more guess him to be a chaser than you would suspect John Foster Dulles of moonshining.

Fyre's approach to chasing has made him one of the top men in his curious profession. There are chasers who only "happen in" to see accident victims. One poses as a wealthy retired businessman, another as a vending-machine salesman. Fyre scorns such subterfuges as sophomoric. When he hears of a personal-injury case that looks good for a handsome financial settlement, Fyre telephones the victim long distance. "This is A. E. Fyre," he says. "You may have heard of me. I am a specialist in accident cases, particularly railroad accidents. I will be in your city tomorrow and will call on you."

The accident may have cost the victim an arm or leg, or both arms or legs, or left him paralyzed. The circumstances entitle him to recover very heavy damages from someone—perhaps a railroad for which he worked or on which he was a passenger, perhaps an airline, a bus or streetcar company. He has two alternatives. He can settle his claim on his own hook. Or he can employ a lawyer to negotiate for him or bring suit.

Fyre and his competitors are out to get that case for lawyers they represent. If the injuries are major, there will be a real scramble. The accident victim will be courted and cajoled on behalf of law firms in four or five cities, perhaps hundreds of miles away. This tussle is won when somebody gets the injured man's name on a contract employing a given lawyer to represent him—lawyer A, of Chicago; lawyer B, of St. Louis; Lawyer C, of Kansas City, depending on whose chasers are nimblest. A big-time injury lawyer may be licensed in several states, but there's not much need for this. In railroad cases, suit can be brought in any city where the railroad does business. Chicago, a rail hub, is pretty well agreed to be a happy hunting ground for such cases.

Winning the accident victim over may take two or three weeks or even several months. It may require guaranteeing that he will recover a certain minimum. It may require spending a lot of money and effort. But it's worth it.

The stakes are high. For a badly disabled man, suit may be for $250,000. The jury may decide he is entitled to $125,000. At this point he will usually be offered a compromise. If he will accept $90,000, say, the defendants won't appeal the case. A $90,000 settlement means $30,000 to a lawyer operating on the usual one-third contingent fee. That explains why Fyre's services are valued. Fyre, as one of the elite of chasers, is entitled to "one third off the top"—one third of the lawyer's gross fee; in this case, $10,000.

When Fyre invites himself to call on an injured person he is rarely rebuffed. He manages to create the impression that it will be smart to consult him; that the case now is getting the attention of the top man. A single "very good case" can mean (Continued on Page 93)

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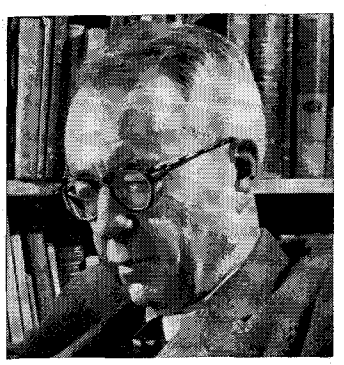
Heart specialist Dr. Paul Dudley White (center) answers newsmen's questions about President Eisenhower's health following the chief executive's 1955 coronary attack.

IF A PRESIDENT COLLAPSES . . .

Our Constitution fails to spell out who can act for a disabled President. Here are the many proposed solutions to a problem we can no longer neglect—including "Smith's Two Cents' Worth."

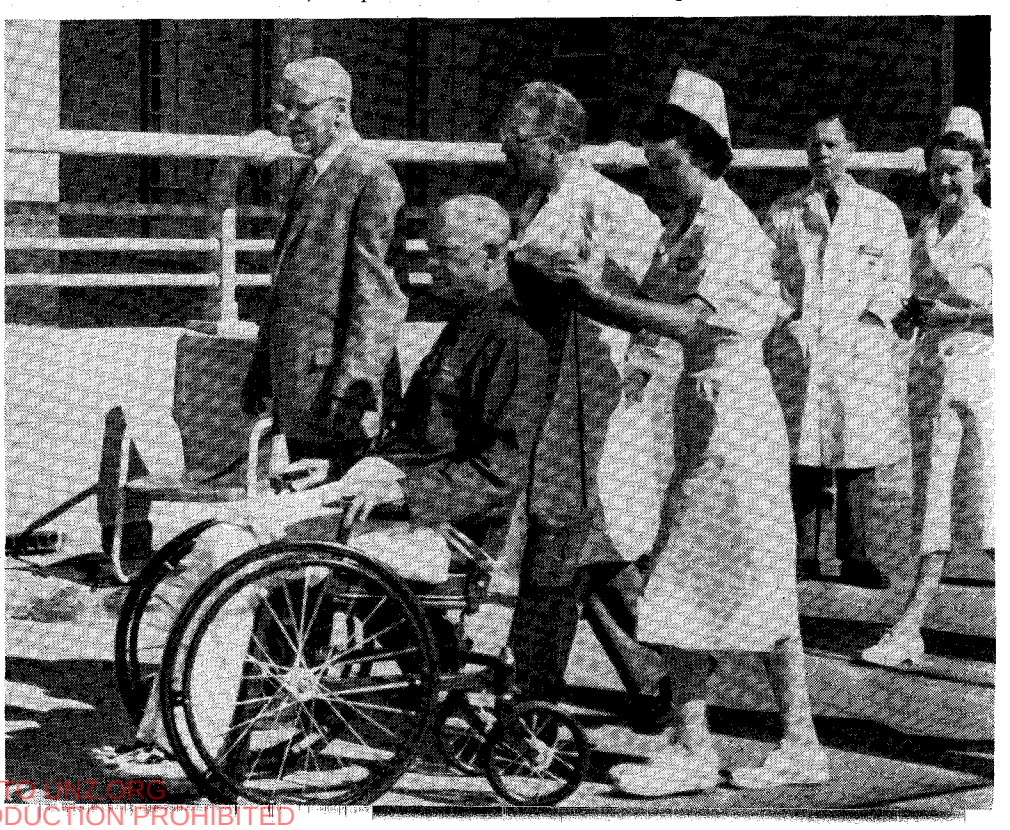
By BEVERLY SMITH, JR.
Washington Editor of The Saturday Evening Post

The Author Wondered



Back in the 1920's the Post's Washington Editor studied law at Harvard, went to Oxford University as a Rhodes scholar, then settled down to practice law in New York. But he found the excitement of the newspaper world irresistible and switched to journalism in 1926. The problem of presidential disability, however, has haunted Mr. Smith since his courtroom days when he first began to wonder what the course of history would have been if President Wilson *hadn't* taken ill, and the U.S. *had* joined the League of Nations. . . .

A month after he was stricken, Ike posed for his first convalescent pictures.



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On Thursday morning, January 19, 1956, I was one of 290 newspaper, radio and television reporters crowded into a room in the old State, War and Navy Building, awaiting the arrival of the President. The atmosphere was tense, because this was Mr. Eisenhower's first large-scale news conference since his heart attack on September 24, 1955.

Promptly at 10:32 the President entered. He strode to the front of the room, to take his place under the dazzling lights of the cameras. He looked thinner than before his illness, but his step was firm, his blue eyes clear and steady.

Quickly the questions turned to the state of his health. He answered frankly and seriously, but with as much impersonal detachment as if he were discussing a weather report. Then came a question which made me strain my eyes and ears still further, to be sure of the answer. The question was asked by W. H. (Bill) Lawrence, White House correspondent of The New York Times. It was:

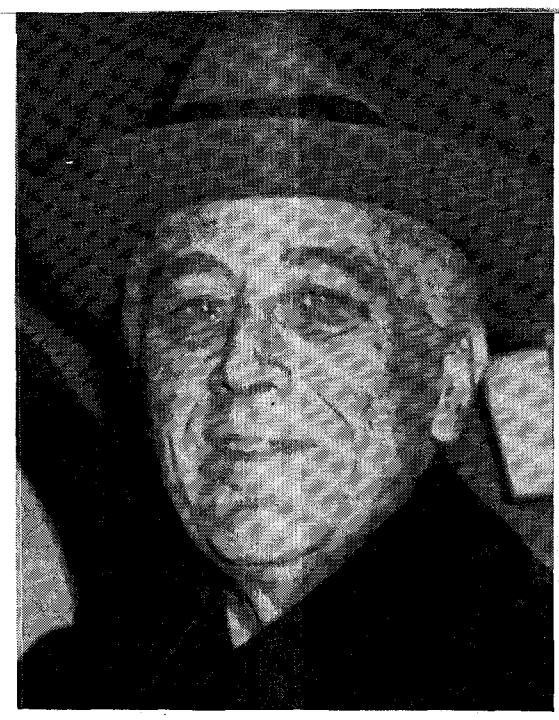
> Mr. President, have you considered what, if anything, should be done about the failure of the Constitution to specify when and by whom the disability of the President might be declared, and when and by whom it might be removed?

Here was a question which has puzzled officials and students of American Government since the Constitution was written. It must often have haunted the minds of our Presidents and Vice-Presidents, especially since that July day in 1881 when President Garfield was shot, and then lingered on, helpless and frequently unconscious, for more than eleven weeks until his death. It was a question which, had it been cleared up before Woodrow Wilson's tragic collapse in 1919, might have permitted the entry of the United States into the League of Nations and thus—some historians believe—have prevented World War II.

It is a question, also, the solution of which grows ever more urgent. With every advance in the speed and range of planes and missiles, with every increase in the destructiveness of nuclear weapons, the possible perils of presidential incapacity in a time of crisis become more apparent. This has no special reference to Mr. Eisenhower, who, as this is written, is believed fully restored to health. But any President, however young and vigorous, can be unexpectedly stricken by illness or accident which utterly incapacitates him for days or weeks or longer. There are certain decisions which, under the law, only the President can make.

And so Bill Lawrence's question was a bold one, and a tough one, to put to a President just recovering from a critical illness. Some Presidents might have resented it. Mr Eisenhower answered it readily and willingly. His answer indicated that he had pondered the matter deeply, and perhaps consulted with his legal advisers. He spoke earnestly. He said:

"Well, when you are as closely confined to your bed as I was for some time, you think about a lot of things, and this was one of the foremost in my mind. I do believe there should be some agreement on the exact meaning of the Constitution—who has authority to act.



Roosevelt: From late 1944 until his death in April, 1945, close advisers suspected far more about his failing strength than was divulged to the public.

Wilson after his stroke in 1919. For the last 17 months of his term, illness impaired his judgment, produced an extreme nervousness and emotional instability.

DEATH OR ILLNESS STRUCK DOWN THESE PRESIDENTS IN OFFICE

Cleveland: He long concealed from the public the fact that he underwent a cancer operation while he was chief executive.

Assassination of Garfield: During the two and a half months he lay dying from his wound, much public business was neglected and our foreign relations took a turn for the worse.

"The Constitution seems to be clear the Congress can not only make the laws of succession but it can determine what is to be done . . ."

Mr. Eisenhower then made a reference to the sentence in the Constitution which begins: "In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President ——"

But, Mr. Eisenhower pointed out, the Constitution does not say *who* shall determine the disability of the President. "And," he continued, "we could well imagine a case where the President would be unable to determine his own disability."

Therefore, he said, he thought that Congress should study every phase of the subject "in its broadest aspects." He suggested that Congress advise with the Attorney General, and he offered any advice which might be helpful from the Executive Department. The doubt surrounding the question, he said, should be cleared up. And he concluded: "I think it would be for the good of the country."

Mr. Eisenhower's impressive admonition had its effect. Studies were begun in the office of the Attorney General, and hearings were held in Congress. Emanuel Celler, of New York, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, who had circulated a questionnaire on the subject, made public the replies of a score of eminent (Continued on Page 105)

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Plenty of men were eager to marry Connie—
until they discovered
her mother was part of the bargain.

Problem Mother

By VICTORIA CASE Illustrated by R. G. Harris

When we crossed the Plains—said aged Auntie with the cane—we left behind us the blizzards and the long, cold winters, and thought we'd got close to Paradise, here in the Oregon country, with only the rain. And yet, in some ways, it is worse to be dull than to struggle. The men could slosh and wallow off to a neighbor's barn, but for the women there was only what we could lay hold of in each other's lives, and God help anyone who had a secret.

I watched Connie Aiken come out of her father's house, next to us, pass along behind the workshop across the road and turn up the river toward the woods. She carried a basket, and I guessed that she meant to have a solitary lunch and commune with her thoughts. Spring, summer or fall, and I'd have been able to let her go in peace, but this was mid-January, and that lonely figure in the blue shawl reminded me what it is for a woman not to have her own hearth to sweep, nor a cradle to rock, but only able to trade her usefulness for permission to live in somebody else's house. I pounded on the floor with my cane.

"We've said a hundred times she ought to marry. Why don't we do something?"

Ruhanna, dear wife of my nephew, Walter Rossner, came to look. "Could her mother break a leg?" she asked hopefully.

"I'll go where I can get a sensible answer," I snapped, reaching for my shawl. Ruhanna laughed, and came with me across the bridge and up the hill to the Brugman house.

Nancy Brugman saw us coming, and had coffee ready and the door open. She was expecting her first baby, and she lived in a cow-like mood of imperturbable contentment.

"Do you want me or John?" she asked peaceably. I wanted John. Young as he was, John Brugman had business interests reaching from Portland to San Francisco. He knew how to command, but he knew how to listen too. He left his accounts and came to hear me out.

"I know plenty of young fellows who want wives," he said, considering. "And there isn't a finer girl in the whole country than Connie Aiken. Where does the fault lie?"

"It's her mother, of course," I told him grimly. "She's too eager. If she'd let things alone, there would be no problem at all, but the minute any young fellow comes near, she's all over him, fuss and feathers, until he think's he's being invited into a trap, and he can't get away fast enough."

It may have occurred to John that we weren't exactly letting things alone ourselves, but he didn't say so. "We'll have to get the girl away from home," he decided. "I'm going down to Portland today. I'll see what I can arrange."

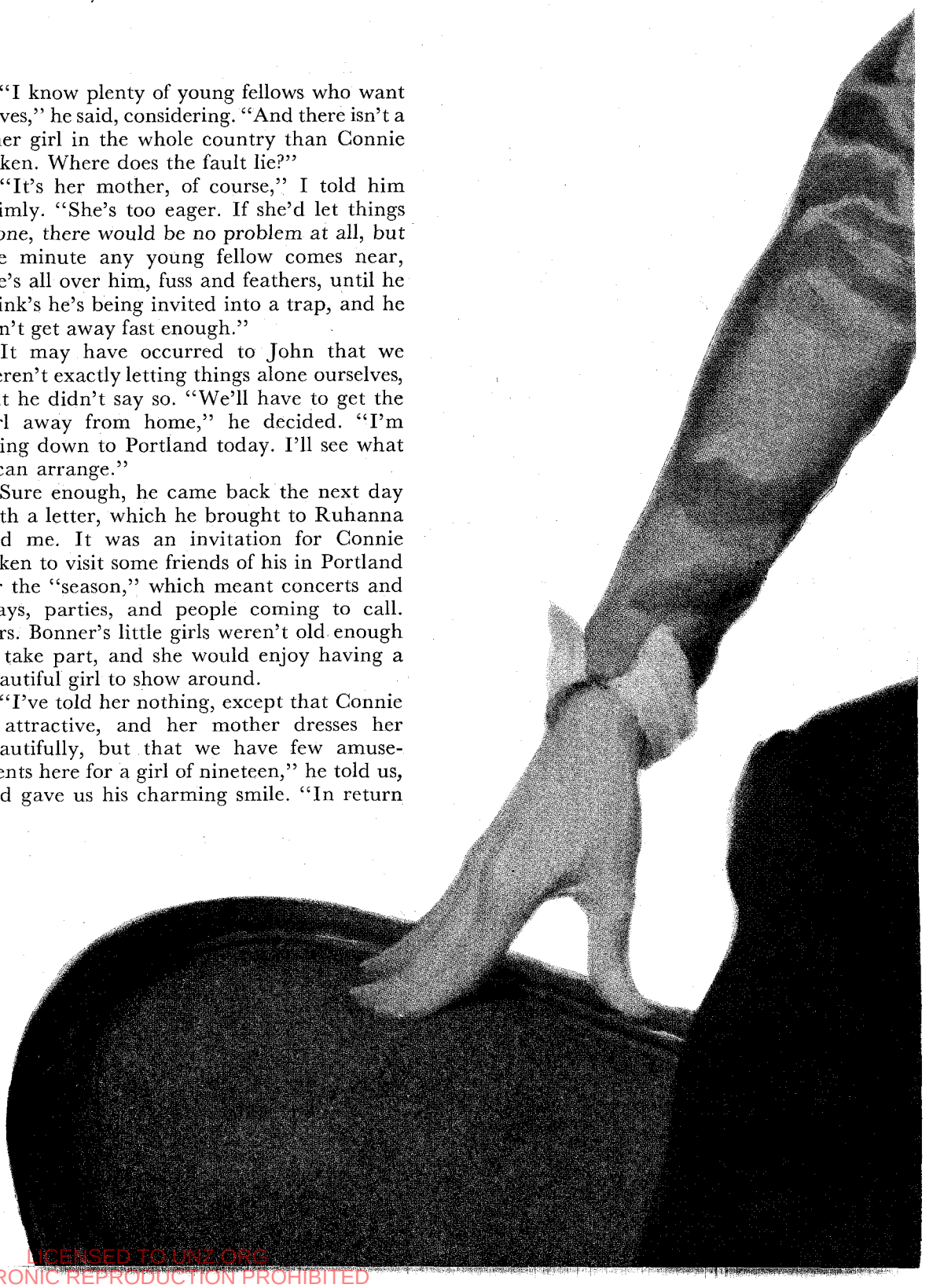
Sure enough, he came back the next day with a letter, which he brought to Ruhanna and me. It was an invitation for Connie Aiken to visit some friends of his in Portland for the "season," which meant concerts and plays, parties, and people coming to call. Mrs. Bonner's little girls weren't old enough to take part, and she would enjoy having a beautiful girl to show around.

"I've told her nothing, except that Connie is attractive, and her mother dresses her beautifully, but that we have few amusements here for a girl of nineteen," he told us, and gave us his charming smile. "In return for my efforts, you might persuade her to bring her husband, when she gets one, here to settle."

Of all things this side of heaven, we wanted a small town here at the bridge. We loved our farms and the open country and our swift little river. We wouldn't have moved to the city for the world, but we did want enough neighbors so we wouldn't be in each other's pockets all the time. All we had was our four families—us and the Brugmans, the Aikens with only one daughter, and Ruhanna's parents, the Reverend Mr. Baird and Mrs. Baird, with their three boys. So we promised John Brugman to try to get one more family, and took the letter along to Mrs. Aiken.

She was a tiny, bustling woman, sharp-beaked and beady-eyed, for all the world like a pecking hen. While her kitchen was always spotless, there wasn't the homey comfort we were used to, but everything restless and ready to move. Connie was getting ready for her "constitutional," as Mrs. Aiken called that walk up to the old cabin. Connie listened while we explained about Mrs. Bonner, and stayed quiet while Mrs. Aiken flew to pieces,

(Continued on Page 66)



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The minute a young man came near Connie, her mother was all over him, scaring him into thinking that he was being invited into a trap.

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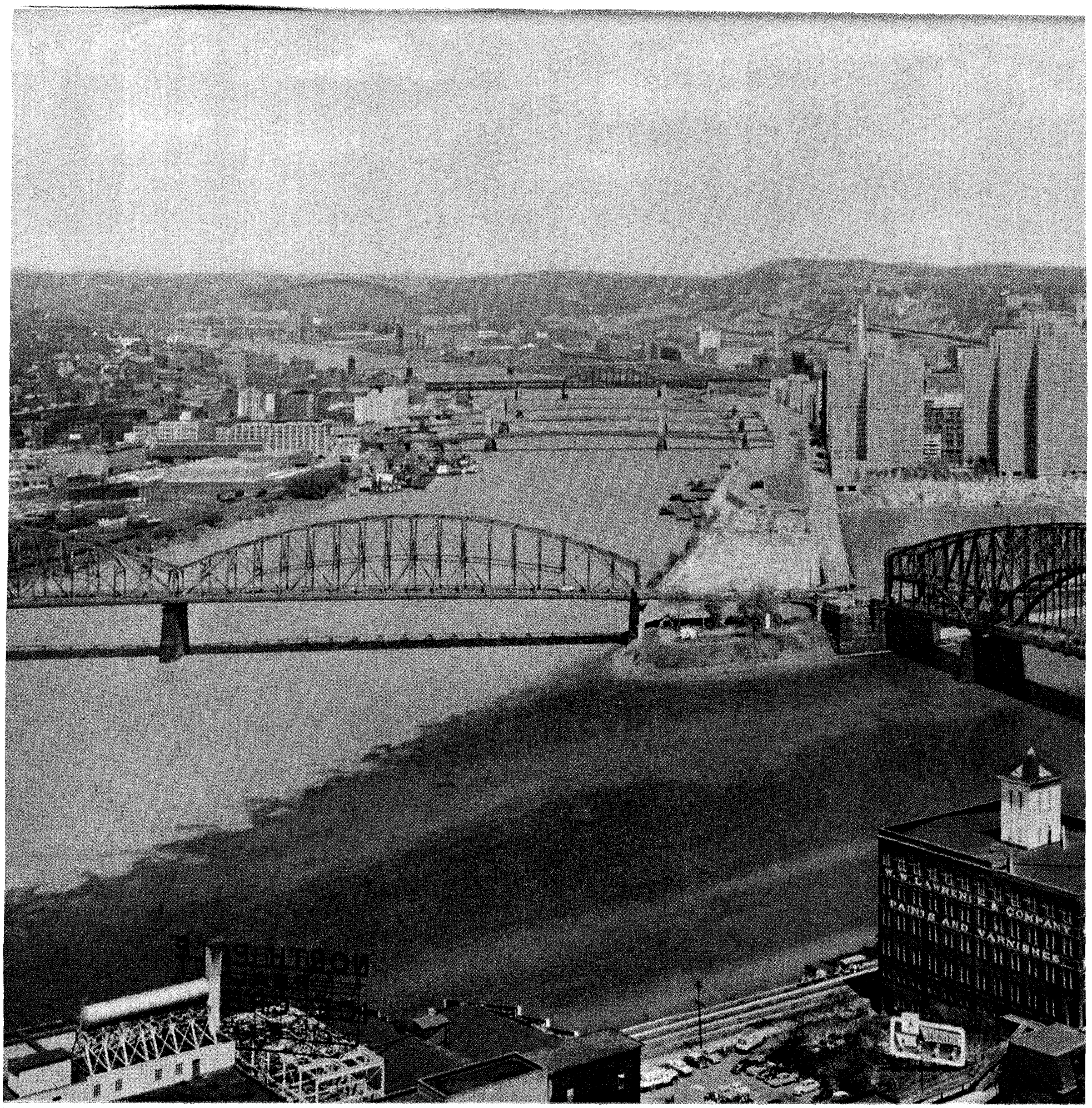

The Face of AMERICA

The Golden Triangle

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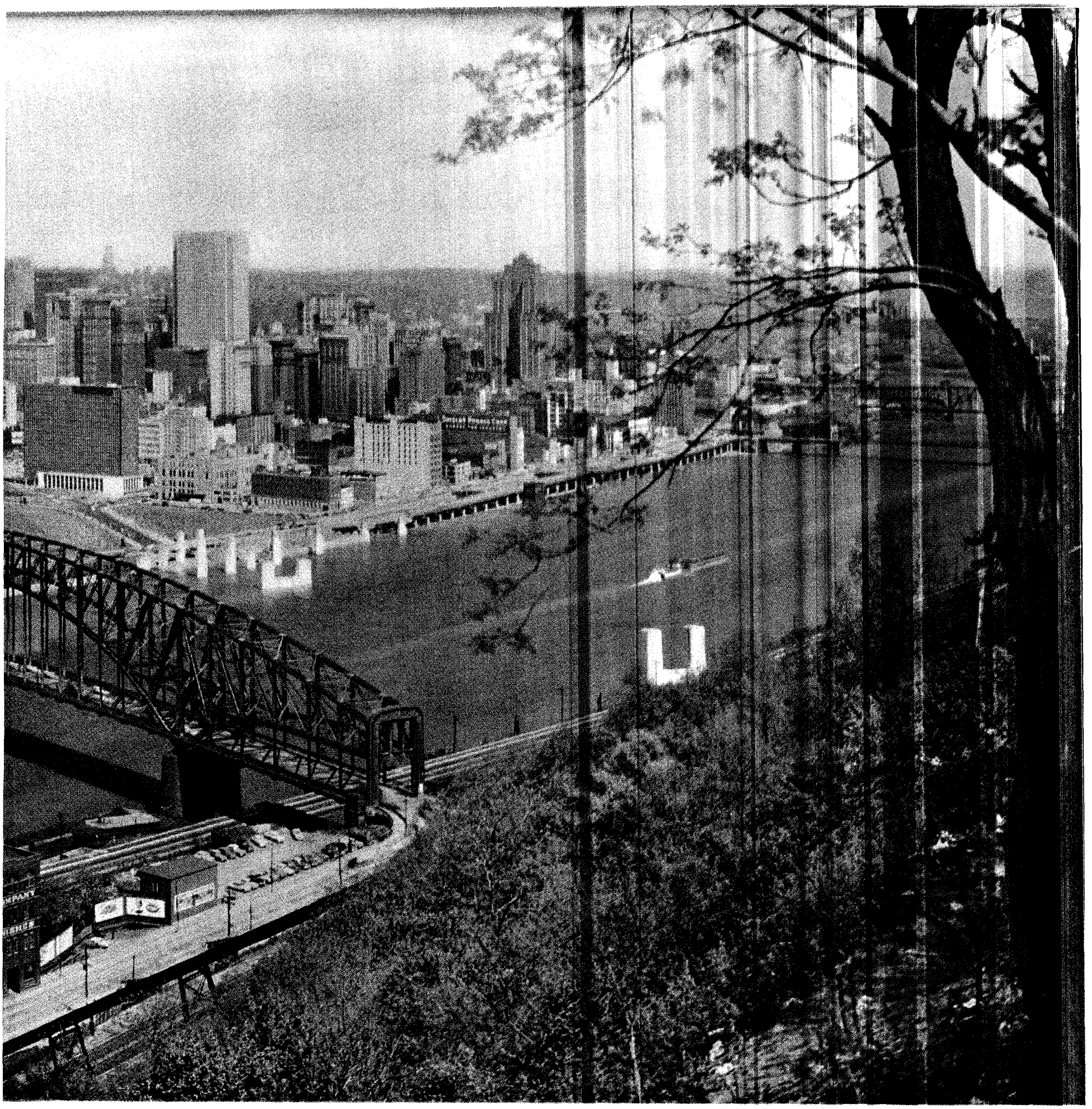

This pie-shaped wedge of land lies between the Monongahela (right) and Allegheny rivers where they join to form the westing Ohio. Here, in 1758 rose Fort Pitt and the frontier settlement of Pittsburgh, city of coal, iron and sweat which was to become a gateway to the industrial age. The land between the rivers, known as the Golden Triangle for the immense wealth it produced, lay grimed under a pall of smoke.

But Pittsburgh learned to control her smog, and now the point of the Triangle, where old Fort Pitt stood, has been cleared of its clutter of old buildings. It will soon be a tree-lined park. Behind this stands Gateway Center, a new district of shining stainless steel, aluminum and glass buildings. Through a new kind of pioneering, the Triangle is becoming a bright new gateway to the future.

• Photograph by J. Alex Langley

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The Face of Death

By OLAF RUHEN

No man can tell how he will react to danger until he meets the test . . .

Toward noon, Bradding, at the head of the long file of men, reached the great limestone block that marked the boundary between the semicivilization of the lower country and the practically untouched savagery of the New Guinea mountains. The block, as tall as a seven-story building and as perpendicular, stood between two unscalable cliffs that guarded the stream bed both above and below. Down its face a broad water-worn channel testified that floods here created a cataract of considerable magnitude, but the stream now, as of custom, emerged from below.

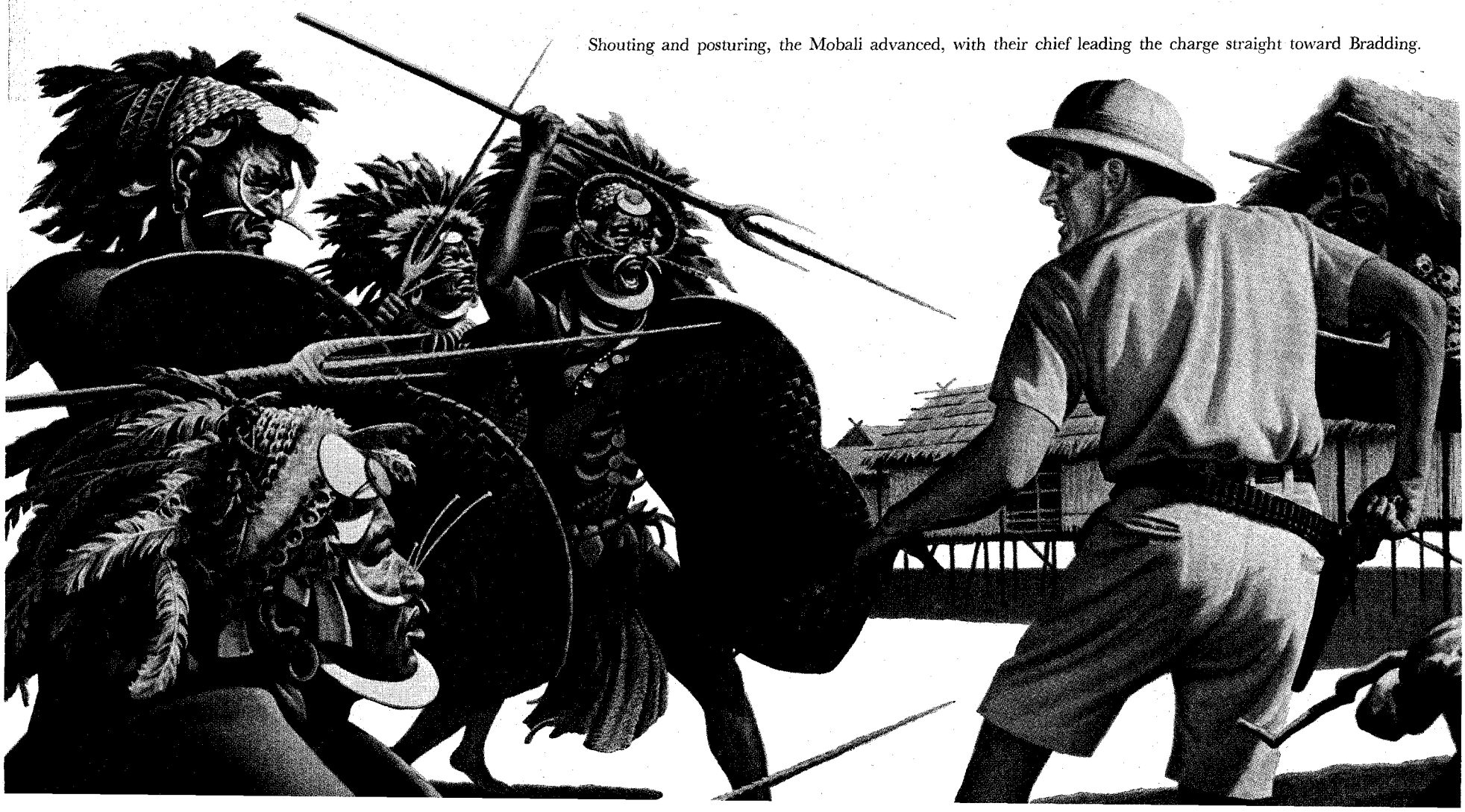
The heavy forest continued along the stream banks to the face of the sheer rock, where orchids clung, and were themselves entangled with creepers and the unluckier, stunted trees and bushes that lived in clefts and crannies instead of in the lush soil of the valley, but a small, clear space here had been enlarged recently by the hand of man, and the men of the party, as they came to it, flopped down, exhausted by the waist-deep scramble amongst the boulders and the swift, tumbling waters of the stream. They rested their loads and rolled foot-long cigarettes in squares of newspaper.

The advance party had done its work well. Four slim trees had been felled against the limestone block and lay, stripped of their branches, with their tips nearly touching in the depression that flood waters had carved at the top. Across them, short spars had been lashed horizontally at two-foot intervals, so that there was an enormous ladder reaching to the top of the block. At its narrow apex, the members of the advance guard, four lithe and active native constables of the New Guinea Police, were scrambling like monkeys, lashing additional uprights to the top of the construction where its strength was least.

As it appeared now, the negotiation of the barrier offered no considerable difficulty, and Bradding, for the twentieth time since the expedition had set out, marveled at the expert generalship of the old campaigner, his district officer, Major Canley. In the few short weeks under him he had come dangerously close to hero worship, although Bradding was by no means a beginner in the Administration Service of the Australian Department of Territories, to which they both belonged.

This was, however, his first expedition into uncontrolled territory where primitive man still lived by his savage, primitive principles, and to his way of thinking this was the basic task of that service. It was by no means a military expedition, although he as a patrol officer and Canley as high-ranking district officer both held positions of command in the native-manned Police Force. But it brought a hint of discipline to the people beyond the edge of exploration as well as a promise of peace and protection. And later on, when the newly discovered people had come to regard them as friends, medical and education services would begin the long task of setting civilized standards. The policy was one of limited penetration and slow consolidation, but new advances were necessary at regular intervals because the more aggressive of the wild people from time to time made war upon those of their fellows who had been brought into the government fold by the promise of protection.

(Continued on Page 57)



Shouting and posturing, the Mobali advanced, with their chief leading the charge straight toward Bradding.

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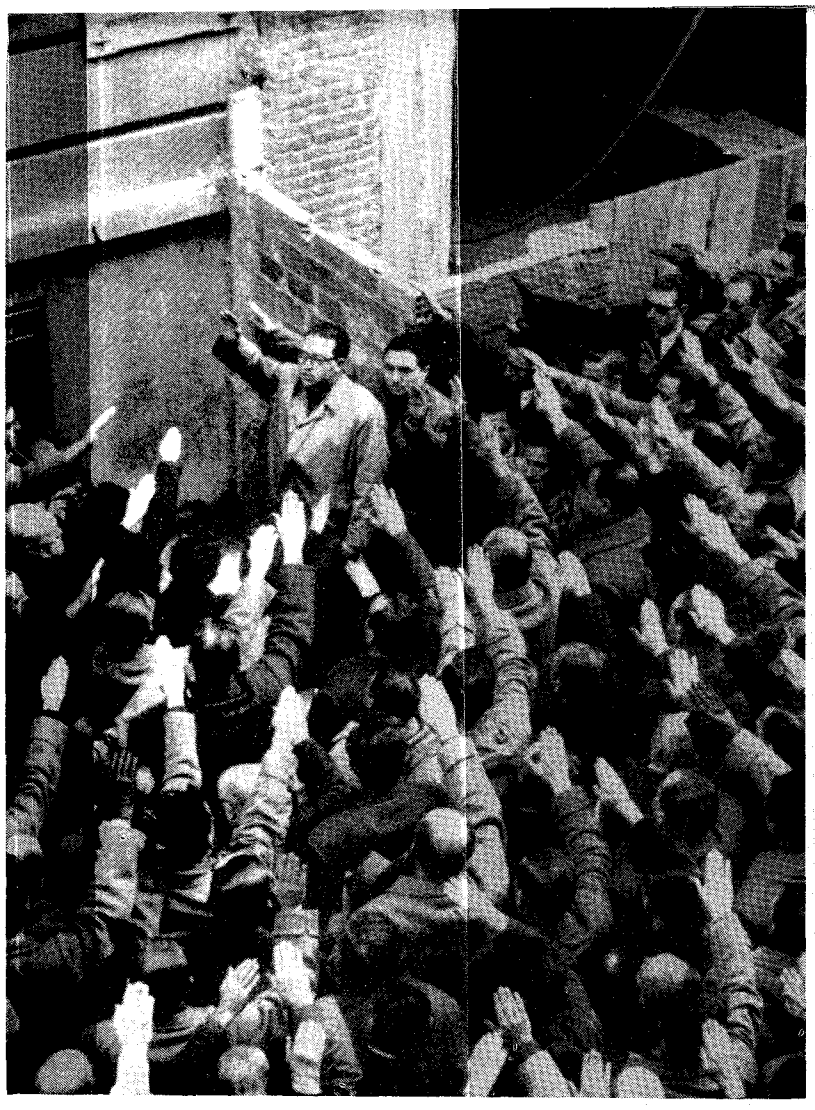

Falangists demonstrate in Madrid during the students' three-day riot against the strong-arm tactics of Spain's only legal political party.

Dictator Franco. "There is reason," says the author, "to believe that after 20 years of chilly silence the Caudillo is secretly negotiating with Russia."

Franco's dictatorship—buoyed up by millions of American dollars—rests on a powder keg. A Post editor tells why

We Are on the Spot in Spain

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

MADRID.

Things are astir in Gen. Francisco Franco's Spain. All through the monolithic structure of his state, fissures are showing—fissures that may soon widen into cracks. The recent reorganization of the government, which brought in a collection of new faces—presumably because the public would prefer them to the old ones—was but one indication of the growing crisis.

To the United States, Spain represents a very special problem. For one thing, she holds down the "safe" end of the turbulent Mediterranean, balancing the commotion in the Middle East with her own immobility. For another, we are heavily committed here. We may not love Francisco Franco, but he is our man—a military pact, signed in September, 1953, makes him our partner in the struggle against Communism. This partnership is costing us upward of a billion dollars, and the results of the agreement—four major air bases, a naval base and a 485-mile pipeline for our use—are now nearing completion. Within a year, a large strategic United States bomber force will take up positions in this country, filling the gap between our British and Moroccan bases and vastly strengthening our hitting power in this contested area.

To Franco, the accord with the United States meant a great deal. After years in the doghouse, he had achieved respectability. He had traveled a long way since the United Nations, in 1946, had tried to slap him down by recommending a general withdrawal of ambassadors from Spain. Without even a pretense of "democratizing" his regime—he is the law in his capacity of Chief of State, of the Falange Party and of Spain's armed forces—he was admitted to polite society.

Yet he agreed reluctantly. "Believe me," said a Spanish government official, "it was no easy thing to throw away a hundred-and-forty-year-old tradition of neutrality which had seen us safely through two world wars. It was no easy thing to turn our peaceful country into a potential target for Soviet bombers." Besides, there was the frightening prospect of playing host to some 12,000 American servicemen who would arouse the Spaniards' envy with their fancy cars, send prices skyrocketing and, worst of all, carry the deadly germ of freedom.

"The breezes from abroad come through our windows," Franco has warned his people, "and they corrupt the purity of our atmosphere."

(Continued on Page 99)

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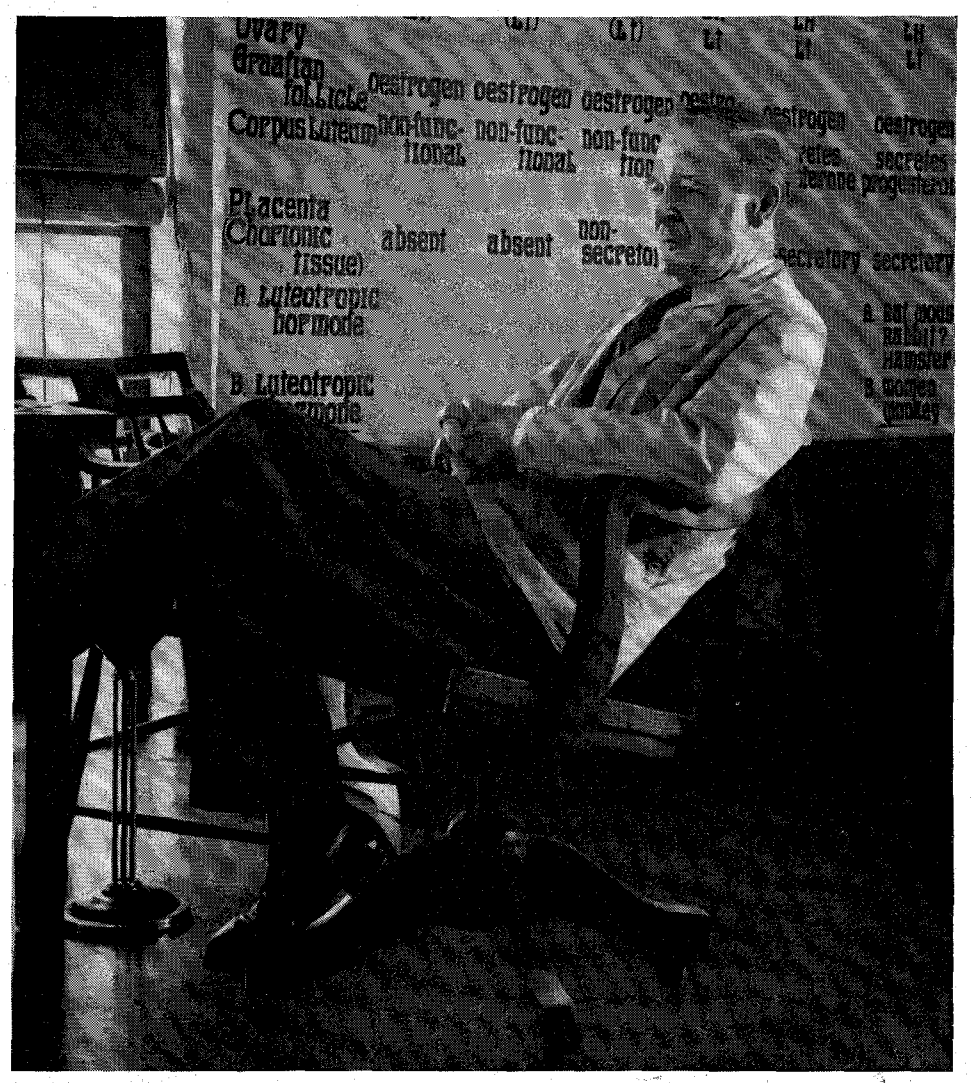
Premature Births Can be Prevented

Every year 200,000 of our babies die before birth or at birth. Now an amazing new drug is being used to delay labor until the full term and also make normal delivery easier.

By JOHN KOBLER



Zoologist Frederick L. Hisaw discovered and isolated the ovarian hormone relaxin, of which the drug Releasin is the pharmaceutical form. He devoted thirty years to the research project.

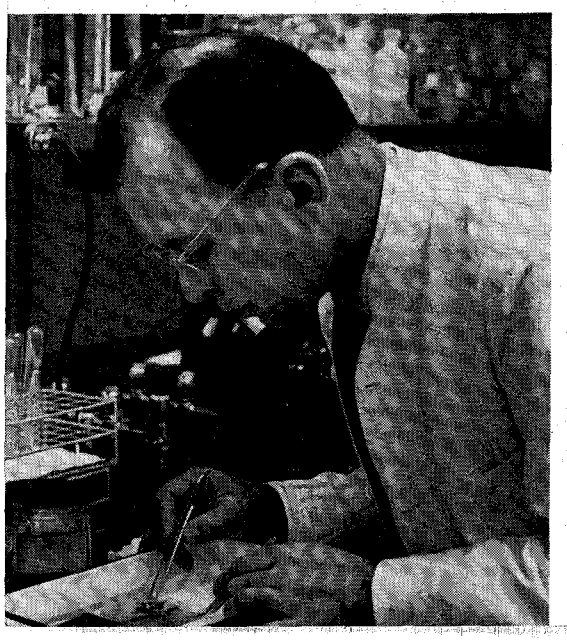
Last October, in St. Paul, Minnesota, Mrs. Ruth Huber, the pregnant, thirty-seven-year-old wife of a crane oiler, was rushed to the Charles T. Miller Hospital in premature labor at twenty-seven weeks—thirteen weeks short of full term. No baby born that soon is likely to survive. Every additional day, every hour that the fetus can be retained in the womb becomes vitally important. But in view of Mrs. Huber's past history of pregnancy, the hope of postponing delivery was dim. She had miscarried ten times in as many years. In vain efforts to save those babies, her obstetrician, Dr. Jane Hodgson, had tried, as she recalls, "practically everything but the kitchen sink."

As Mrs. Huber lay despairing in the maternity wing, with contractions racking her five minutes apart, Doctor Hodgson asked her and her husband, George, if they would be willing to gamble on a new drug called Releasin, a harmless but costly form of the hormone, relaxin. Developed and manufactured by the Warner-Chilcott Laboratories, of Morris Plains, New Jersey, and commercially available only since the previous July, it was, in fact, like penicillin during its initial use, one of the costliest in the entire pharmacopoeia, retailing at around twenty-five dollars an ampule. But the Hubers, fearing that this might be their last chance of parenthood, eagerly accepted the financial burden.

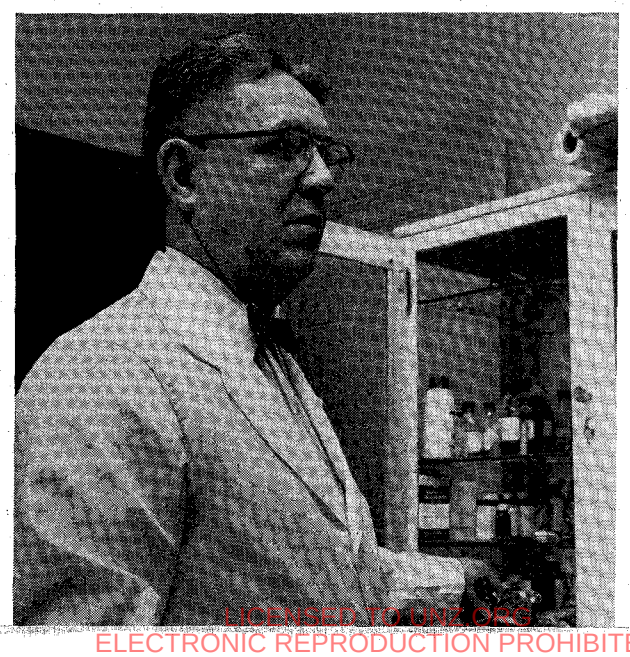
The hospital stocked no Releasin, but a phone call to a St. Paul distributor fetched eight ampules of one cc each—the usual maximum dosage is seven—by taxi in fifteen minutes. Doctor Hodgson injected two cc's. Labor slowed. She injected the remaining cc's at four-hour intervals. Labor stopped completely.

Breathing many a prayer, Mrs. Huber did not stir from her hospital bed for two weeks. But the contractions recurred. They stopped after a second series of seven injections, and Doctor Hodgson allowed her to go home for Thanksgiving with a warning to keep off her feet. Early in December she was back in premature labor for the third time. Doctor Hodg-

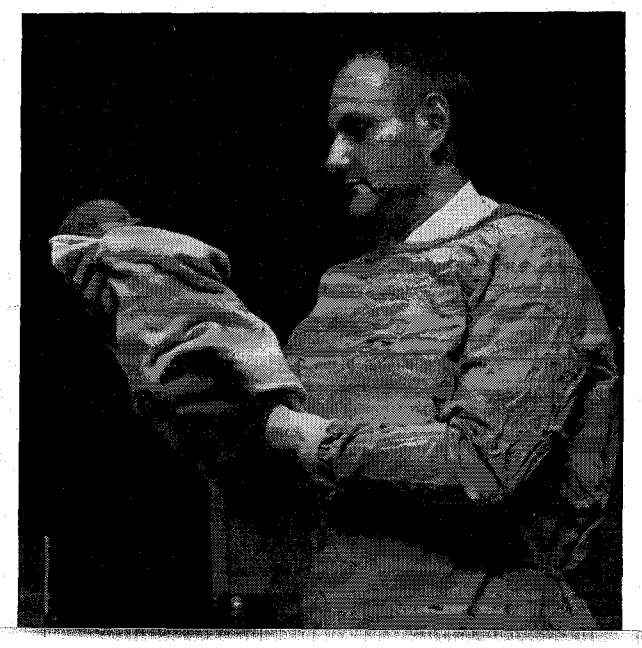
Physiologist Robert L. Kroc with a $1,000,000 grant perfected a method of extracting relaxin.



In Cleveland, Dr. Edward Eichner found Releasin effective in retarding premature births and easing delivery.



In New York, Dr. Martin Stone is now conducting a control study of the effects of Releasin on women threatened with premature labor.



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Photographs by Harry Saltzman

son ordered a third series of Releasin ampules. By the time the drug arrived labor had advanced so far that the doctor saw no possibility of any medication arresting it. "I would have canceled the order," she says, "but here it was, so I used it."

To nobody's greater surprise than the doctor's, there were no further contractions for almost three weeks, and the unborn infant grew rapidly. Shortly before Christmas, in the thirty-sixth week, Mrs. Huber was delivered of her first living child—a boy, George, Jr., weighing six pounds. Ten days later she joyously carried him home in lusty health—a state he has enjoyed ever since. Releasin plus other therapy having brought the Hubers' drug bill to more than $1000, they refer to their son as "our little gold nugget."

In Rochester, New York, last September twenty-seven-year-old Mrs. Mary Schaaf, whose husband is an Eastman Kodak engineer, was admitted to the Genesee Hospital in premature labor at twenty-seven weeks. Her outlook was not much brighter than Mrs. Huber's. She had miscarried six times. Dr. John G. Hamilton administered a single series of Releasin. Labor stopped, and a week later Mrs. Schaaf was discharged. Although contractions recurred, she carried her child to full term, and was (Continued on Page 102)

At the age of twenty-four, Mrs. Lorraine Yarsinsky bore these healthy triplet sons after losing babies on two other occasions. Before this successful delivery, her doctor gave her seven injections of Releasin.

Releasin helped the birth of both small creatures below: Ronnie Mangun's delivery was eased, and the pup's birth verified the nontoxicity of Releasin in early tests.

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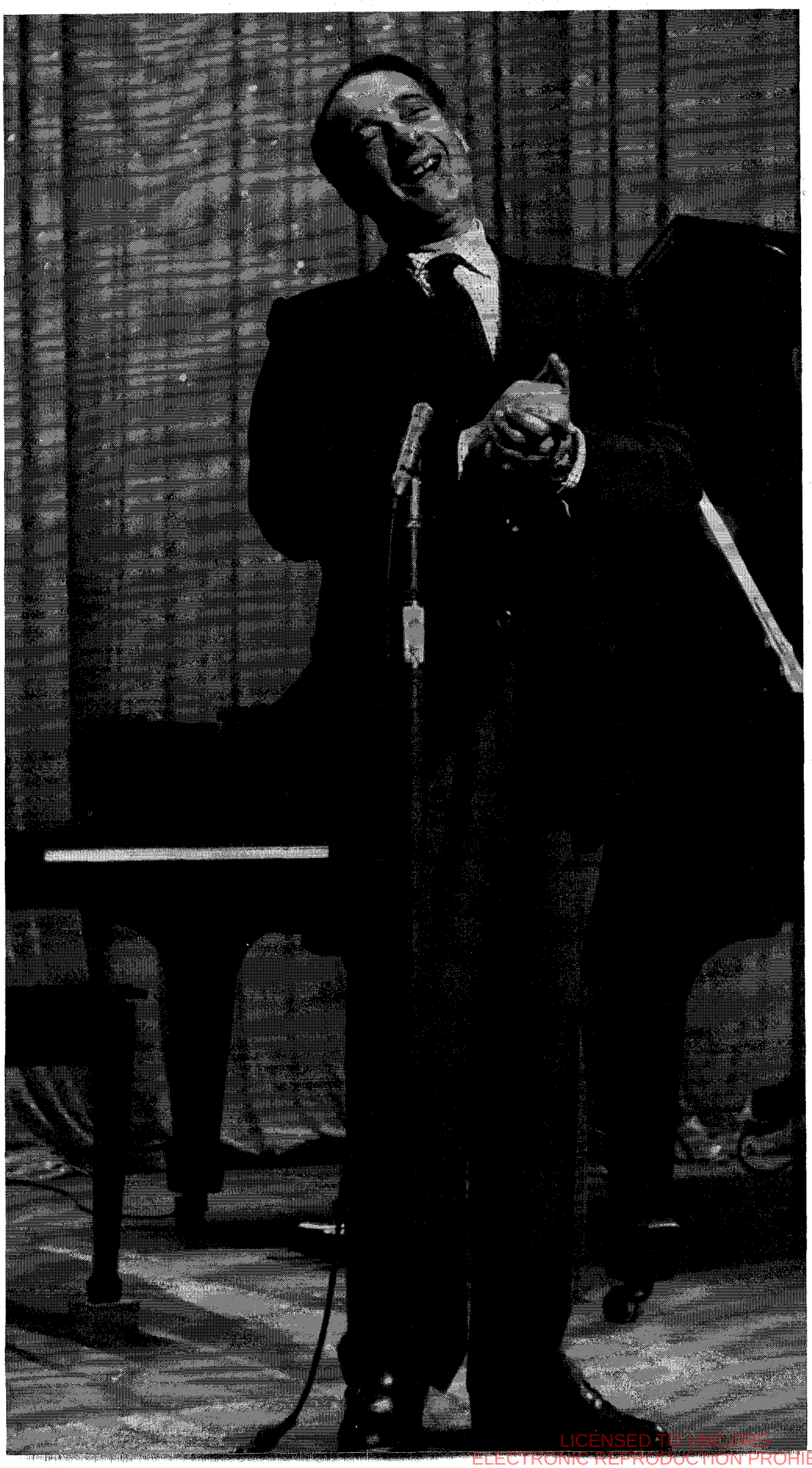
Everybody Laughs at Me

Success seemed at hand when Borge scored on Bing Crosby's radio show. But then came the feud with Rudy Vallee, and the day Victor was arrested as a spy.



By VICTOR BORGE

as told to Dean Jennings

Part Six

On Christmas Eve sixteen years ago there was no peace on earth, as usual, and very little good will toward refugee Danish comedians. I sat in my eighth-floor room at the Woodward Hotel in New York, and I didn't know how much longer I could hold out. I had been in America four months, but to me the English language was still *smörgåsbord*, and I had no friends in show business.

I spent some of my dwindling funds for a tiny Christmas tree, and I went out on the balcony to make a little base for it. Well, it looked like a balcony to me, the kind you see in European hotels, but, of course, it was an ordinary fire escape. In the darkness, I couldn't see the staircase opening and I fell through it feet first. I made a frantic grab for the iron railing, and I was still hanging there, yelling for help, when I was rescued.

On New Year's Eve, still sore and stiff from that weird accident, I went for a stroll to Times Square. The streets were packed with the usual noisy celebrants, and I was just another transient being shoved around in the mob. The only man who spoke to me growled, "Hey, Buster, get off my feet." But in all the loneliness and the mood of defeat there was one happy thought. I was in America and I was a free man. Before long I found myself unintentionally in the center of the immense crowd when suddenly a group of youngsters tried to push their way through. Within seconds thousands of people were pushing and counterpushing and in the resulting chaos, I was slammed to the pavement and pinned flat on my back.

In what seemed to be the last flash of my life I saw a tower of people stumbling and falling all over me. I could not breathe under the enormous pressure on my chest, and within a split second, my whole life went through my mind.

I do not fear death, because like sleep, it does not hurt. Yet I dread to go to sleep missing so many moments and hours of wonder. To me every instant of life has been a wonder, no matter what the circumstances.

I feel it is the degree of his ability to recognize and respect the phenomenon of life that determines man's (Continued on Page 124)

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"I know when an audience has had enough, whether I've been on ten minutes or three hours. The audience knows it, too, and we usually agree."

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FIRST BABY

No Porterfield wife had ever dared to break the all-male line by producing a girl, but today Laura felt daring . . .

By LENOR and KENNETH BRIMMER

The new white silk kimono Ted had sent her from Japan felt like adhesive tape across Laura's clammy shoulders. Across the hospital room the cranked-up bed looked cooler, but she couldn't muster the energy to drag herself that far.

It's my condition, she reminded herself limply. *The strawberry-and-pickle stage I commendably skipped. But this craving for Ted is sapping me down.*

Nurse Barton's white uniform cut briskly into the heat haze. "How's it coming?" she queried, and headed inevitably for the thermometer, which was soaking in alcohol on the Vermont-maple dresser. "Sure you're not here in Maternity by mistake? You look too young."

Laura's eyes followed hers to the mirror over the dresser. With her brown hair plaited up in pigtails to keep cool, she had to admit she looked nearer thirteen than twenty.

"You look like a pixie," the nurse said.

Laura smiled at her in the mirror. Then her glance shifted down to the bulge that had so flagrantly replaced her twenty-three-inch waist.

"From the neck up, maybe," she said wryly. "From there down the resemblance is closer to Buddha."

Nurse Barton laughed. Tucking a gray, wispy lock into her starched white cap, she apparently noticed for the first time the pair of saucy brown cherubs standing next to the alcohol glass. She picked one up, patted its pink grass skirt, then set it back with its twin, which was dressed as a boy.

"These are cute," she said. "Where'd they come from?"

"From Haiti—a long time ago. One of my great-grandfather's patients gave them to him."

Laura knew that an old Vermonter like Nurse Barton would know that her father, and his, and his before him, had all been country doctors. "The dolls are supposed to possess black magic," she added.

"Black magic? What kind?"

"An unusual kind." Laura examined a fingernail minutely. What fool compunction had compelled her to bring the cherubs here? "You rub the boy's tummy, you have a boy," she informed the nurse. "You rub the girl's, you produce a daughter. Presto!" She

(Continued on Page 113)

Laura looked down at the baby sleeping in her arms, and forgot she ever had a problem.

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Wethersfield, England: The author in the cockpit of Excalibur IV at the end of the 6-hour-and-33-minute, 3600-mile flight, the first by jet fighters on the direct great-circle route to Europe.

WE FLEW OPERATION SHARKBAIT

An Air Force pilot tells of the harrowing, tension-filled hours in a jet fighter that spanned the Atlantic on a hush-hush test flight.

By Col. Charles F. Blair, Jr., USAF Res.

McGuire Air Force Base, New Jersey: (From left) Captain Cesar Martinez, Colonel Blair and Major Robert C. Tomlinson with the author's Thunderstreak interceptor just before their take-off.

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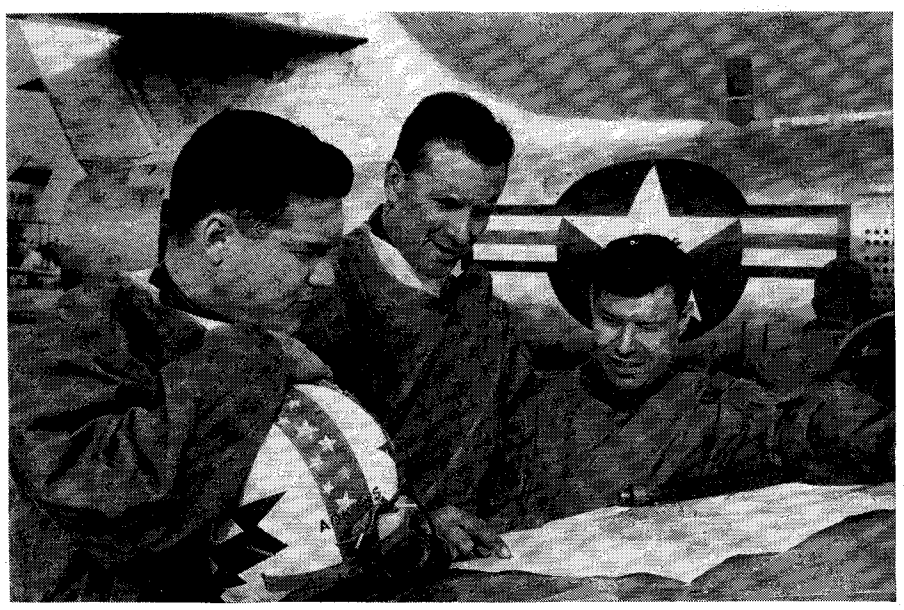
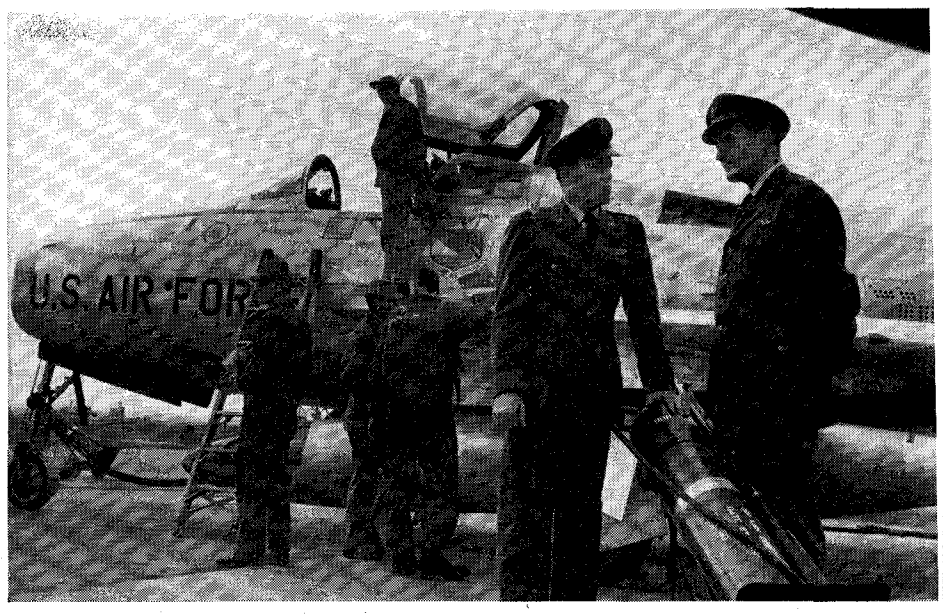


Colonel Blair (center), the flight leader, discusses the long, over-water course with Sharkbait fliers "Tommy" Tomlinson (left) and "José" Martinez, veteran Air Force fighter pilots.



Major Tomlinson and the author. Behind them, a swept-wing Republic F84-F jet fighter, one of the deadliest and most versatile pursuit planes ever built.

It's a poor time to get bad news. We already have our fighters at the end of a long runway on McGuire Air Force Base, in Central New Jersey, ready to take off in a three-plane V. But the control tower is transmitting an urgent message:

"Sharkbait, your reconnaissance advises that cloud tops in Area One are too high for refueling operations. You will rendezvous with tankers in Area Two."

I hide a grimace behind my oxygen mask. Operation Sharkbait, Tactical Air Command mission scheduled to be the first nonstop flight of jet fighters on the great-circle route to Europe, is ready to roll. But where in the world is Area 2? In our briefing with the tanker men three weeks ago, there had been no such terminology. Alternate refueling areas, it was agreed, would be spelled out in plain English. Evidently some junior birdman has dreamed up a new scheme which includes the code words "Area 2," but he hasn't bothered to give us the code.

I have to think fast. We're into the middle of April, 1956, and behind us is the momentum generated by weeks of concentrated preparation. As Sharkbait Leader, I must decide right now whether to cancel the mission. Should we taxi back and wait for a perfect arrangement—which we might never get? No, I think not. We'll solve this mystery of Area 2 after we're airborne. If we can't find the tankers—well, there are intermediate fields all the way up to Newfoundland.

I sound off into my oxygen mask, "McGuire Tower from Sharkbait. We're ready to roll."

"Cleared for take-off," the man says. "Left turn out."

I raise my right hand, twirl a forefinger and glance to right and left. My two wingmen nod in readiness, and we take off in close formation. Heading for New York International Airport, seventy-five miles to the northeast, we cruise low, beneath a layer of stratocumulus. Sandy Hook is sighted far ahead and slightly to the left; to the right are the Jersey beaches. The overcast breaks up, Idlewild Approach Control clears us across the airport, and we start our climb.

At 35,000 feet we level off and I engage my auto-pilot. My aircraft, called Excalibur IV, bores a nice clean hole in the sky. I check my wingmen, and momentarily admire the long, white contrails streaming from their tailpipes.

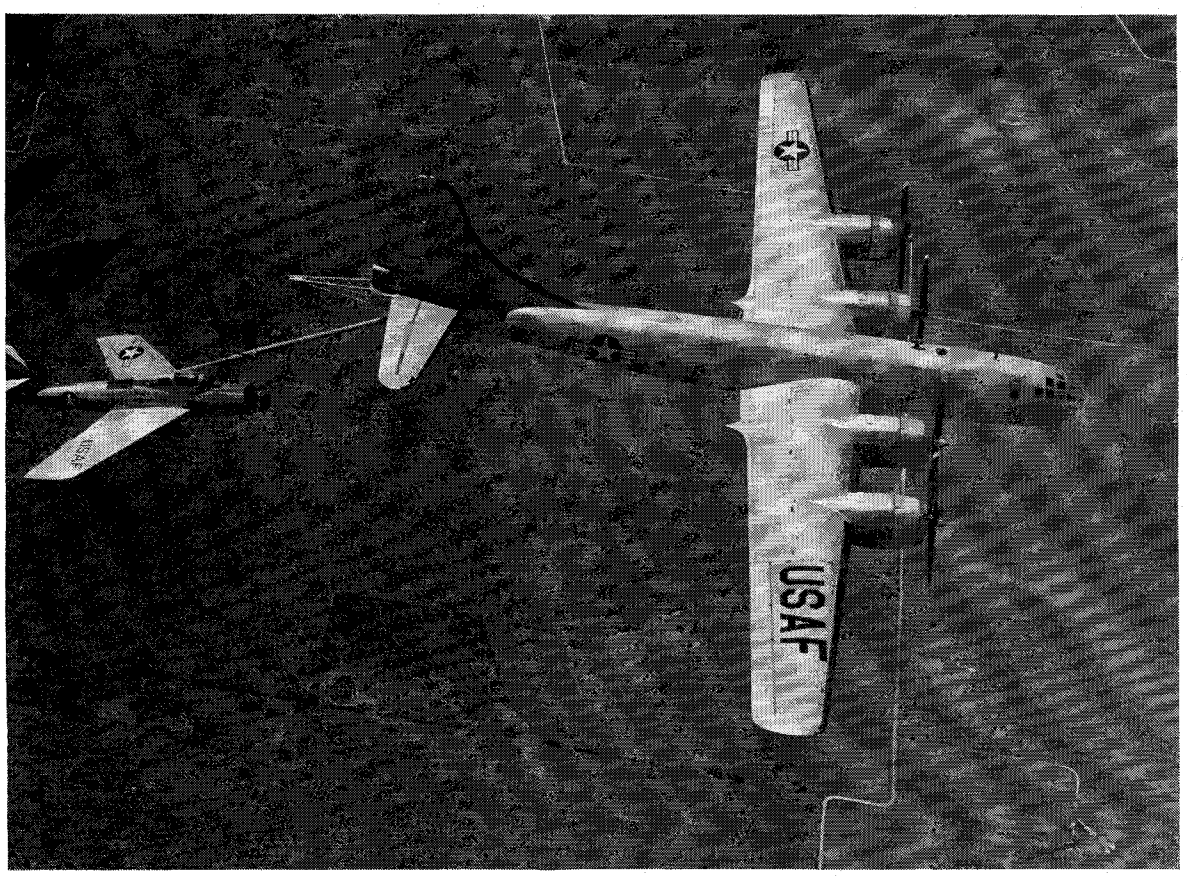
Now it's time to solve our air-refueling problem. "Area 2" must be translated into plain English. I give this job to Sharkbait 2, who flies on my left wing. He loosens up the formation, shifts radio frequency and proceeds to burn up the air waves.

In the meantime, I busy myself with the electronic guidance equipment which must find a navigational pinpoint on the British Isles. We are flying swept-wing F84-F jet fighters—Thunderstreaks. When they came off the Republic Aviation assembly line on Long Island, they were standard, long-range blowtorches. Now, with the addition of a celestial tracker and other electronic devices, my aircraft has some of the aspects of a missile guided only by sun and stars and a Doppler dead reckoner. If this flight is to be rated a complete success, we must have no other help; that's why the radio direction-finder on Excalibur IV has been deactivated.

A glance over the starboard side reveals a curved tentacle of land immersed in a calm, windless ocean—Cape Cod. Then, as we cruise over the Atlantic toward Nova Scotia, a curtain of cloud rolls beneath us. The surface of our planet disappears, but those vacuum tubes in Excalibur's nose keep us on course. If our electronic intelligence flickers out, I'll need a wire-cutting tool to reactivate my radio direction-finder. I happen to have one. It cost me $1.87 secondhand, and that could be a bargain.

Sharkbait 2 comes back on our radio frequency to report. "Colonel," he announces cheerfully,

(Continued on Page 86)



Mid-air refueling: A Thunderstreak jet fills its tanks through the flying boom extended from the tail of a Boeing tanker plane. This recently developed technique enabled Col. Blair and his team to hop the Atlantic nonstop.

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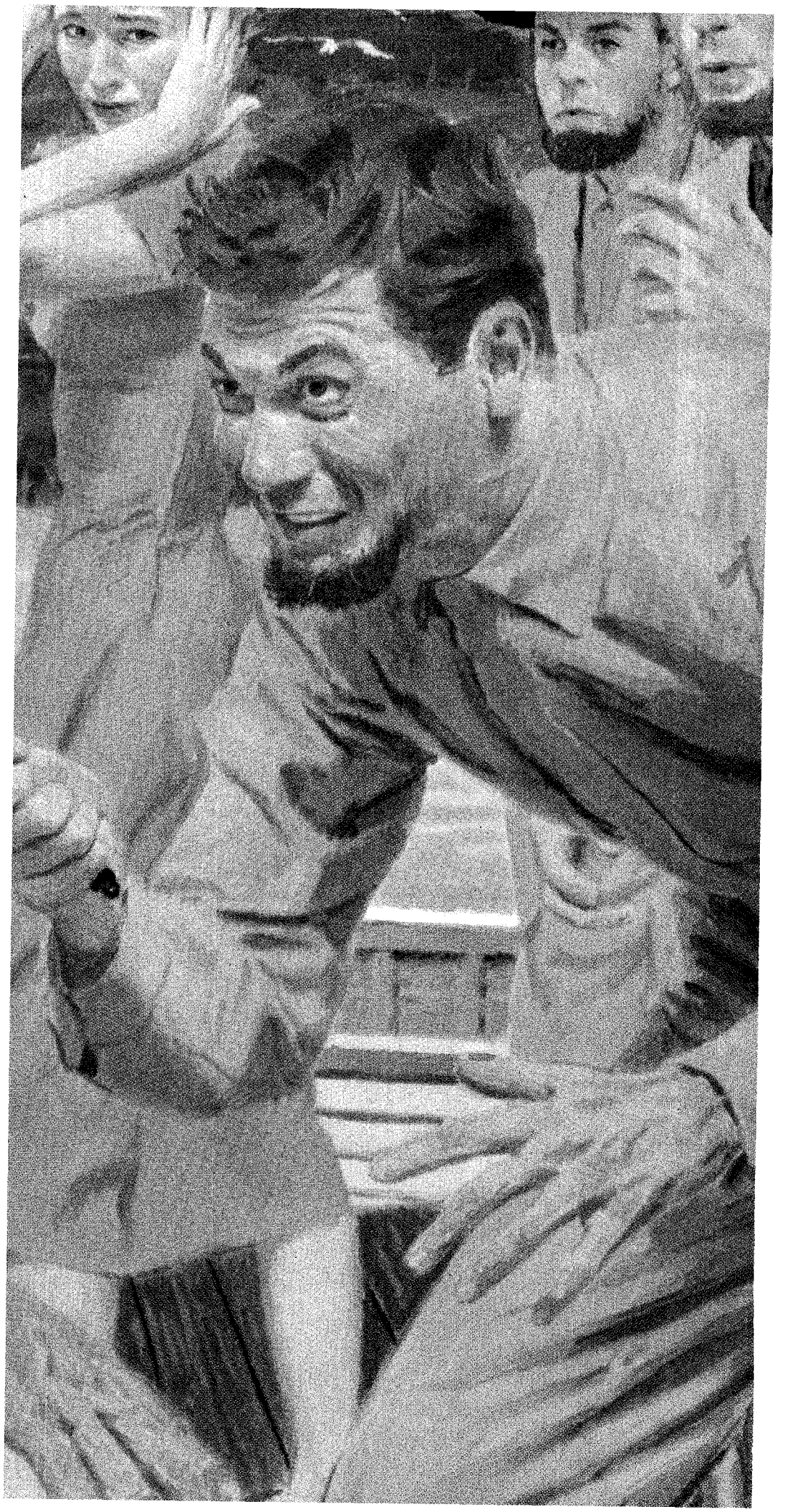

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Sullivan was paying the penalty for trespassing on

The Forbidden Island

By ARTHUR MAYSE Illustrated by Mac Conner

The tame Kingdomite I had working for me that season found Dan Sullivan bedded down in his car, and taking him for just another late-come sport, didn't bother to pass me the word till she was serving my morning tea with one clean brown thumb in the cup and a fussy white apron snugged taut across Venus de Milo hips.

"Mr. Delaney," she said in her slow, soft-voiced way, "at the landing is a trailer with a boat on it, and a man who sleeps."

"What like, Marsi?" I asked her.

"A utility boat," she said. She was turned nineteen, fair-haired like most of those from Kingdom Island, a big, sweet-faced, clumsy-seeming wench with a deliberate quiet about her that most people mistook for shyness. "Green, with white trim."

Coming from Marsi, it was a logical answer. Her dad, old Krim Eliasen's son, had been a master shipwright, and her sweetheart, Einar Huno, ran what was left of the once-flourishing Kingdom boatyard.

"Not the utility," I said to her. "I mean the man, this man asleep in the car."

"Young," Marsi said, "with a sadness in his heart. He needs to shave." She considered while her calm blue eyes gazed at some point beyond me. "The license plates are of California. On the trailer it says, 'Sullivan Seacraft.'"

When I had airmailed my complaint to the Seacraft crowd about the faulty plastic boat they'd sent me, I'd expected the usual brisk action. Still, welcome as he always was, I hadn't looked for the big wheel himself to roll into my British Columbia salmon camp with a replacement in tow.

"You go wake him," I ordered Marsi Eliasen. "Give him a cottage—Number Five if it's clear—then fetch him in for breakfast."

She nodded and strode out of the lodge dining room in her neat blue dress with the ridiculous apron bow perked up behind. In a few minutes she was back, pink-cheeked and alone.

"Mr. Sullivan tells me to thank you," she announced. "He says he will come up when he has attended to a matter at the float."

"What else did he tell you?"

"That I should not let you make me wear this apron," Marsi said, the wild-rose color deepening on her face. "But when he told me that, Mr. Sullivan was not yet quite awake."

The first guests were yawning their way in. I left Marsi to tend them and walked down past the cottages to the foreshore. Dan Sullivan had backed his trailer onto the float and was winching the white-and-green kicker outfit into the cove. Not till it was afloat and secured did he turn to me.

"'Morning, Jim." His short black hair was wet; he must have doused his head under the landing tap. He tipped his blunt jaw at the new boat, a lovely thing with flared bows and clean run aft and a nice round tumble home to take the curse off the wide transom. "Your pilgrims won't get dunked in this baby. I personally guarantee it."

His voice was as big and pleasant as his homely Irish mug. I looked for the sadness Marsi had reported, but couldn't find it; almost everyone, I've noted, is inclined to wear a doleful expression when asleep.

Sullivan said, "It's a pleasure, I tell you, to wake with a face like that over you, not to mention the figure. Guest service de luxe." The weather lines around his eyes crinkled to his smile. "Seems to me your Swedish greeter said something about food too."

Marsi isn't a Swede. The Kingdomites are of Finlander stock, even though it was from czarist oppression in the Ukraine that Krim Eliasen led his band. However, this didn't seem the time to put Sullivan right on a point of local history. Now that I'd had a proper look at the big fellow, I could tell he was tired, dead tired, a lot more so than hard driving would account for.

"You didn't need to make a special trip, Dan," I scolded him. "But since you're here, I hope you mean to stay. There's a cabin for you, and I've the Lord's own plenty of fish staked out."

"Good," he said heartily. But his face didn't lighten, although I remembered him as the kind of angler who will buck a sou'easter for his sport.

My camp in August is a busy place, and what with getting fishing parties launched out and attending to odd chores I hardly spared Dan Sullivan a thought between breakfast and some time about midafternoon, when I spotted him on the low-tide flats with Marsi Eliasen.

They were prodding the eelgrass for keeper crabs. Sullivan had shucked his shirt. Marsi was wearing the old gray homespun dress she favored when off duty—I never yet saw a Kingdomite girl in shorts or jeans—and those two fitted into the background of flats and sky and pale blue salt chuck as if they belonged there. As a rule, I don't encourage the young female help to consort with the male guests, especially the married ones, but it occurred to me that Marsi's company might be good medicine for a weary executive, if only because she was unlikely to chatter Sullivan's ear off. I watched them a while longer, and I wondered in a naïve sort of way what an American businessman and a bespoken young woman from Krim Eliasen's Kingdom of Heaven on Earth could possibly find to discuss.

That night I got an inkling. I'd undertaken to do a salmon Indian style for the Georgia couple in No. 3, and had it grilling in a greenwood frame over a beach fire when I heard the shingle crunch behind me. It was Sullivan.

"Smells good," he said, and I told him, "It'll smell better later. Stick around if you want a snack." (Continued on Page 120)

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By Bill Wolf

Fishing at Its Fanciest

The delicate vessels created at this Palm Beach boatyard have only one purpose: To hunt down monsters of the deep.

Pop Rybovich rests an approving hand on $800 worth of fighting chair. His sons (left to right), Tommy, Johnny and Emil, now run his de luxe boatyard.

The Rybovich docks and boatyard on West Palm Beach's Lake Worth. Only five or six vessels a year are built here, but each costs from $35,000 to $100,000.

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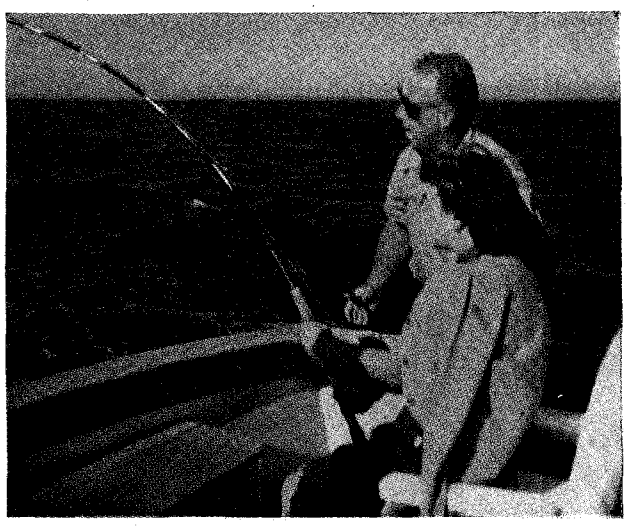
No one could complain that the John Rybovich and Sons Boat Works uses mass-production methods to build its sports-fishing craft. By straining every facility of its big, modern yard at West Palm Beach, Florida, the firm slowly and painstakingly turns out five or six boats a year—no more.

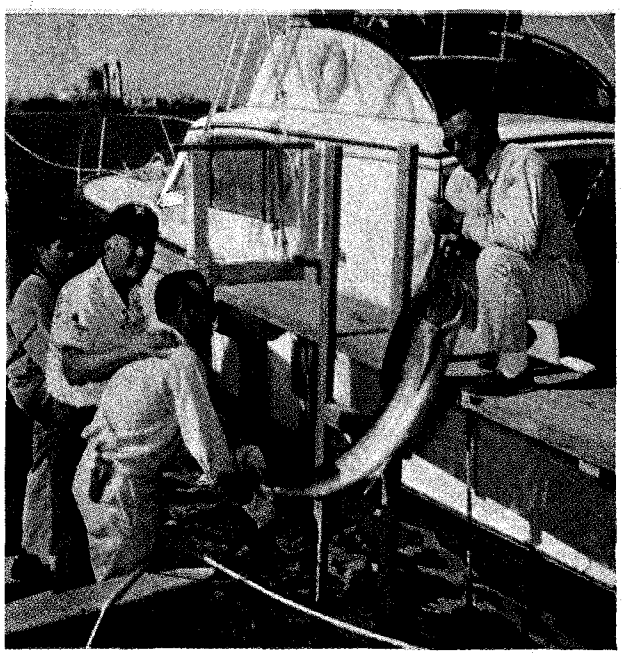
These are not ordinary big-game fishing boats, however, nor do they bring ordinary prices. They have been called the first modern fishing machines, and they cost from $35,000 to $100,000. Yet sportsmen are eager to buy, because a Rybovich boat is magnificently designed for one purpose: to go after sailfish, giant tuna, huge blue marlin and other big game in Gulf Stream waters.

The Rybovich output is small, the demand great and the backlog of orders is piled high. Although more than one boat may be in some stage of construction at the same time, it still takes about four months for each to move from the designing board to the water. Nothing can hurry the process. Would-be buyers wave bonus checks to impress the builders, but the builders aren't impressed.

Strike! Mrs. George Gill, Jr., fights a sailfish from the Rybovich-built Four Belles.



A crewman coaches Mrs. Gill as she reels in. Experts say a well-made boat does half the fisherman's work for him.



Crewmen swing a sailfish ashore from the Mojo, owned by Gregory S. McIntosh (second from left).

"When we started what we call the modern series in 1946, we thought a limited number of sports fishermen might be willing to pay top prices for top quality," says big Johnny Rybovich. "We never dreamed there would be so many customers."

At forty-three, Johnny is the oldest of three brothers who run the firm. He serves as its president, as well as general spokesman for this remarkable family of boatbuilders.

"Most of the boats run from thirty-five thousand to seventy-five thousand dollars," he told me, "and that's a stiff price for a big-game boat which isn't useful for any other purpose. The hundred-thousand-dollar boat we built was a forty-eight-foot, long-range sports fisherman. You could buy a lot of cabin cruiser for a price like that, but our customers just want the best fishing boat they can get. Funny thing, not many are tremendously rich. They're simply well-to-do persons who love big-game fishing. They all get the same treatment. We take a (Continued on Page 80)

The struggle over, the lady rests her weary arms while baits are rerigged and the hunt begins anew.

Photographs by Bill Shrout

This thirty-six-footer will sell for about $50,000. The number of optional, expensive fittings specified by the buyer, not the size of the boat, determines the final price.

Johnny Rybovich pilots the Ban Gee from the "tuna tower," one of three steering stations. The knife bow and wide beam make a flat wake which won't blind fish.

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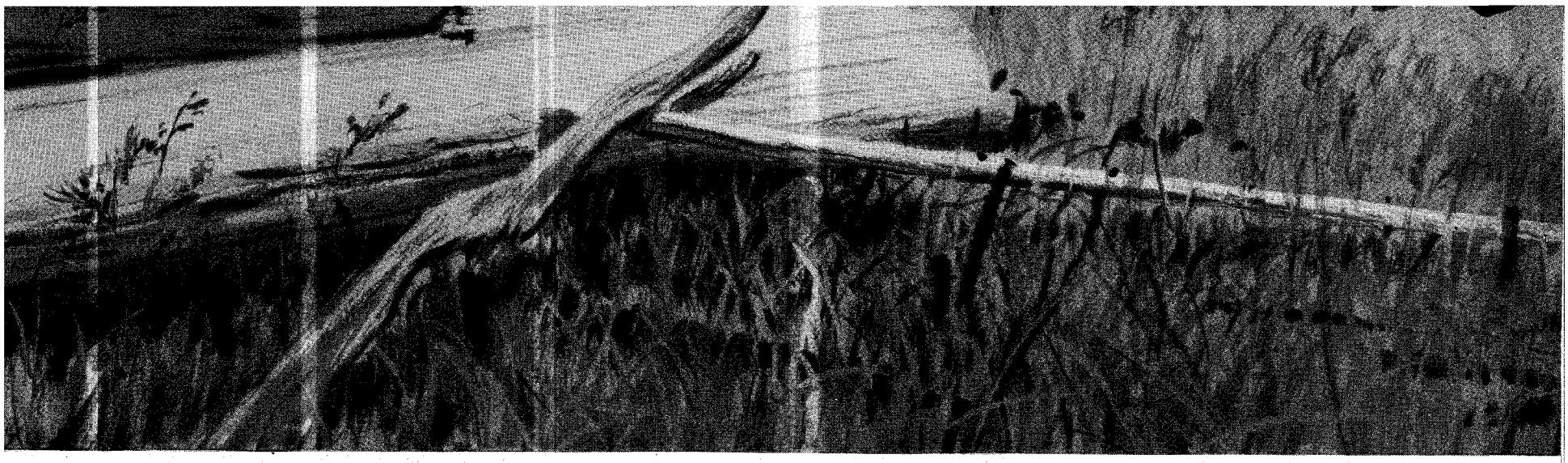

KIOWA MOON

What evil secret did this wretched old man hold that drove Ben Zachary to murder?

By ALAN LE MAY Illustrated by Fred Otnes

Seventeen-year-old Rachel Zachary was unaware that her family's hold on the Dancing Bird range was imperiled by the strange circumstances of her adoption. Old Zack, who she thought was her father, had found her abandoned on the prairie as a baby. And even to Mathilda, who had raised her, the truth of the girl's ancestry remained a mystery. After Zack's death four years ago, Ben, the eldest son, became head of the family.

Now, as Ben and his brothers, Cassius and Andy, prepared for the long drive north with their cattle, a mysterious figure showed up: Abe Kelsey, deranged by the loss of his son to the cruel Kiowas years before and convinced that the Indians had raised the boy as their own. Kelsey, embittered and demented, was responsible for the rumor that Rachel was of Kiowa blood and herself a captive. Ben knew that Kelsey would stop at nothing to send the cunning Kiowas against them to recover the girl, and that she must be sent to safety.

II

"This is going to be an awful bad Indian year," Ben pressed ahead doggedly. "I talked to the best scouts at Fort Richardson, and they all say the same thing. The Kiowas alone will take a hundred scalps in Texas before midsummer."

Mathilda shrugged. Not that she underrated the Indian danger; on the contrary, she feared the Kiowas unreasoningly. "I've never known the time," she said, "but what an Indian could lie right out there on that ridge and shoot down any one of us he picked."

Actually, a Kiowa out on the ridge was bound to be a scout, alone or with only two or three others. He wasn't going to start trouble in decent shooting light unless he caught somebody far from support. Or, if he was from a nearby war party, he wasn't going to give that show away, either, by poking into the best-forted hornets' nest on the frontier. Not without even a chance at a scalp.

Mathilda would never know things like that. To her, the wild tribes seemed weird, unearthly, past hope of comprehension, and their cruelties so repelled her that she was forever denied a closer look.

What stumped Ben was that she already held the Kiowas in the greatest fear she was capable of knowing, yet was unswayed by it. He hunted desperately for another means of

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Kelsey tried desperately to escape, but Ben got a rope around his neck and jerked him off his horse.

persuasion. Words never had come to him the easy way a gun or a *reata* came into his hand.

"We've pushed the work hard," he said, groping. "One good year—maybe this year—and you can school Rachel in Switzerland or—or wherever ——"

He saw how sadly his mother was looking at him. For a moment Ben glimpsed a pity as deep as her sorrows, as deep as her love; so that he was nonplused and stopped.

Mathilda Zachary would have hated and feared the prairie if no Indian had ever ridden it. The galling, month-long winds, the dust that sifted forever from walls and roof, the spreading stains of mud that leaked through with every rain, the harsh home-boiled soap, which made cracked, hurting hands the price of just keeping clean—all this Mathilda could have forgiven. But she could not forgive what seemed to her the prairie's vast malignance, as boundless as its emptiness and as mighty as its storms. A grass fire, a blizzard or a parching drought was always changing the prairie into a horrid maw that could swallow the labors of whole lifetimes in a gulp. It had taken her husband, and had even withheld his body, to be thrown away.

She no longer believed the hopeful story of a fortune just ahead; she had heard it too often.

"We'll talk about it when the good year comes," she answered Ben.

"Mamma, I tell you —— Will you believe me just this once? You've got to get her out of here now, before the first Kiowa moon, or it's going to be too late!"

"What little money we have wouldn't carry us a step out of Texas. And I'll never take her to a Texas town again—never. I'll not see her heart broken and her life ruined before my very eyes. Have you forgotten Round Rock? And the San Saba? The whisperings, the snubs, the turned backs, while the poor little thing turns bewildered, and so cruelly hurt. How long can that go on before somebody says it to her face?"

"Get this through your head," Georgia told Rachel. "I'm not bespoke. Not to Cash or anybody else. When I am, I'll tell you."

"Says what to her face?" Cash asked sharply.

"Do I have to say it? 'Squaw. Red savage squaw!'"

"I'll hear no man say it twice," Cash promised.

"Oh, can't you see—don't you know? What matters is if Rachel hears!" Mathilda had left an infant daughter under the swept sand of a Round Rock churchyard, and Rachel had answered for her the same need that makes a mare break loose and travel a hundred miles to the spot where she dropped a still-born foal. "Don't you realize what that would do to her?"

"Better that than we see her dead!"

"It's the same thing."

"What?"

"Do you believe she'd stay on a minute, once she thought she was drawing harm? She wouldn't care where she went or if she lived or died. We'd never see her again."

"I sure don't see any useful purpose served by holding her trapped in the one most dangerous place she can be!"

"I can protect her here," Mathilda said.

Against that simple fixity of purpose, stronger than all her fears, Ben found nothing he could say. (Continued on Page 49)

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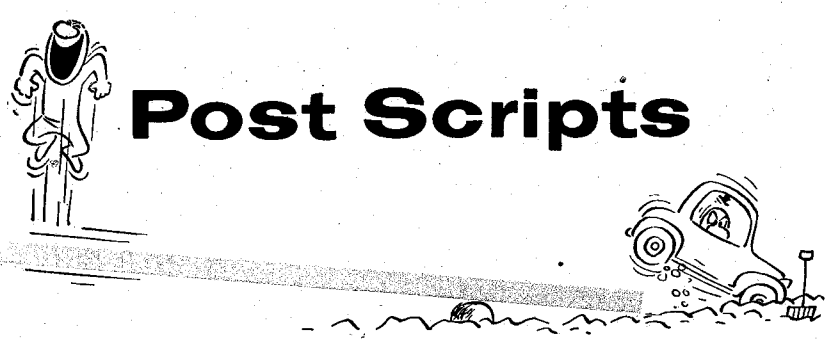

Post Scripts

And Then He Says—

(These are listed among my favorite movie speeches.)

"I'm going to need plenty of hot water."

"I don't think he'll bother you again, ma'am."

"Here, let me try: We your friends. We want to help you. You no kill us and we show you how magic-sticks-go-boom-boom work."

"Mr. President, you're tired. I wish you'd rest for a few minutes."

"It's nothing, really. Just a slight headache. Now show me the plan of attack once more."

"Well, old fella, looks like we'll be ridin' on—just as soon as I get you saddled up. I guess Miss Mary doesn't need us here at the ranch."

"Then you, my liege, are really the Velvet Cockatoo, and it was you who rescued the lady Margaret from the Black Scourge!"

PAUL C. LAW

New and Improved Models

When a better mousetrap has been invented,
We'll probably find in the well-known trice
That Nature, not to be circumvented,
Has started producing better mice!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

"Here comes the tossed salad."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You and what's-her-name must have dinner with me some evening soon."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

You Can't Get a Woman to Concentrate

One morning at breakfast I was contemplating the wonders of space.

"Dear," I said, spearing a bit of bacon, "has it ever occurred to you that we live on a little ball of mud lost in the immensity of space?"

"I hadn't thought about it so far this morning," admitted my wife. "Anyway, you have to give grass a chance. It's only muddy in spots."

"Our sun," I continued, waving my fork in a wide sweep, "is a mere speck in the universe. . . . How many stars would you say there are all together?"

"Twenty-six?"

"Twenty-six?" I cried, astounded.

"Oh, excuse me, dear. I was thinking of how many window screens we have. Twenty-six window screens. Not up yet."

"Oh," I said. "Well, there are a hundred quintillion stars. Now, then. How many planets do you think there are?"

"Counting the ones that need new netting?"

"According to Dr. Harlow Shapley," I said crossly, "there are a hundred million planets with beings somewhat resembling ourselves."

"What would a doctor know about it?"

"Doctor Shapley is not a general practitioner," I said quietly. "He is a scientist."

"Oh."

"Think of it!" I said. "Millions of little balls of mud, all with people like us clinging to their surfaces."

"People just like us?"

"Pretty much," I nodded. "True, differences in gravity, environment, and so on, would produce some odd-looking beings."

"A few odd-looking beings have been produced right here on this planet," said my wife. "For instance, your cousin Henry. Do these beings on other planets live in houses?"

"Probably."

"With no screens on their windows?"

"Why do you say that?"

"Why, I just noticed that some beings on this planet don't have any screens on their windows, while other beings right down the street have had their screens on for a month."

"I'll get them up," I said.

"Are there also bugs of all sorts on these other planets?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Do they come right into the house like they do on this planet?"

"Oh, all right," I said.

I got the screens out of the cellar and took them out back on the driveway to wash them. I was attaching the hose when my wife stuck her head out of the kitchen window.

"Don't forget to put your rubbers on," she said. "You know how the gravity on this planet makes the water drip on your feet."

Women just aren't able to grasp the wonders of space.

JOHN BAILEY

Kind Word

If you want to pay me a compliment,
The kind I consider gladsome,
Marvel a bit at the prowess I've shown—
Don't be so surprised that I had some!

MAY RICHSTONE

There's No Need to Ask Me Twice

"Please sit down. There's no need to keep standing up on my account."

"I'm quite familiar with this road, but if you think I'm driving too fast, don't hesitate to tell me."

"Put it down a minute if you find you're getting tired. We've got another flight of stairs to go."

"Here, put that money away and keep it there! It was distinctly understood that this was to be my treat."

"If you feel he's making too much of a nuisance of himself, just say the word and I'll put him out in the kennel."

"Don't feel that you have to keep dancing with me all the time. Why don't you go ask that pretty young thing over there by the sofa?"

"It's less than a hundred yards to the station, but I'll be glad to drive you there if you'd like."

"Stop washing those dishes! We've got a girl who's coming in to clean 'em up in the morning."

"If you'll feel more comfortable, take off your jacket and tie."

"Don't read it word for word. Just skim over it quickly and tell me how it seems for my first attempt at a play."

PARKE CUMMINGS

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March 23, 1957

"SHEER LOOK" OUTSIDE—
SHEER MAGIC INSIDE!

You've never seen so many surprises as you'll see in the new Frigidaire Food Freezer-Refrigerator!

• It's like Christmas when you see how this new Frigidaire Cold-Pantry showers you with wonderful things!

Right off, you get a refrigerator AND a food freezer in one glamorous Sheer Look masterpiece that glorifies your kitchen with its built-in look. Wonderful fashion colors, too, like Charcoal Gray.

Want loads of room? You get 12.3 cubic feet of storage space—illuminated with glare-free light. All three full-width shelves roll-to-you *all* the way.

Want fruits and vegetables handy? A beautiful Picture Window Hydrator in the door supplies them. Lifts out, too.

Like clever conveniences? A conditioner keeps butter spreadable. Then there's a utility compartment, a cheese compartment and 3 door-wide shelves.

Need a REAL freezer? A separate compartment at the bottom has room for 94 pounds of frozen food in roll-to-you baskets.

For ice, just touch a lever—dry cubes drop into a storage bin.

Handy? It's the "handiest" refrigerator in history! Its quality is lighthouse clear and high. So is the value.

Be dazzled by the Sheer Look at your Frigidaire Dealer's today. His name is in the Yellow Pages of your Classified Telephone Directory under "ELECTRIC APPLIANCES."

Look for the Sheer Look

'57 FRIGIDAIRE

AMERICA'S HANDIEST REFRIGERATORS

Frigidaire—Built and Backed By General Motors

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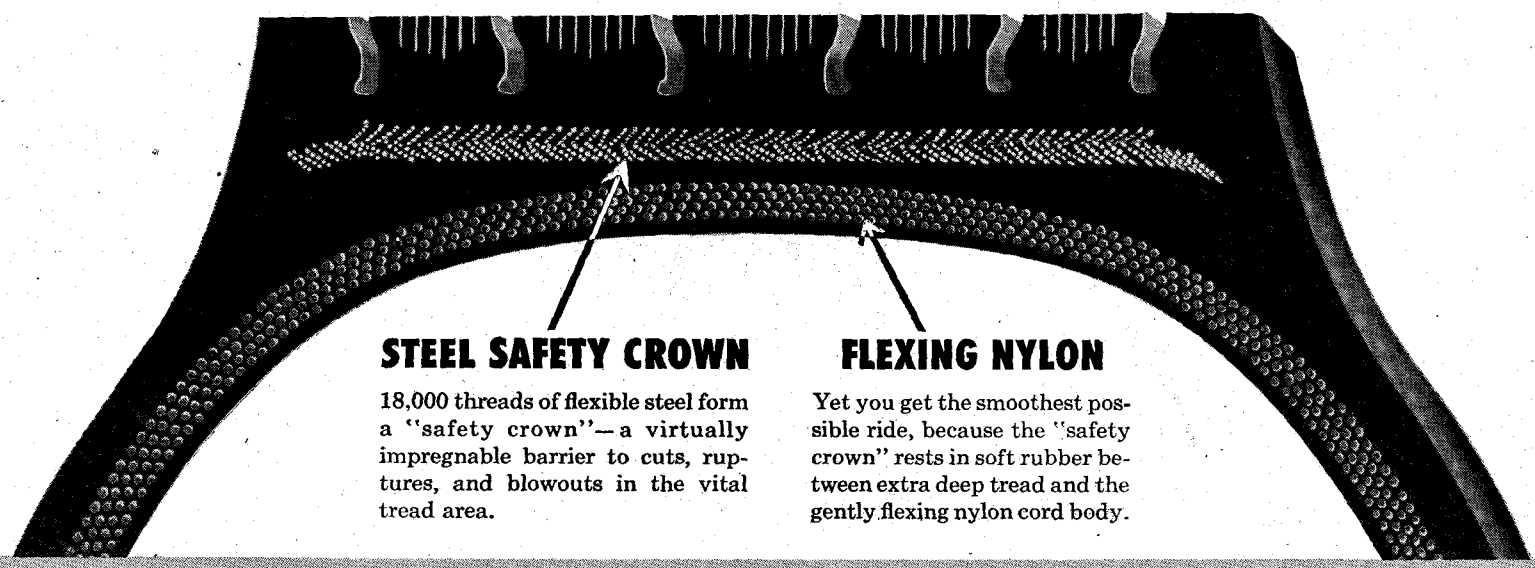


STEEL SAFETY CROWN

18,000 threads of flexible steel form a "safety crown"—a virtually impregnable barrier to cuts, ruptures, and blowouts in the vital tread area.

FLEXING NYLON

Yet you get the smoothest possible ride, because the "safety crown" rests in soft rubber between extra deep tread and the gently flexing nylon cord body.

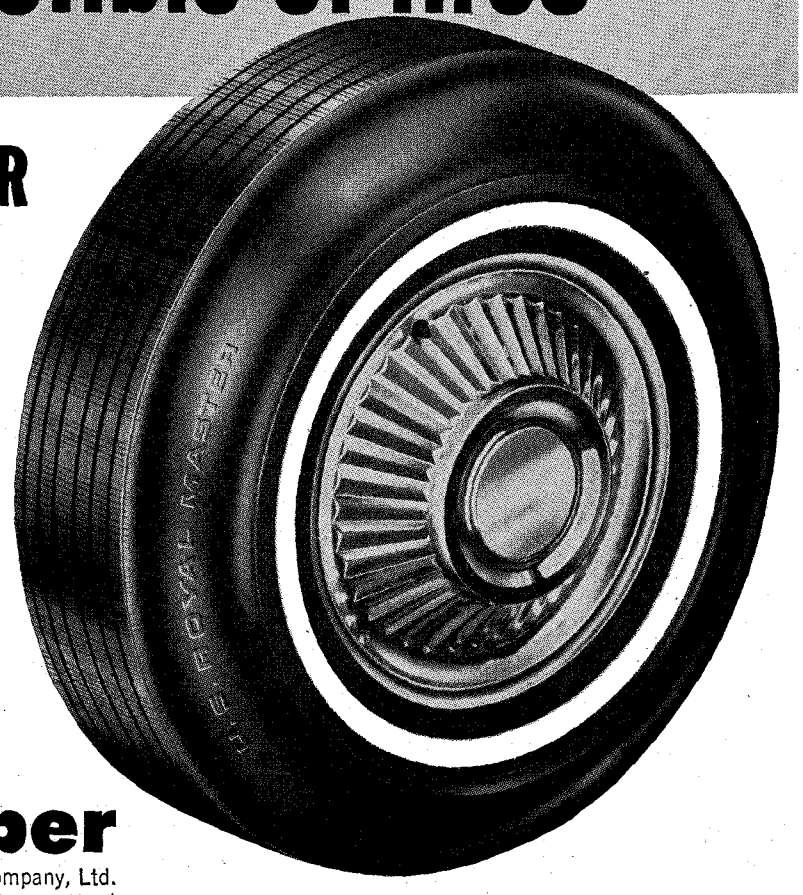
This combination of STEEL and NYLON makes this U.S.ROYAL the most indestructible of tires

It's the *SAFETY AGE* U. S. ROYAL MASTER

This, the new Safety Age U. S. Royal Master, is the safest tire ever built! The unique combination of steel and nylon makes it so!

See this great tire at your nearest U. S. Royal Dealer. He'll make it easy for you to own a set of U. S. Royal Masters by allowing the full value of your present tires toward the purchase price. If you're buying a new car, ask your car dealer about his attractive changeover plan.

All U. S. Royals are available on convenient credit terms. You can actually ride on U. S. Royals for as little as $1.25 a week.



US RUBBER

United States Rubber

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y. In Canada: Dominion Rubber Company, Ltd.

See things you never saw before. Visit U. S. Rubber's new Exhibit Hall, Rockefeller Center, N. Y.

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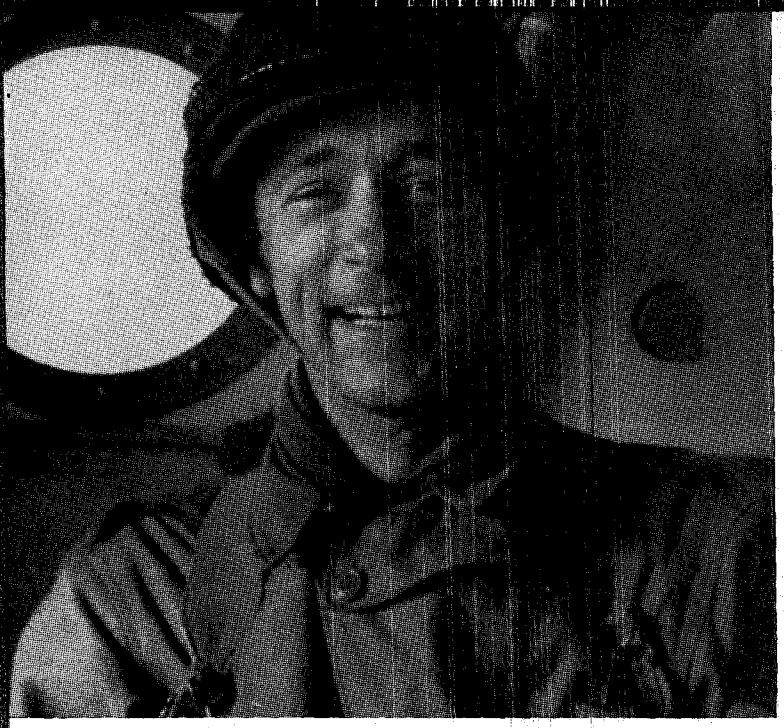

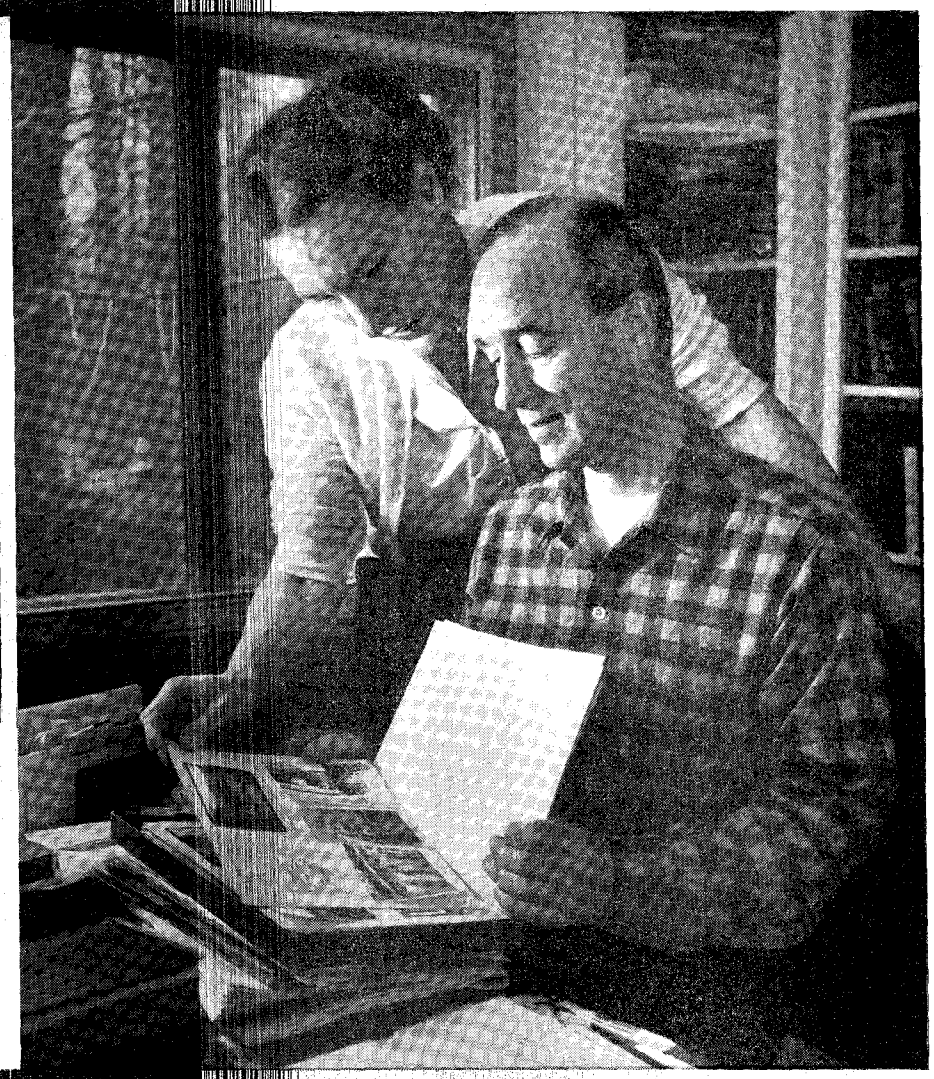

Above: The author as an airborne G. I. in wartime England. In those days "my insides froze and my body tensed to rigidity at the sight of anybody of higher rank," he recalls.

Right: Von Rosenstiel and his wife Marion in their New Jersey home with scrapbooks of the war years. "She never had quite the same feeling for the Army I had," he confesses.

My War With the Army

After three months with no mail call at his overseas base, this timid soldier screwed up his courage and went over his colonel's head—with startling results.

By W. H. VON ROSENSTIEL

I leaned forward and peered intently across the rolling, sun-flooded Wiltshire countryside. In the distance, animated by swift-moving cloud shadows, was a large group of brick and tar-paper barracks. They did not look familiar. I glanced back at the smoke of Swindon, trying to get my bearings.

It had been eleven years since I first rode along the highway from Swindon to Ogbourne St. George, and I had never traveled it by daylight; only at night on a short pass to London, leaving at six and back the next evening. All I could remember was the darkness, the overcrowded, blacked-out bus, the automobiles with tiny slits in their headlights and the roar of the bombers shaping up for another raid on the continent.

I felt a little foolish. For years I had planned to take my wife to see the camp. And now that we were finally driving together along the often-traveled old winding road, I couldn't recognize a single landmark. She was tolerantly amused at my confusion, just as she had been amused at the obvious Americans hovering around the old Rainbow Corner in London the night before. She had never had quite the same feeling for the Army I had.

I guess I had been an oddball, even to an understanding but six-months-pregnant wife. I had tried to enlist, and when they wouldn't have me because I was still a German citizen, and therefore an enemy alien, I mooned around yearning for my draft call. And when it finally came, instead of spending my last night as a civilian going out and getting drunk, as most of our friends had, I crammed the Army Classification Manual, Guaranteed to Improve Your AGCT score, ninety-eight cents at a department store, while my wife gloomily marked my underwear.

I was, very seriously, honored to serve. Having skinned out of Germany in 1939, I felt, very seriously, that I knew at first hand What This War Was All About, and that my language and legal education would be an exceedingly valuable asset to winning it. This was my chance to prove I was a loyal and loving son of my adopted country, and I was determined to make the most of it. I kept daydreaming of Nathan Hale, Patrick Henry and Admiral Farragut, tinged with Thomas Jefferson, of whom I had learned a great deal from my grandfather, an ascetic, cultured, completely atypical oddball of a *Junker*.

"If I get captured"—I turned from my manual—"they'll shoot me on the spot."

My wife practically had the baby then. "For heaven's sake, don't tell them who you are."

"They have ways of finding out," I said darkly. "But I'll throw away my dog tags. I'll say I'm Joe Miller. If ever you hear Joe Miller is missing in action, you'll know it's me."

(Continued on Page 117)

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11 famous airlines have chosen the superb Boeing 707—to fly you in unbelievable comfort and quiet at 600 miles an hour.

The 707—America's first jet airliner—is the brilliant new expression of Boeing's unmatched experience in jet aviation.

BOEING 707

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The Golden Shadow

She had trusted a man without a conscience. Now she knew how much his word meant.

By ROBERT ORMOND CASE

Peggy McGraw and Ravenhill had come to Yukon Territory to locate the lost gold mine discovered by Peggy's late father, Monty McGraw, and found that Captain Blodgett and his gang of cutthroats had arrived first. Blodgett couldn't find the mine, however, without Monty McGraw's directions, which Peggy and Ravenhill possessed. These directions wouldn't lead to the exact location of the strike without one additional clue which only Ravenhill knew. Blodgett tried to make a deal with Ravenhill, promising him a cut in the fortune, but Ravenhill realized the captain, who held Peggy and Ravenhill prisoners, would kill them as soon as the mine was found. Therefore, Ravenhill contrived an escape plan. He slipped off from the camp, hoping to draw out Blodgett and his henchman, Slim, so that the other members of the crew would use Blodgett's absence for a good drunk. This would enable Peggy to replace the gas valve in Ravenhill's plane, which Blodgett's men had removed. But the plan snagged from the start.

CONCLUSION

Peggy came down to the level of the cove, then proceeded to her tent at her left. Snively and Bull Morgan stood motionless in the semi-twilight, watching her fixedly. She saw that Snively was armed now, carrying a heavy revolver in a leather holster suspended from his belt. Bull carried no visible weapon.

Peggy paused at the tent. Then, though it required a great effort of will to do so, she detoured toward the waiting men and paused by the smoldering fire. She did not look at them, but extended her hands over the embers.

"It's getting colder, isn't it?" she said. She spoke in low tones, though she knew it would take a considerable uproar to reach Blodgett's ears up on the bench. "I'll warm up a little before I turn in," she told them. "If you could put on a little more wood, Mr. Morgan?"

"Sure, sure," Bull said. There was wood nearby, and he piled on several fragments hastily. "Yeah," he agreed, surveying her with his childlike eyes. "Getting colder, all right."

"'Mister Morgan,'" Snively said, showing his teeth. "She's had the right fetching up, hasn't she, Bull?"

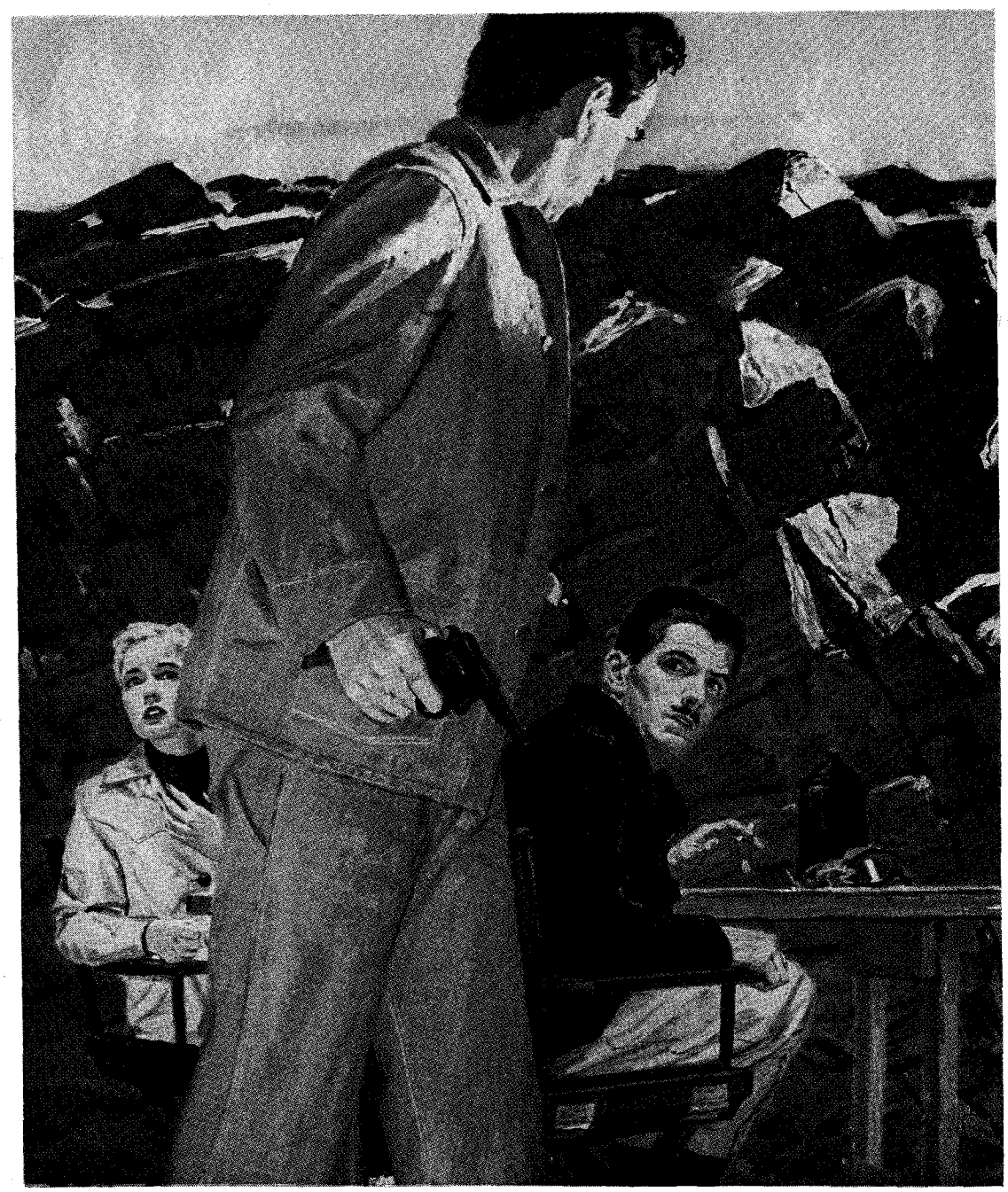
"It's O.K.," Bull defended her. "She doesn't know anything about guys like us. She's a lady, tha's all."

Snively shrugged his contempt. "What's going on up there?" he asked Peggy, indicating the bench. "How come Ravenhill run out on us? What does he figure that'll buy him?"

"I don't know," she said. "And I don't care particularly. As far as I'm concerned, you and the others can have the mine, if I can just leave tomorrow."

"Yeah?" Snively said. "That'll suit Ravenhill, too, eh?"

She shook her head wearily. "He'll want his share, I suppose. I'm tired of all this wrangling and suspicion. Ravenhill's out on the bench—and he didn't say why. Slim is chasing him with his rifle. Captain Blodgett's up there on guard, where he can see anyone approaching the cove. It's like boys playing cops and robbers." (Continued on Page 73)



Blodgett halted beyond the embers of the fire. Deliberately he reached into his shoulder holster and produced a heavy revolver.

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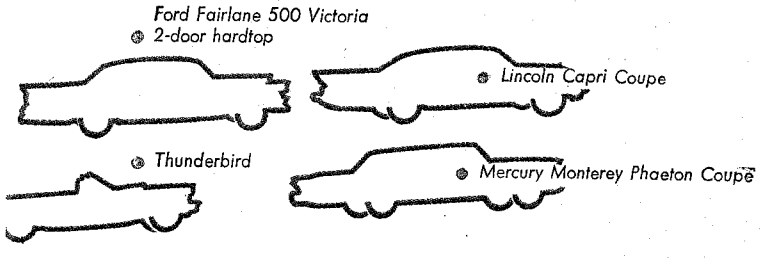
SETTING THE PACE ON THE AMERICAN ROAD

Adventures in motion:
the Ford Family of Fine Cars



FORD • THUNDERBIRD
MERCURY • LINCOLN • CONTINENTAL

- **Brand-new line-up of V-8 engin**
- **New way to smother bumps**
- **New cornering . . . new automat controls . . . new non-slip featur**

Take a front seat at any of the Fo Motor Company test tracks and o fact is clear: Ford, Mercury, Lincol Thunderbird or Continental all ha the talent for quick starting, get-aw snap, cornering ease and riding co fort. As we've been saying—they s the pace on the American Road. Tl big edge in performance grew out young-mindedness—deliberately buil ing cars that are ahead in everythi that makes a car go. Examples follo

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Background: Ford Motor Company's new Romeo, Michigan, test track

UILDING THE BEST—Practically erybody wants a V-8 engine these ays. And the kind to buy is in the ord Family of Fine Cars. We know -8's and build the best because we've ad more time to test, improve and fine them! In fact, since 1932 we've uilt more V-8's than all other car akers combined—more than 21 mil-on. And this year's brand-new line-up V-8's proves the point.

All told, there are 8 new engines in e Ford Family of Fine Cars. In each ere are engineering advances that ve you higher efficiency and greater onomy. Giant new air intakes help the engines mix more air, less fuel. There's higher torque under each hood to give fast surges of power when you need them most.

ROLLING WITH THE PUNCH—Who'd have thought that anyone could improve the famed ball-joint front suspension pioneered by the Ford Family of Fine Cars? This year, we've improved it—just when others are catching up to where we were. Now when our wheels hit a bump, they move up and back, sort of pulling you *over* the bump. Result: vibration and shake are ironed out even on the bumpiest washboard roads.

SPECIAL PROBLEMS SOLVED—There are many new and special performance advantages in the Ford Family of Fine Cars this year. To mention just a few: Ford's new low center of gravity that lets you take the corners without pitch. Mercury's new Key-board Control—The Big M's exclusive automatic transmission control—helps you with 7 driving operations, even releases the parking brake. In Lincoln, an optional feature called "directed-power differential": when one rear wheel is stuck in mud or spinning on ice, power is automatically shunted to the other, and away you go.

FAMILY SUGGESTION—Performance is one measure of a car—and Ford, Thunderbird, Mercury, Lincoln and Continental have the big edge. But you also want the edge in style and safety and beauty and ruggedness—the extras that grow out of our young-minded car making. We suggest you get behind the wheel of some member of our Family—as soon as possible at your nearest dealer's.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
THE AMERICAN ROAD, DEARBORN, MICH.

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You saw this proof on TV in the famous Sand Test!

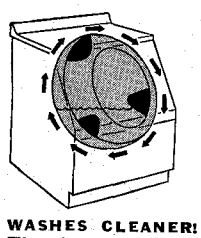
THIS TOWEL was washed by a center-post agitator. Actual scene from TV shows the towel unloaded from one of the three center-post washers used in Sand Test.

THIS TOWEL was washed by the Laundromat's Revolving Agitator. Actual scene from TV shows the towel unloaded from Westinghouse Laundromat used in Sand Test.

Westinghouse Laundromat®

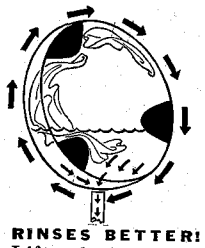
washes cleaner, rinses better, cleans itself

HERE'S WHY THE REVOLVING AGITATOR LAUNDROMAT IS BEST!



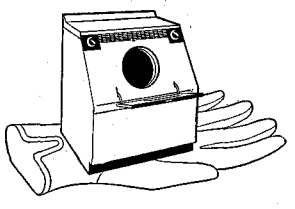
WASHES CLEANER! There's no center-post. Clothes go *inside* new Revolving Agitator which lifts and plunges them 50 times a minute.

THE SAND TEST PROVES IT!



RINSES BETTER! Lifts clothes while dirty water and soil drain *away* from them. Center-post machines strain it all back *through* them.

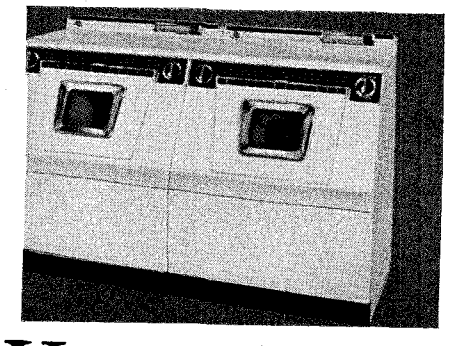
THE SAND TEST PROVES IT!



CLEANS ITSELF! Laundromat cleans itself automatically. White glove rubbed inside machine comes out spotless, free of soil, sand, lint, scum.

THE SAND TEST PROVES IT!

The unretouched photograph above shows the dramatic difference in washing and rinsing results, demonstrated by Betty Furness. If you watch TV, you've probably seen this proof of the Laundromat's superiority in the famous Sand Test on Westinghouse "Studio One." Dirty sand is dumped on towels in well-known center-post agitator washers and in the Revolving Agitator Laundromat. After machines complete their cycles, center-post agitators leave sand in towels and washers, too. The Revolving Agitator leaves not a grain of sand in towels or Laundromat.



YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S Westinghouse

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Kiowa Moon

(Continued from Page 39)

But there was something he could say to Cassius when their mother had gone to bed. "You saw the hands I hired," he said.

"They look all right to me. I told you that."

"Could you take about twenty of 'em and get four thousand head to Wichita?"

Cassius flared up, roweled on the same old gall. "What you want to ask a thing like that for? You know it damn hootin' well!"

"All right," Ben said. "It's your herd, Cash."

"It's what?"

"I'm staying back."

Five of the Rawlinses arrived next day, to visit overnight while Zeb Rawlins and Ben straightened out their affairs.

"Let's not mention Abe Kelsey to them," Mathilda asked of Rachel. She made it oddly confidential and urgent, so that Rachel was doubly puzzled.

"Why?"

"It just isn't needful. I can't see it's needful at all! Promise me. Please promise!"

It was the last thing she said to Rachel before their visitors came.

Zeb Rawlins and his wife, Hagar, appeared first, with a team and rig. All hands but Rachel and Mathilda were out horse hunting; they used ten horses to the man, so driving in a hundred and fifty head more was the first task of the spring work. Rawlins' two grown boys were out with the hands, and Georgia Rawlins, nineteen, had tagged along, as Rachel would have done had she been allowed. Zeb and Hagar Rawlins made a peculiar couple, unlike in most ways, yet held uncommonly close together because each had a handicapping "infirmity," of which they never spoke, nor yielded an unnecessary inch. "Two old crocks," one of them might say with curious tenderness, when the other was concealing pain, but never a word more.

The nature of Zeb's infirmity had at first been unclear. Zeb was tall sitting down and short standing up; his thick arms and shoulders had the great strength that sometimes goes with this build. But he moved with a slow, ponderous step, and always traveled by team, unable to mount a horse or sit a saddle. The Zacharys, inventing an explanation, had once believed that Zeb carried a bullet in his heart. Later the boys had learned that what Zeb had was a "rupture"—a hernia of the type for which out-country folk knew no remedy but the truss.

Impeded in movement, but a heavy eater still, Zeb had become vast of heft and paunch; but he handled a team with great skill, once he made it to the seat. He now wheeled his rig close to the house, to let his wife dismount directly upon the stoop; then doffed his hat with a broad gallantry, bellowed at Mathilda that he hoped she was well, ma'am, and was off like a runaway to look for the horse hunt.

Hagar Rawlins was taller than her husband, gaunt, grim-jawed, with hollowed cheeks and deep-set eyes. Rachel was afraid of her, for she had sometimes caught Hagar eying her strangely, as if with antipathy or some nameless suspicion. As soon as Hagar was afoot, her own physical handicap was plainly visible, though puzzling as to origin. Something was wrong with her ankles, as if the tendons had been cut; she painfully shuffled and flapped, dragging or slinging her helpless feet in misshapen mocassins.

Mathilda and Hagar embraced, as was customary, though it had always seemed to Rachel that Mathilda brought all the affection there might be in it. Hagar was from Eastern Tennessee, "so fur back in the hills," she liked to put it, "the sun don't never shine." She could ridicule her own background, but she was "easy throwed" by Mathilda, who was likely to confide that her father had been schooled for the ministry, partly, and had read Latin and Greek. Around Mathilda, Hagar would have sieges of speaking carefully, in mincing forms she imagined elegant. Then she would backslide and catch herself again; so that her language kept kind of running out and in, like a slip-horn.

But today Hagar brought news, and it had changed her past all imagining. The Rawlinses had an older daughter, called Effie, who had taken down with lung fever the year before, and gone into a decline; as a last resort she had been sent to Fort Worth for a prolonged doctoring. No light of faith had sustained Hagar. "They never come back," was what she said, the day she watched Effie out of sight.

Yet Effie had rallied; Hagar now had word that her daughter's recovery was complete and she was coming home. To Hagar it was a miracle and a resurrection. There was warmth, now, in the deep-hollowed eyes that had so often chilled Rachel, and a great weight seemed lifted from them all. Perhaps none of them had realized the degree to which this dour and strong-willed woman had dominated their prairie.

And more. While convalescent in Fort Worth, Effie had caught herself a young man. She was bringing him home with her; they were to be married—out here, in her father's house.

Rachel remembered Effie, perhaps unkindly, as watery-eyed and washed out, with a bluish, translucent look, but Rachel turned her into a romantic figure in stride. Immediately she began to imagine what the wedding would be like. Since she had never seen one, her mental picture of it flowered most wonderfully. She couldn't seem to help seeing the whole doings spaciously mansioned, with great numbers of handsome people coming to it. All were beautifully dressed, especially the women, whose many-hued gowns were reflected in a floor as brightly polished as wet ice. None of this would ever be. The few families who might possibly get there had never seen the kind of clothes Rachel was imagining, and never would in their lives. And the wedding would have to contain itself in the log house of the Rawlinses, which was hardly bigger than the Zachary soddy.

Along toward sundown they heard the first day's horse-gather coming in. The deep-dug back wall often brought the sound of hoofs into the house, through the earth, from a long way off. Today they listened for half an hour to a faint humming in the ground, increasing slowly to a tremor, then to the drumming of hundreds of hoofs, before at last they heard the whooping of the hands. The riders were hazing and frolicking, showing off because Georgia Rawlins was with them; they poured the herd in at the gallop, running like a storm.

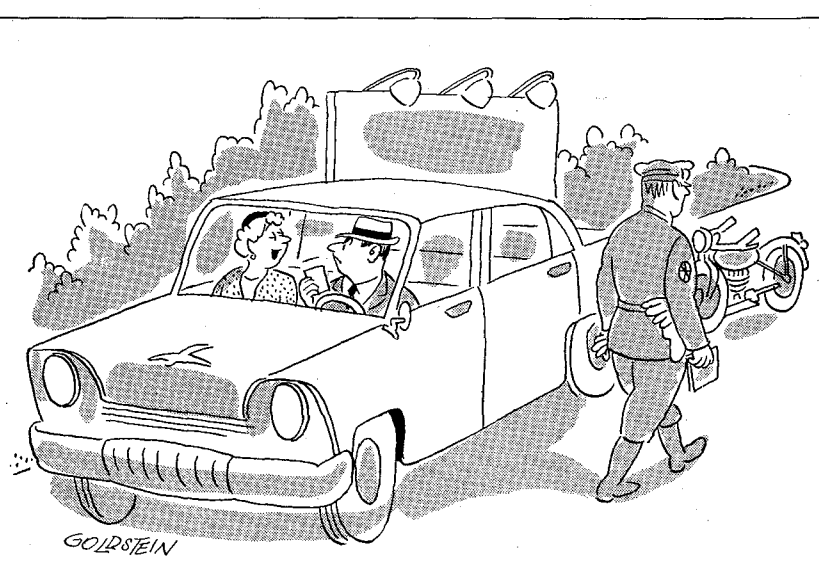
Georgia Rawlins came on in. She was a big girl, tall as her mother, and strongly made; handsome, rather than pretty, but bright-eyed and full of bounce, from hours in the prairie wind. She came in briskly, with a loud but shy "Oh, hi, everybody!" Her great shapeless riding skirt was held up in front of her, avoiding both stumbles and embraces, for it embarrassed her to be hugged by women. She bolted for the bedroom, to change into other clothes she had carried in a roll behind her saddle.

This was the girl who would normally have been Rachel's best friend; there was no choice of others. But both families tacitly understood that Georgia was Cash's girl; they would marry sometime, supposedly. Probably no girl would have seemed worthy to Rachel, where her brothers were concerned. She took to noticing that Georgia moved like a tomboy, always ready to climb a corral or the like, in ways that showed her legs; and could cuss like a man, though she wouldn't try it in front of Hagar.

Georgia reappeared in full-skirted blue cotton. The dress looked familiar, for it was the only decent one she had, but Rachel had to admit, with a twinge, that she looked all right. Georgia had a lot of mouse-blond hair, which she had tied back with a blue ribbon. *Wrong color blue*, Rachel hoped.

What Georgia thought of Rachel was not known. Most of the time she seemed unaware of her.

Soon, though, the men began coming in, and no awkwardness could long survive the excitement of a house full of people. The two Rawlins boys, though lacking in flash, at least were young men who were not Rachel's brothers. Charlie was the one nearest Rachel's age. He had sad, slow-moving eyes in a shy, quiet face—an empty face, Rachel thought it. Rachel knew that Charlie's eyes followed her moonishly, whenever he thought she wasn't noticing. She found this pleasantly exciting, even though she didn't care anything about him.



"Nevertheless, congratulations on a moving portrayal of outraged innocence."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

You'll never go back to ordinary hairdressings!

Suave®
FOR MEN
controls hair more naturally, truly greaseless! Handier to use in alligator-grain squeeze flask.
$1 plus tax. Travel size 60¢

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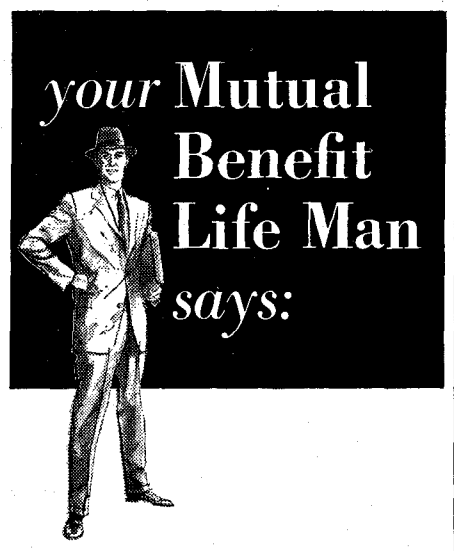
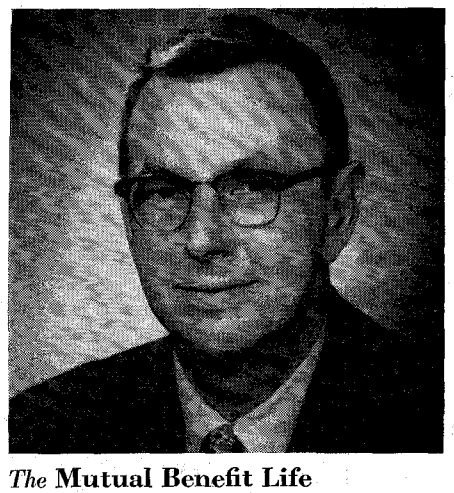


"Your life insurance *could* be a windfall for a *stranger!*"

If this sounds impossible . . . it *has* happened more than once, and quite legally too. Unless proper precautions are taken, in case of what's called a "common disaster" your insurance company might *have* to pay the proceeds to some remote relative you never knew. It's a good idea to have your Mutual Benefit Life specialist (he's a full-time expert, like **Robert C. Lauer of Cincinnati**) review your insurance to clear up such points. There's *no* obligation on your part.



The **Mutual Benefit Life** *Insurance Company, Newark, N. J.*

Charlie's brother, Jude, of an age somewhere between Ben and Cassius, was a likely sample of what his father must have been, before salt pork and inactivity got him—bull-necked, hammered down in the legs and heavily muscled. Andy stood in awe of him, admiring his strength.

"Why, he's got leaders in his wrists thick as the haft of a brand iron," Andy said once. "Thicker, even."

"And Ben can throw him over his head," Rachel tacked on.

Jude stayed close to his father and Ben Zachary, listening doggedly, in hopes of learning something.

Cassius was the one who outshone everybody, when he finally came in. Ben, in his old, worn clothes, still looked like the boss; even while he was talking with a courteous deference to Zeb Rawlins, Ben looked like the man in charge. But Cash was all dressed up, astonishing Rachel, who had not noticed what he was wearing in the sleepiness of breakfast before dawn. Black leather shirt, wrapped high at the throat, like a stock; black jeans, under his brush leggings. Black, silver-studded leather cuffs and belt. Rachel thought he looked wonderful, but Ben's stare was belittling. He thought the fool looked like a small-time gambler.

After supper, Ben and Zeb Rawlins got their heads together over the bookkeeping Ben hated. Rachel saw that Zeb Rawlins kept slowly shaking his head, and that Ben was trying to hide an opinion that Zeb thought like a one-horse sodbuster. Zeb would reap half the benefit of Ben's winter trades, but he had not O.K.'d any buying. Now Ben wanted to give Zeb half the profits on purchased stock, while guaranteeing him against loss. But Zeb thought Ben a plunger, and high-handed as well. He was stubbornly sitting back in the breeching.

They didn't get far, and it was just as well. Georgia got Cash to his feet; then Charlie and Jude, and, of course, Rachel. They pushed things back and started up a singing game—a kind of a scamper, first, in which one stood in the middle, and a boy chased a girl around him until he caught her. Then others like that, with clapping and stamping for music, the Rawlinses as tickled as kids with the noisy wooden floor.

"Stole old Blue! And I know who! Here I come, and I see you!" Pretty silly, but plenty loud. Ben and Zeb had to give up.

"If only Effie was here," Hagar kept saying. She was very much here in their minds, a part of the great day acoming, that had been such a long, long time on the way. With Effie, they had in this one room all who were to have a part in the bust-up of the Dancing Bird range. Or rather, all save one, who was in nobody's mind; unless, perhaps, the shadow of a wretched and doomed old man sometimes crossed Ben's thoughts or Mathilda's, like a ghost of the living, unasked and unwanted.

The room became hot; when the girls blew their hair out of their eyes, little damp tendrils were left stuck to their foreheads. "Now swing the other! That's the wrong one! Go right back where you started from!" One rompy, let-yourself-go night like this had to last them all for a long time. Rachel wanted to hold onto it, as if it were the last night in the world.

It began to rain; not in the good old soaker they needed, but in bursts that doused the prairie hard and briefly, with spells of sunshine and rainbows between showers. Ben walked out bareheaded in the first rain that fell. He spread his arms to it, and turned his face up to be rained on, getting whopped all over with drops as big as dollars. The Dancing Bird rose, and the grass started. Winter-gaunted cows and horses gorged themselves into bloats and colics, but all would be well with them now, for the time being.

In the house the women eyed muddy stains spreading upon the whitewashed roof boards, and swore the sod roof must be shingled over this year for sure. But the house would get no attention now. All day long Jude's hammer rang at the forge as he repaired the wagons and shrunk new iron to the wheels.

Every year they had the same argument about whether Rachel was to be allowed out around the hands. When she was little, Mathilda had feared she would get her head kicked off, and later that she would hear too much rowdy language. Now that she was a young lady, the objection was obvious. About every third girl in Texas ran off with some young cow hand, who might amount to something later, but showed no signs of it at the time. Rachel always lost the battle, yet won the war. Gradually she would begin sifting out, on useful errands that somehow became more frequent by the hour; till even her mother finally got used to it.

This year Ben felt that the whole thing had better be handled in a different way. He didn't say anything, but come after-

... ...

Grab Bag

After winter's woeful
whistling
Through the hollow reeds,
I'll take spring, part and
parcel—
Including weeds.

By Bessie F. Collins

... ...

noon, the day after the Rawlinses' visit, he rode to the house and hollered for an extra slicker. When Rachel brought it to the stoop, he sang out, "Rachel's with me, mamma!" And he had her up behind him and through the Dancing Bird before he could be stopped. Only thing, he explained, he wanted to see something before he turned her loose on her wild lone. So she would have to stay put. "Right—square—here," he said, letting her off on the top rail of the busting corral.

Into the round corral, half a dozen at a time, were hazed the horses that had never before felt a rope—called "colts," whatever their ages might be. Like the longhorns, the mustangs came of Spanish stock, abandoned upon a strange continent long ago. After three centuries of wolves, droughts and bitter winters, they were stunted some, but incredibly tough and enduring. With the colts came the worst of the rough string, the ratchet-heads that had to be convinced all over again every spring. These fought wickedly and cunningly; you didn't have to be thrown to get hurt riding horses like that.

Half a dozen of the best rough-string riders got a few dollars extra for working the round corral. All were armed. They wore their revolvers belted snug and high if they were going to ride, with a slitted thong on the hammer to keep the gun in the holster; or slung them low, tied down to the thigh, if they expected to be afoot. They wore guns to break horses or to brand calves or when they weren't working at all. Most of them took their guns to bed. A big-caliber gun had a mighty heavy drag after sixteen or eighteen hours of riding, but only a thunderstorm could cause it to be laid away. For gun wearing was a fashion; maybe it was a fashion set by wanted men, but a fashion, just the same.

So, when a rough-string boy who called himself Johnny Portugal came sidling along the fence to where Rachel was perched, he was armed with a huge hog-leg of a revolver, as a matter of course. He leaned an elbow on the top rail close to Rachel and crossed his feet in a pose of ease.

"Been living around here long?" he asked pleasantly, and that was as far as he got.

Perfect, for Ben's purpose, because nothing even remotely off color in Johnny's remark confused the issue. He had not set this trap to teach manners. He didn't want these saddle tramps striking up any acquaintance with Rachel at all.

Ben spun Johnny Portugal by the shoulder with his left hand, and with his right hand swung what could be called a slap. His hand was open, but the heel carried Ben's full weight. Johnny's feet seemed to fly up, his hat sailed off and his head cracked a five-inch pole as he hit the fence. He ended sitting in the mud, and here grabbed for his gun, but his thumb failed to flick the thong from the hammer, and he had to try again. Ben waited until the gun came out, then kicked it over the fence.

Cassius was over the fence and beside his brother as Johnny Portugal looked up. Rachel remembered that Cash had been fooling around nearby, all the time she had been sitting there. One brother on each side of the fence, watching the bait Ben had put out.

"He gets it from our old man," Cassius told the downed boy. "Old Zack broke a Comanche's neck with a slap like that. Indians called him 'Stone Hand.'"

"I got time coming," Johnny mumbled, rubbing his head.

"We pay off in Wichita," Cash said.

"I ain't fired?"

"What for?" Ben picked up Johnny's hat and handed it to him, and they walked away.

Mathilda could have found no cause for complaint, after that, in the averted eyes, the ducked hat brims, the wary circlings of cow hands who had to pass Rachel. It was as if she had learned to rattle.

Every day was a fiesta, while the lively horse handling lasted, but it was over in less than a week. The cook wagon and the bed wagon began to roll. From here on, the hands would get home only every third or fourth night, coming in long after dark and pulling out before the first light. A couple of them were left at the home layout, cleaning out the well, or mending saddles, or burning lime; there were always plenty of odd jobs to keep them busy while they served as a garrison. And one of the brothers always came in overnight, when the hands were out. But the moon was at deep wane; even when it waxed again, the Kiowas would stay pinned for one moon more, while their ponies filled out.

At first Rachel rode out every day with whichever brother had slept home. But before long she was sleeping with the wagons half the time. Her mother had never been so easygoing before. The truth was that Mathilda had been unable to shake off the forebodings she had been made to feel by Kelsey's appearance on the Dancing Bird. Often when she looked at Rachel she seemed to see a shadow hanging over her, menacing the child's place in the world and her will to live; and she was moved to a loving pity, in which she wanted nothing so much as for Rachel to enjoy a free (*Continued on Page 54*)

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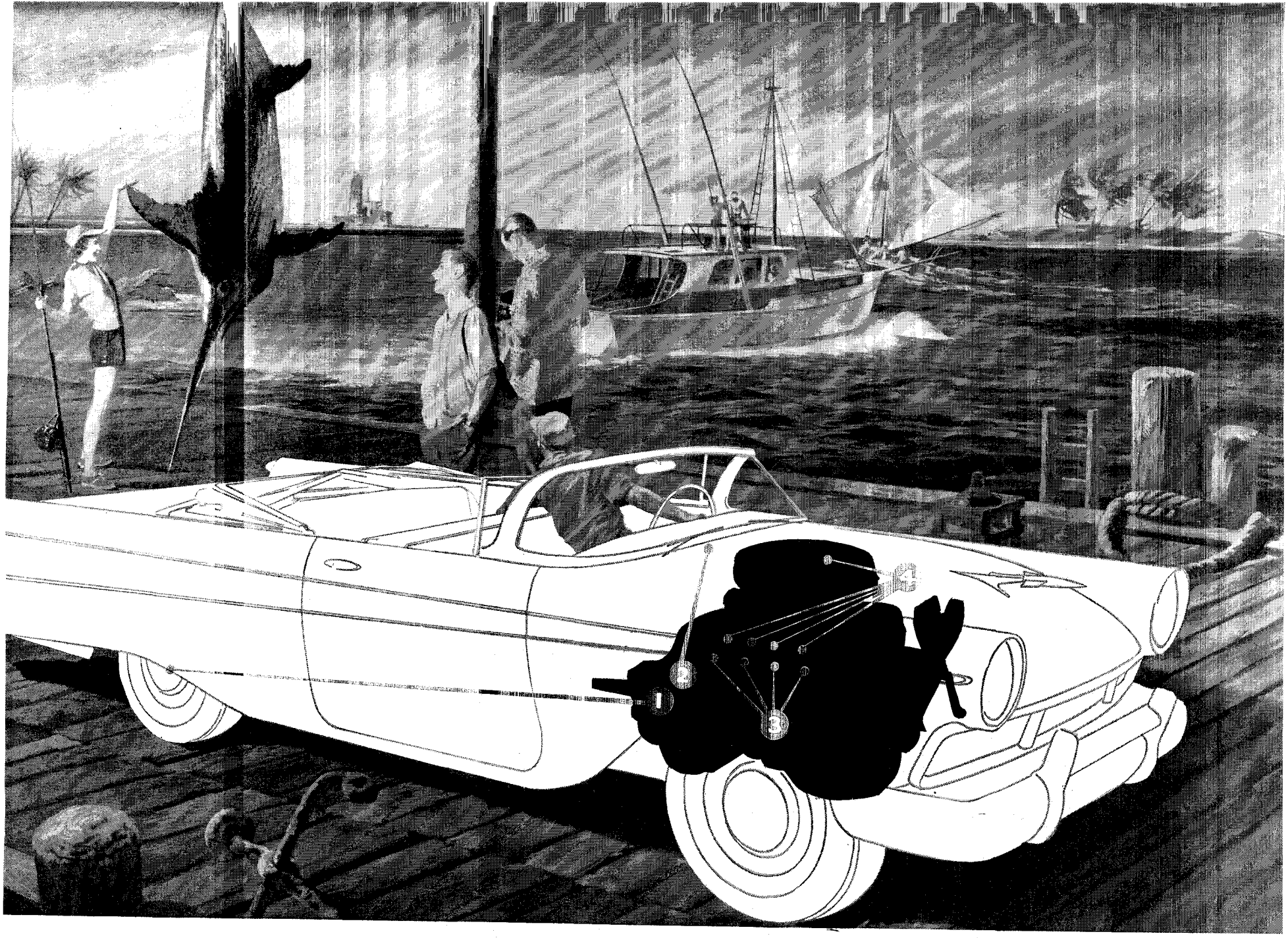

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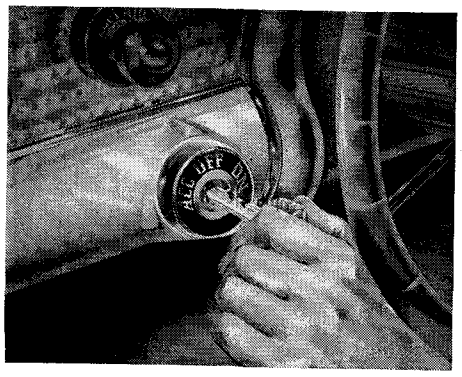
If you haven't changed your plugs in about 10,000 miles—

You can make your car 4 ways newer with Champion spark plugs!



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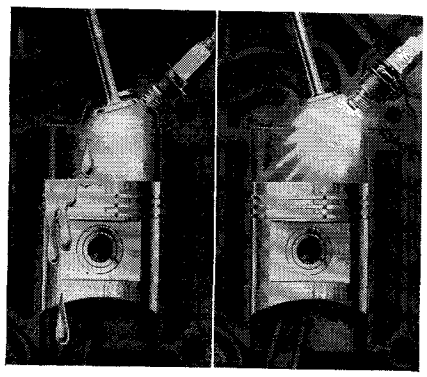
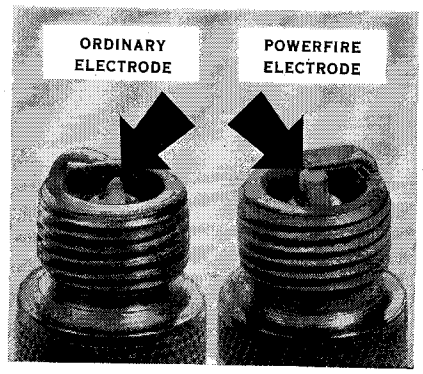


3 Less engine wear—When old plugs misfire (left), raw gasoline drains into the crankcase . . . dilutes engine oil. New full-firing Champion spark plugs (right) will protect your oil from dilution . . . help you avoid costly engine repairs.



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Announcing the new Firestone

Fresh from Firestone's experience in world-famous speedway and endurance runs comes new supersafety for you—a speedway-developed tire that puts a new kind of dependability into day-long driving on the turnpikes and superhighways, and in your day-to-day driving right in town. Made with Nuclear Controlled Nylon Plies, this great new tire can actually double your driving safety.

Only nylon and Firestone's knowledge of tire performance at the rubber-searing speeds of endurance runs and competition driving could produce the new Firestone Nylon "500." Firestone borrowed from that background to build this tire for you—to build a new margin of safety into every road you travel—to build a tire that can take the heat and higher speeds of open country driving, and give you greater protection on city streets and expressways, too.

The Firestone "500" is a tough tire, a tire that puts cooler-running rubber on the road and backs it up with heat-resistant nylon

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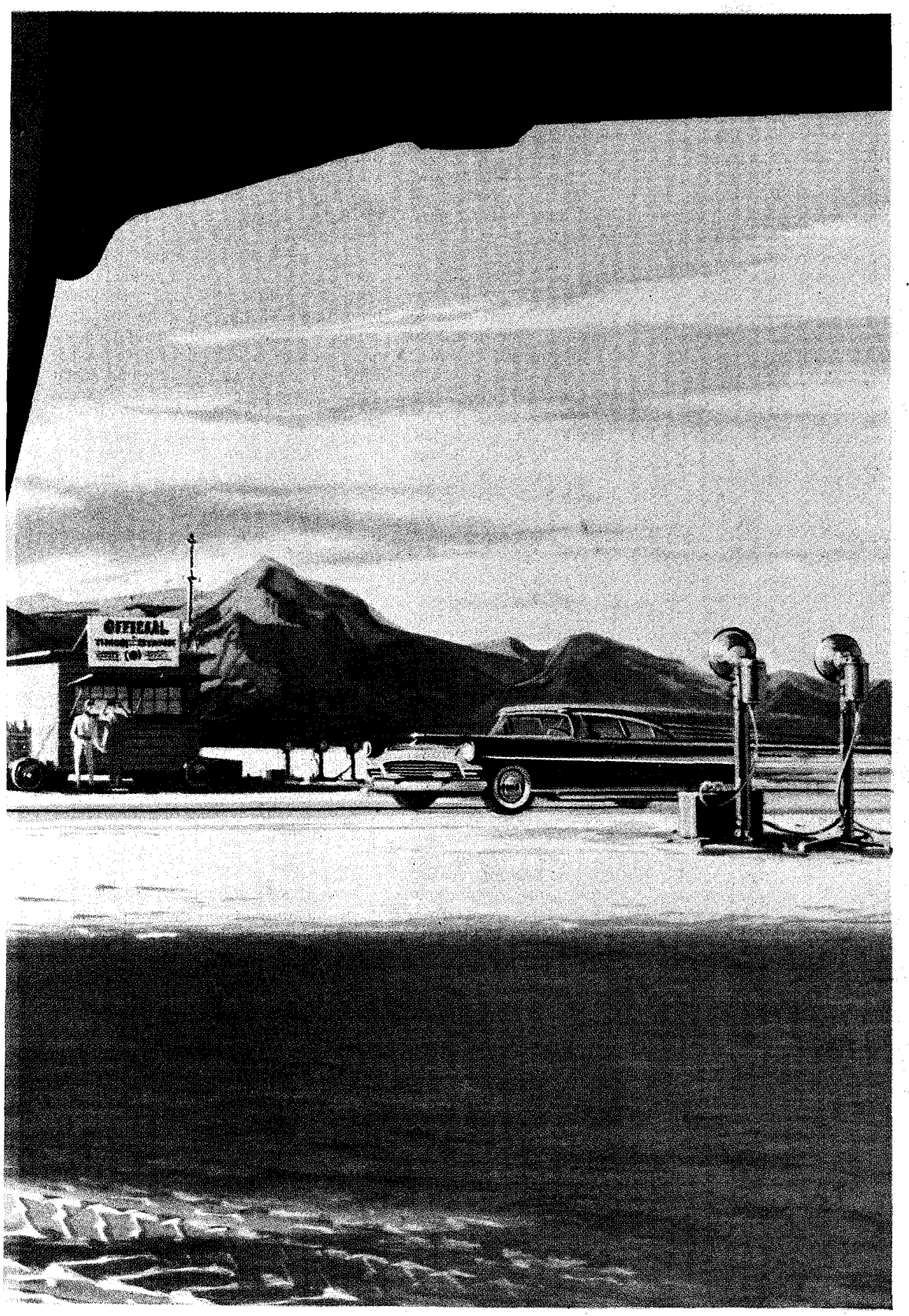

America's almost incredible stock car endurance record—50,000 miles at an average of 108 miles per hour—was set on Firestone tires last September! Run on the searing salt flats of Bonneville—without a single tire failure—every mile was turned on Firestones!

Every American automobile manufacturer has specified Firestone Tires for all major competitive endurance runs and speed tests that have set new records in the world of wheels. In the blistering Bonneville record attempt, tread wear measurements revealed a projected life—*at better than 100 miles per hour*—of 33,000 miles per set of tires! Only one tire in America gives such built-in peace of mind. And the name is Firestone!

Nylon "500"

cord. Not just nylon, but nylon cord plies that are measured with nuclear accuracy to assure as near a uniformity in thickness and strength as it is possible to control. It's done with five Firestone nuclear control devices that maintain tolerances to one ten-thousandths of an inch.

And never before has safety come with such smart good looks. So see your Firestone Dealer or Store about safety-trading your present tires for Firestone's new Nylon "500." Or, ask for them on your new car. Either way, get them, and know you own the safest tires on wheels.

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone on Radio or Television
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(*Continued from Page 50*) and happy time, in her innocence, while yet she could.

The range hands were rounding up, cutting out the beeves and chousing them into bunches that would finally be thrown into one great herd. The Zachary boys worked cattle in the hell-for-leather way Old Zack had learned in the brush country, where you rode full stretch or lost your cow. Rachel knew that Zeb Rawlins, watching from his buggy, was often angered by what seemed to him a brutal roughing of the stock. But she wasn't going to worry about old Zeb or anything else while these precious days of the green-up lasted.

Part of it was the good smells of cows and horses, and leather, and beans boiling, and salt pork frying, sometimes the spice of trampled sage; while everywhere, and above all, the fragrance of young grass responding to the rains made a magic like nothing else ever known. It rose upon a new warmth, gentle, moist and living, from the unlocked vitality of the earth itself—the smell of hope, of promise, of a world reborn. Under the ground and upon it and in the air, every winter-deadened thing awoke, turned young and eager, and human hearts rose singing in answer.

And partly it was the sounds. From the great increasing herds came a continuous bawling that is like no other music on earth to cow folks' ears. Underneath ran a perpetual soft, deep tone that was the voice of the sod itself under the movement of innumerable hoofs. At night the herd was quieter, though never entirely still. When a critter lay down, it made a big contented-sounding "Whoof," as it settled, knees first, into the trampled grass.

All night long some of the riders would be singing out there, while they slowly circled the bedded herd, for the cows seemed steadied by the voices. But if there were thunderstorms the cattle would shuffle themselves all night, tense and ready to run, keeping all hands in the saddle. Even on quiet nights the cattle might get restless, snuffy and always listening. What did they listen for? Spooks? Wolves? They could get themselves strung up until the crash of a falling cigarette ash was enough to explode them, and they would jump and go all at once.

Rachel was the only one ever allowed to sleep in a wagon, sheltered by its bowed canvas. Even Ben and Cash, even the cook, slept on the ground, and would if it were under water. Yet one night when the cattle broke, they like to have run down the wagon in stride, rocking it as they blundered past, until it almost turned turtle.

The long rides between the wagons and the house, yellow-slickered in the bursts of rain, were almost the best. Between showers, all over the prairie, the meadow larks were singing. When she was learning to talk, way back in the first year she could remember, she had known the meadow larks were saying, "Happy—new year—to you!" And they were saying it yet.

Suddenly it was over. The long-winged chutes went up, for a quick road branding; and as the hands began bunching the cattle for the push through the squeezers, Rachel knew the lovely green-up time was done.

For a road brand Cash was using a kind of Galloping X, only he said it was a bird, and that it was dancing. Plenty big, and burned high on the ribs, it could be seen as far as you could see the cow. Zeb Rawlins took exception, declaring the size of the brand cut down the value of the hide. He had been finding more to grumble about every day. Then suddenly all grumbling stopped. Georgia Rawlins, who had been riding with Cash wherever he went, came out no more; Jude and Charlie took to scouring distant corners of the range on their own. Only Zeb still sat lumpishly in his buggy, watching over his interests with a jaundiced eye.

"Seems they got the word," Cash said.

"Yes," Ben answered.

Together they rode to Zeb's buggy.

"Zeb," Ben said, "you got something you want to say to me?"

"Well, no; not now." Zeb scratched his jowls, looking them over with the stoniest eyes they had ever seen in a human head. "Not right now."

They knew they had got answer enough. Kelsey had been to the Rawlinses or else had stirred up somebody else, who had carried his lie. Cash was for dragging the whole thing into the open, and at once. Settle the matter once and for all, so far as it concerned the Rawlinses and this range, in a single explosion, as violent as needful. He never did have any use for a waiting game.

"Got us pegged as Indian lovers," he said through his teeth, furious enough to go to the guns. "In his mind we're worse dirt than the red savages themselves, right now! You going to stand hitched for that?"

"What about Georgia?"

"That's up to her!"

Ben judged it was time to get his own back up. "You boggle this drive and you'll never boss another—because I'll bust your back! You get this herd to Wichita, before you talk feud fight around me!"

Cassius wasn't worried about his back, but the thought of losing his drive before it even started threw a scare into him. He shut up.

Rachel drove her mother out in the democrat wagon before dawn to see the herd roll. They began to hear the moaning of the cattle a long way off, and the sound of the herd, coming to them across the prairie miles, carried a sense of its great mass, as great as its importance to their lives. For an hour the herd remained hidden by the roll of the land, while its earth rumble increased and its voice developed until they could hear the bawling of individual cows. Then they came out upon a ridge Rachel had chosen the day before, and below them moved the herd.

The first drive of the year always seemed new, as if it were the first drive of the world. The longhorns themselves were spectacular—almighty tall, gaunt, long-striding beasts, armed with horns spreading six, eight and even ten feet; and Cash was driving more than four thousand head.

You couldn't look at this broad, slow-flowing belt of them, coming on and on, without feeling that here was the most portentous pilgrimage ever undertaken by man.

Far out ahead the point rider rode at a walk, followed waveringly by the lead cattle, a long way back, held loosely to the line by the forward swing riders. No single critter had yet emerged as leader. Rachel picked a slab-sided claybank steer of great height and spread of horns as the one likely to be plodding in front when the herd raised Wichita, someday, beyond the curve of the earth. Behind the leaders, the herd was a rebellious muddle for a mile and a half, though a winding backbone where the cattle were thicker was already beginning to show. In a couple of weeks the cattle would put themselves into traveling order of their own accord. But even in this first disorder, their very numbers gave the long straggle the effect of moving with a great, slow majesty. They went past for a long time.

A steer broke for the brush, so far off that it appeared no more than a humping, tail-high speck, but as a pony streaked after it, closing in long jumps, Rachel knew the rider was Andy. He got the steer by the tail and busted it end over end; whereafter it trotted back where it belonged, satisfied. A hard disappointment was ahead for Andy, and Rachel wondered if he knew it yet. Ben and Cash had told Andy a thousand times that he couldn't be spared from home, but Andy wanted so badly to go up the trail that he wouldn't believe they meant it. Yesterday he had cleaned and mended all his gear and packed his bedroll ready to go. But Ben would turn back tomorrow, with the hands Cash was leaving him, as soon as the herd was across the Red. And when he did, Andy would be with him.

Up from the drag came the chuck wagon under its narrow-hooped canvas, followed by the bed wagon.

Behind the last cattle, something around a hundred and seventy head of saddle stock loafed along. And finally Cash came loping from the farthest tail, on his way up to the point. He climbed the ridge to the democrat wagon and leaned from the saddle to kiss his mother and his sister, then galloped forward. The point was already out of sight beyond a distant rise.

Mathilda reached for Rachel's hand, and they held onto each other hard, as the last of the great herd passed beyond them and out of their world.

After the herd was gone, the work went on, and for a while it seemed pretty lonely around the little soddy. The Rawlinses came visiting no more, but that could be explained without reference to any part Abe Kelsey might have played. Effie had not arrived, and Jude had stayed home to wait for her. No Rawlins except Georgia believed Cash capable of handling the herd without Jude; Hagar had actually wanted the drive held up until after the wedding. Zeb knew this was ridiculous, yet resented Cassius having been put in charge. Rachel could see why the two families might better stay clear of each other for a while.

She was having a harder and harder time getting away, though the full moon had come and gone without much Indian danger yet, unless you rode too far alone. The inside work had piled up; and Mathilda seemed to feel lonelier, and less secure, as Cassius got farther away. This quirk went back to the year papa was lost, up there at Witch River, Rachel supposed. And the boys were gone all the time. They left two men at the house, and worked a wagon far out, branding in distant corners of the range, so they could work near home when the danger time came.

Andy rode in sometimes, but Ben got home only once in that wane. He came in very late, and drank his coffee standing. "You all right, here? I'm fair. Work's going fair, I guess. . . . No, they haven't heard from Effie, far's I know. You folks need anything?" He filled his pockets with cold vittles, and was actually at the door, when he turned back to cut Rachel's girth for her, once and for all. "Oh, by the way, sis; I want you to quit all this ramboodling around the country. You've got to stay home."

"Now you hold your horses!"

Ben explained that he had found Indian sign every day he had been out. No big war parties, looking for fight. Ponies not strong enough yet to shake off a pursuit. Mainly scouts and horse thieves, playing hide and sneak. But the whole Indian situation looked bad. Fort Sill troops had been fired on—not just once, but three times since the first of the year. Ben predicted a full-out uprising sometime during the summer. "Just wait till their horses are ready. Then you'll see!"

"Well, they're not ready yet! Never heard such a farfetched excuse in my life. What are you up to out there, that you don't want me to know about?"

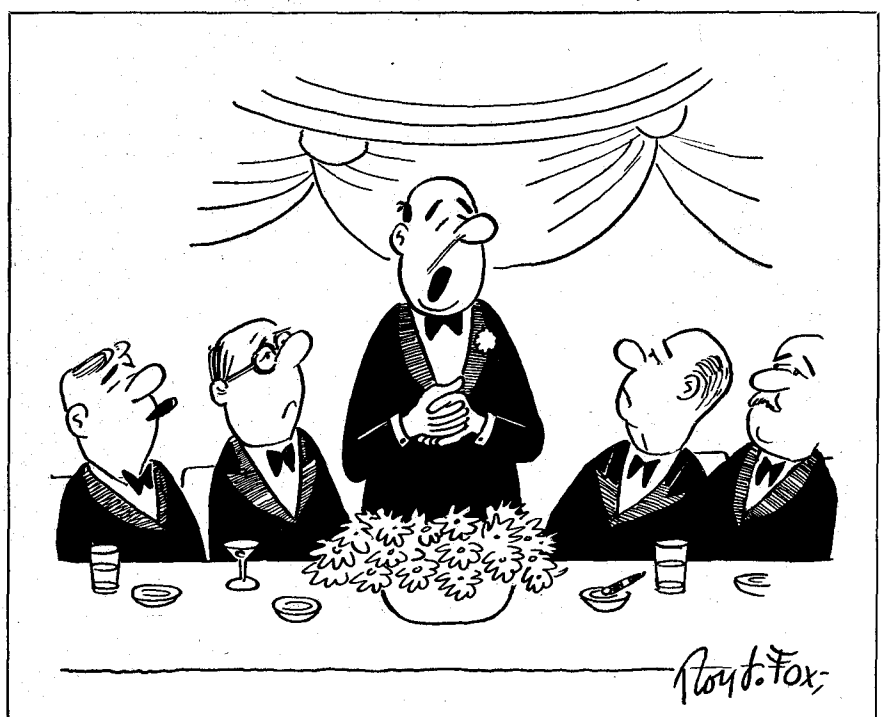
"Who, me?"

"What about Georgia? I notice she's on the wild loose every day of the world!"

"Who's Georgia? Oh, Georgia. I'm not running Georgia. It's you I'm responsible for. You stay where you belong!" He lit a shuck and was gone.

Rachel was left low in her mind, and haunted by suspicions. Georgia pretended to be helping with the tallies, but Rachel thought it was mighty funny that she was always to be found tallying for Ben. Never felt called on to help her own brothers, who got on fine without any put-in from Georgia, seemingly.

Not much to go on. Rachel couldn't really convince herself that anything was wrong. All she knew for sure was that a spring of (*Continued on Page 56*)



"And now our speaker of the evening. You'll all remember him as the gentleman who bored us stiff last time he was here."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MILDNESS MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

Day after day, Tareyton mildness makes a wonderful difference in your smoking! Tareyton's superb tobaccos are *selected* for mildness, *blended* for mildness. That means that pack after pack, your taste stays fresh, clean, wide-awake. You get the flavor, the satisfaction you want. You get a filter that really filters. You *enjoy* Tareytons more! Try them—you'll see. At popular filter price everywhere.

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(*Continued from Page 54*) seeming promise was turning into something pretty tiresome, with fly season not even begun.

But now Abe Kelsey was in the Dancing Bird country again. He did not come to the house this time, though he may have been on his way there. Neither Rachel nor Mathilda saw him. If Rachel's understanding of her younger brother had been less acute, she would never have known about the ugly thing that happened in those days before the Kiowa moon.

One afternoon Andy rode in two hours before he could rightly be expected, in a dusky rain; and Rachel ran down to the corral, a carbine under her slicker, to unsaddle for him, in case he was of a mind to catch up on a few chores. One look at Andy's face brought her up short. He had a greenish pallor, for one thing, like something under water.

"Andy! You're fetching down with something!"

"No—oh, no! I'm fine." He tried to keep his face turned away as he stepped down.

"Then you're hurt. Either a colt stacked you or ——" Another possibility struck her. "Is Ben all right?"

He nodded, then pushed his reins into her hands and ran behind the trough shelter. She could hear him being sick back there, as soon as he was out of sight. She tied the pony and got a gourd of water from the well by the Dancing Bird.

Andy gulped at it. "Tell me one thing. Was he here? Did you see him?"

Confused, she almost said, "See, who? Ben?" Then she understood. "No," she answered him. "I haven't seen him. But I think you have. Today."

"I didn't say ——"

"You weren't going to tell me, were you? Which of you killed him?"

"Nobody," Andy said, and looked as if he wanted to be sick again. He drank the rest of the water. "Something—something went wrong."

She got the rest out of him, then. Andy had been with Ben, a long way from the others, when Kelsey showed himself. He came toward them, first, as if he wanted to talk. But when they pointed their horses at him, he broke and ran for it. Andy thought he must be leading them into an ambush; he pulled up, yelling at Ben. But Ben went on, so Andy drew carbine and followed. Kelsey rode a pretty fair horse this time, but with no grain to it, of course. Ben closed on him and pulled his pistol. Kelsey took one look back, and the next thing he did was unbelievable. He pitched away his rifle—and went tearing on with his hands up, kicking his horse full stretch. Ben seemed flabbergasted; he hesitated a few jumps, then stuck away the pistol and shook out his *reata*. And the rest was a nightmare.

Kelsey was jerked off his horse, but the loop had got an arm and a shoulder, as well as the neck, and he hit the ground alive. Ben didn't seem to know what to do about that either. He just spurred on.

"By the time I come up, there wasn't nothing on that *reata* but ——"

Rachel let him skip that part of it.

"You don't call that killing him?"

He shook his head. "We rode to the wagon for tools to dig a grave. And it started to rain. Took us two hours, and when we got back—he was gone from there."

"Didn't you cut for sign?"

"It was raining hard by then. We couldn't find out anything. I never knew Ben to foozle so. I suppose I should have shot Kelsey, somewhere in there. I guess," Andy finished uncertainly.

"Why should you?"

Andy stood opening and closing his mouth. "Ben told us to," he said finally.

They stood out there talking a long time, though Mathilda twice came to the door of the house and banged on the triangle. Andy didn't know anything more. But talking got some of the kinks out of him, and he returned to his normal color; so they didn't have to explain anything to Mathilda, which was just as well. The truth was that they didn't know then just what had happened—whether Kelsey was alive, or dead, or what.

That night Rachel wept a little, silently, into her pillow, thinking sentimentally about her brothers. She was sorry for Andy; in this mood she thought of him as still the little innocent-eyed boy of whom he sometimes reminded them. And she was sorriest for Ben, the one who had always been so steady, so gentle and so kind, yet had somehow been driven to saddle not only himself but his brothers with a commitment to murder. Perhaps he still did not know whether he had killed the old man or not. But if he had, he had done it in the clumsiest way it could be done, and she could believe he might be haunted all his life by that.

She hoped for a while that Kelsey was indeed dead, so that the whole nightmare was over with. Then she thought how awful it was if a corpse was stiffening somewhere out there under the brush tonight; and she was horrified at herself, and filled with a sense of guilt.

Why does he haunt us so? He has a reason. He had it before, and all along. What evil thing was done long ago that makes this happen now?

She believed she would be able to make Ben tell her now. It did not work out that way. Ben came in off the range the next day. But before she ever spoke to him again, another thing happened; and the world as Rachel knew it turned from beneath her, past all possible recovery.

During the night the rain stopped; the skies were clear, the day after Kelsey was dragged. Rachel plotted to get a horse saddled and out of there. She meant to find Ben, and at once. She knew about where his crew was at work.

Only a year or so back, it had been hard to get Mathilda to take any daytime rest at all. But her afternoon naps were starting earlier this year, and lasting longer; and this day the afternoon had hardly begun when the bedroom door closed upon her. Rachel was out of the house in the same minute. She walked past the corrals and along the Dancing Bird, pretending to size up the driftwood brought them by the spring rise, in case Mathilda happened to be watching her. In another minute, as soon as she had given her mother a chance to doze, she would have turned back to rope a pony.

She never got it done, for Ben appeared unexpectedly, and Georgia was with him, stirrup to stirrup. They came surging up out of an arroyo some distance downstream, and Georgia was laughing, having a great time. Then Rachel saw her do an odd thing. Georgia's laughter stopped abruptly; she checked and whirled her horse, in a move that could have been nothing but an attempt to get out of sight. Too late, of course. Georgia recovered herself at once, and stopped where she was, but it was too late. Rachel's resentment of this girl suddenly popped sparks like a sap log.

You weren't coming to the house at all. You rode here to be with him, but didn't want us to know.

Georgia exchanged a word or two with Ben. Then both waved at Rachel and came on at a walk. Rachel saw she wasn't going to have any chance to talk to her brother at all.

Sure. Come right on in. May as well now. Make yourself right at home, just as cool as a hung hog. I've had about enough of you. It never occurred to her that Ben could be blamed.

She was getting ready to fix Ben something to eat, and wondering if she could bring herself to set a plate for Georgia, when Georgia dismounted at the stoop, letting Ben take her pony to the corral.

"Ben lost his *reata*," Georgia said as she walked in. "That's a man for you! Doesn't even know where or how, seemingly."

"Been seeing a good deal of Ben lately, haven't you?"

"I help keep the tallies. It frees a man for the work. Anyway, we have to keep a cross-tally. For pa."

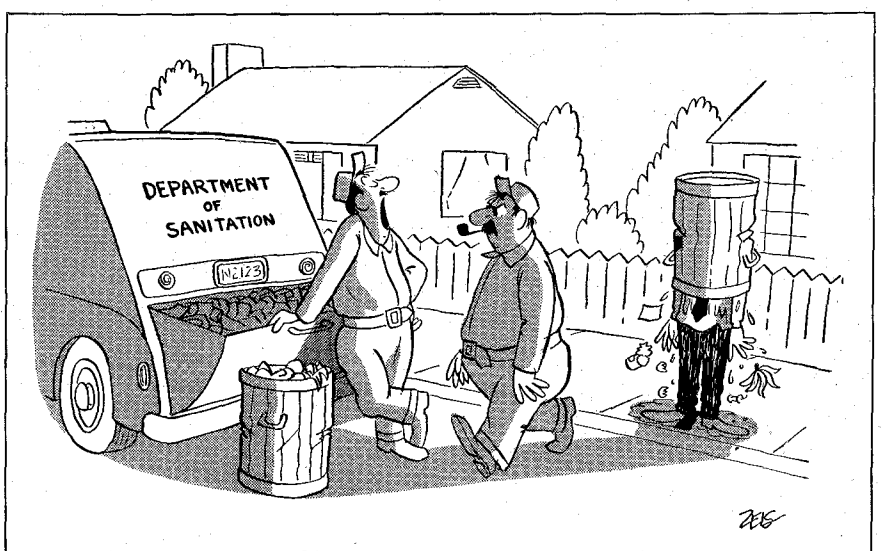
Rachel must have known that it was jealousy had hold of her—a very different jealousy from what she had ever felt when Georgia was fooling around with Cassius. For a moment she wondered whether she had better start a war she could not finish or risk an open bust-up with any member of that other family with whom they were already having difficulty enough.

"Who's cross-tallying for Cash? Oh, I forgot. Cash is way far up the Wichita Trail. Out of sight, out of mind."

Georgia answered shortly, but reasonably. She had not come looking for this fight. "Get this through your head. I'm not bespoke. Not to Cash or anybody else. When I am, I'll tell you."

She moved away. Rachel took a tighter grip on the knife she had been using. She had a chance to drop it now—the last chance she would have in her life—but she couldn't let it alone.

With her back to Georgia, she said, "Ben isn't fixing to settle down. He likes to ride free on the trails."



"That's the way, Charlie—don't lower yourself by arguing."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Georgia stood looking at her sideways. She hadn't angered yet. "Neither am I fixing to settle down," she said. "Not for a while, anyway."

"Then why do you keep tolling them on—each behind the other's back? We have a name for that, where I come from!"

Georgia's eyes seemed to go higher in her head; if Rachel wanted fight, she could have it pretty quick.

"Oh, hell, Rachel! Quit acting like a brat!"

"I won't have you coming between Cash and Ben—you hear me?"

"I hear you fine. You sound like a spying little sneak to me."

Rachel's head came up. "I am Rachel Zachary," she said.

"You're what?"

"In all Texas, you know how many people there are can give a Zachary slack? Not one!"

"That's right," Georgia answered. "It's a big pity you ain't one."

Rachel stared, no more than puzzled then.

"You're no Zachary," Georgia made it plain for her.

"You out of your mind?"

"Knowed it first time I seen you. Look at yourself! Where's the Zachary bone? You got bones like a snuff stick. Look at your hide! Color of a red hog in a mud hole. You couldn't pass for a Zachary in a thousand years!"

With shock, with bewilderment, Rachel saw that Georgia believed what she was saying. She stammered out, "How do you think I got here, if ——"

"You're nothing but a catch colt, a foundling—picked up bare-nekkid in the road, at that! You don't know who you be, or what—and you never will!"

Rachel's lips turned white and curved in a little smile, while her eyes went wide and fixed. The knife in her hand poised in front of her, edge upward, and she moved toward Georgia, light and quick on the balls of her feet.

From the bedroom door, Mathilda screamed, "Rachel!"

She stopped short, and the knife clattered from her hand. Before her eyes the room careened and darkened, so that she almost fell.

Georgia had retreated from her, stumbling over her awkward riding skirt. She was not a girl who scared easily, but this time there was horror in her eyes; for she knew she had never been any nearer death in her life. When Rachel's vision had cleared, she was gone.

Mathilda held Rachel in her arms, comforting her, crooning to her, "There, now, there! Everything's all right!"

Rachel was shaking weakly. "What did she mean? What could she mean?"

"Put it out of your mind, please, Rachel—please!"

"She believes it. If she lied, I'd know."

Long ago, Mathilda had known this moment might come. She had rehearsed two opposite answers, hoping to know, when the time came, which one to use. One was a straight-out denial, relying upon vehemence and a pretended astonishment. The other was meant to be a natural and easy acceptance, as of something unimportant. Neither answer promised much toward saving the tranquillity she desired for Rachel above all things. Some third way seemed to be hovering just beyond her reach; she never found it.

Now the years had come between, and Mathilda could not remember even the inadequate answers she had planned.

She faltered, "Why—why, Rachel—why, I ——" And in that moment of groping it became too late.

"So it's true, then," Rachel said.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Face of Death (Continued from Page 26)

In such an important penetration as this, far beyond any previous Australian influence, it was not unusual for the district officer, normally concerned with the administration of several hundred thousand people and their schools and hospitals, their courts of justice and their government services, to take personal part in the exploration. It was not unusual for Canley, whose personality was such that his fellow officers continued to address him by the rank he had won in the Australian Army. Bradding, fresh from the peaceful coconut plantations of the long-settled Eastern District, found an enormous admiration for him, especially since he had seen him coping with the frequent emergencies of exploration.

With the rear of the column, Canley now appeared in the clearing. He at once advanced on the ladder, working backward and forward on the horizontals of the lower levels and inspecting every lashing. At the top he spoke to the police boys, suggesting two places for strengthening and criticizing a gap of rather more than the desired vertical separation. Only then did he come back to Bradding and sit down.

"Some of the boys are in bad shape, Ron," he said. "We'll send a party back."

"From here?" asked Bradding.

"No, we'll wait till we get to the top of the block," Canley decided. "I don't know what we're going to find there. From the air you see nothing but a deep crevice that widens out three or four miles up. It looks like rough going."

"Are you going to set up a guard?"

"You bet," said Canley. "Send them up first. I don't anticipate interference, but the Mobali people up above have the reputation of being tough customers. They're connections of the Baraps, who know we are headed for Mobali country, and chances are we're expected. Maybe we'll strike trouble."

The transit of the limestone block was long and arduous. With halved loads, the carriers struggled up the laddered face two and three at a time. At four in the afternoon, a Barap carrier, a thin and gangling man with the crocodile scales of the repulsive disease called "grillae" etched deeply into his skin, fell from a crossbar to the rocks below and broke a leg. Bradding set it with speedy efficiency and had the police boys construct a litter. Canley came down from the top, where he had been seeing to the establishment of a camp.

"That settles it," he said. "Now we'll have to send a party back."

The accident, involving a stretcher party with carriers and guards, reduced their strength by twelve.

The sudden nightfall of the tropics found the party camped at the top of the block in a narrow and fearful chasm, a vast cleft from which, to one side, they looked out over forested country. On the other was only the dark throat of this echoing rift, floored with naked rock, irregular and water-worn, and roofed with a narrow, winding strip of starlit sky. Paradoxically it had been difficult to find shelter here, but all of them were disposed at last in a series of shallow caves high up under the cliffs, and safe from any freshet in the stream, which, two hundred yards above the edge of the block, disappeared amongst its boulders as magically as it reappeared below.

Bradding, camped with Canley near where the three guards were posted, was restless. The gorge, lit fitfully by spurts of flame from one or other of the little fires, was an awesome place, its atmosphere brooding. Only overhead, in a river of sky-darkness, they could see a few of the stars, and amongst them a planet hung like a heavy lamp. There was an utter stillness, a dead suspension of mobility which was emphasized rather than broken by the occasional muted sounds and movements amongst the police boys and carriers. Twice, after they had finished their meal, Bradding got up and walked about the camp, watching the carriers bedding down, inspecting the guard, peering into the darkness.

When he got up for the third time, Canley spoke sharply. "Sit down," he said. "Sit quiet." There was a bark in his voice which Bradding resented, but he sat down and waited without comment.

"You've been prowling about like a cat in an earthquake," Canley complained. "If I had thought that typical of you, I'd have left you behind. You'll get the men nervous, and God knows this place is enough to make them nervous without you helping to set them off."

"I'm sorry," Bradding said. "I wasn't thinking."

Canley waited, considering. Then he said, "I'd better have this one out. It could get worse—in fact, it's been getting worse. You don't know how much these fellows"—he gestured in the direction of the posted guard—"look to you. And how quickly they can sum you up. If I think you are acting as if you are frightened, they will too. And you are acting as if you are frightened. Are you?"

Bradding didn't answer for a moment. He knew his man, and he judged that

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Canley's motive was a friendly one. He lit a cigarette and, with the match still burning, he said, carefully, "I don't think I'm frightened. I'm a bit strung up, perhaps."

"Can you tell me why?" asked Canley.

What a fantastic question! Bradding thought. *What a fantastic thing to be asked in this most fantastic of places!* From the gaunt and twisted limestone landscape in which he sat he might have climbed that tree ladder up the cliff face to the moon.

Aloud he said, "I suppose I could. It's a long story. I'm not actually afraid. Or at least I don't think I'm afraid of the Mobali."

"No. You're afraid of being afraid, I suppose," Canley said very quietly and sincerely. "Just inexperience, that's the problem. The solution comes to most people, sooner or later."

"I've wondered," Bradding said. He waited a little while, but the older man said nothing, and the desire to talk rose in him.

"It goes right back to the war. I had an especially unlucky war, in a way," he said. "Never saw it really. Floated round the fringes. I was a bomb aimer in the air force, and got as far as the squadron, in England, in February, 'Forty-five. My skipper was a great bloke; a Canadian; one of these characters that give birth to legends; good family, good sport, good company. He was really spectacular. He was clever, too, but a bit of a show-off. The only black marks against him were for high-spiritedness—shooting up the field, looping a plane off the ground, and so on. Girls thought he was wonderful. Most of the fellows thought so too—I know I did.

"When he came to the squadron we were on top of the world. He was the most popular new arrival there. And the night he was to make his first operational flight over Germany, as second pilot with an experienced crew, we were all there to cheer him on. But he wasn't. He'd left the airfield and gone uptown, walked up to a policeman and hit him on the jaw. So, of course, they shot him out of the service L.M.F. (Lack of Moral Fiber) and they split his crew—that was us—and sent us back to operational-training units. And by the time I got a new skipper and went through all the training again, the European war was over."

"So you never knew about yourself? And so you wondered?" Canley asked quite shrewdly.

"That's right. Up to that time I hadn't worried, you know. I suppose I was a bit scared of the usual things—being shot down, being wounded, being burnt was the worst—but I didn't worry. Until this skipper made me think. He had everything, you see. And he'd risked his life a hundred times before he got to the squadron. Just the same, when it came to the final test he was keyed up for, he went out and punched a policeman. So after that—well, it's what you said. I'm frightened to death of showing yellow, I suppose. But until now I've never been up against it."

"I doubt that you're up against it now," Canley reasoned. "Even these patrols into uncontrolled territory are seldom anything to worry about. We could be up against it, as you say. But the greatest weapon you have is self-control. Learn to use it. About being afraid, I can't help you. It's possible that you'll show yellow, though I wouldn't think so. The chances are you'll be all right. The chances are, you know, you'll be too busy when the time comes. Why I spoke to you is this: your responsibility begins long before that. If the boys sense you have a fear, they won't analyze what that fear is. And they will not be sympathetic to any fear of fighting or of death. So keep control."

"Well, thanks, Jim," Bradding said. "I didn't realize I was giving myself away."

The transit of the gorge, from the limestone block to the country of low hills on which it opened four miles above, took most of the next day. It was raining heavily, and the carriers worked under strain, more because of the gloom of the gorge, the fear of a freshet in the river and the danger from the poised masses of limestone overhead, than because of the greasy, troublesome track over the stream boulders. Several times the police constructed stages over massive falls of rock in the way, and several times the carriers had to breast the rushing stream with the heavy packs.

Once through the gorge, they camped on cleared ground where native gardens had been maintained at an earlier date; and as the carriers came in, set down their loads and began to erect their little palm-leaf shelters against the tropical rain, it became obvious that the party would have to pause awhile to lick its wounds. Seven carriers had shoulders rubbed raw by the carrying poles; one of the armed constables was carrying in place of a man whose foot was badly spiked, and yet another constable, Ebidi, had his left hand mangled as the result of a fall amongst the rocks.

So Canley made a staging camp of the position, had a safe cache built for the rice and tinned stores, dressed his men's wounds and rested them.

Early in the morning, eight Barap carriers and interpreters, who, being fresh at the last village, were not amongst the casualties, put a proposition to Bradding through the police interpreter, Samsamiap.

"Sir," said he, "these men wish to go ahead to the village of the Mobali, which, they say, is only about an hour on the trail ahead. They say they will arrange a welcome."

"Tomorrow we will all go together," Bradding demurred.

"Sir, the Baraps say they have many friends amongst the Mobali. They say also that the Mobali, not knowing the government, will otherwise lay an ambush for all the party and there will be fighting. If they go first they will smooth the way."

"What's this?" asked Canley, walking up, and Bradding explained.

"It might not be a bad idea, at that," Canley said. . . . "Ask them, Samsamiap, whether they are sure of the Mobali friendship."

"They are very sure," Samsamiap said. "They have met often in trading, and are sure of a welcome."

"Ask them, though, whether they will still be certain of their welcome when it is known they have guided the government," Canley persisted, and again the answer was an affirmative.

"Then they can go," he decided. "Not all of them. We need interpreters in the camp, in case of visitors. Four may go and four stay. And those who go will come back to the camp before dark. I will be happy if they bring Mobali friends."

The Baraps went and did not return. Canley strengthened the night guards and settled himself silently. Long before morning light they ate their rations of rice and bully beef with the police, and with the first break of dawn both Bradding and Canley were on the trail, supported by six of the armed constables.

There was as yet no very clear indication of tragedy. Possibly the missing Baraps, unaccustomed to discipline, had simply spent the night with their friends. But Bradding had that sinking feeling beneath the arch of his ribs, the dull alertness that put all his senses on guard.

They had been walking about two hours when Samsamiap, who had been exchanging sentences with one of two Baraps they (*Continued on Page 60*)

The Perfect Squelch

A self-important United States official, visiting a small Latin-American town, was obviously miffed at the inadequate hotel arrangements made for him. The low, rambling building was clean and quiet, but bore no resemblance to the "best hotel in town" that he had visualized. Instead of a bellhop, a little part-Indian housemaid showed him to his room. It was large and spotless.

"All right," he said, "but where's the bath? I was to have a room and bath."

When the girl led him several doors down the hall to the nearest bathroom, he exploded, "Oh, no, I was to have a private bath!"

Blandly, the girl explained in broken English, "Just turn key in door, señor, and it will be private."

Chella Van Petten

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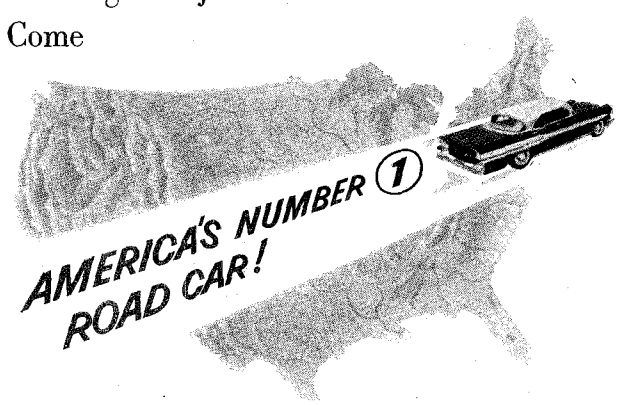

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(*Continued from Page 58*) had brought with them, tugged on Canley's shirt sleeve.

"Sir," he said, "the Mobali village is close by." He pointed to a junction of trails ahead of them, where the path they were following was joined by a broader, more recently used way. "Along this path the Mobali women go for water."

The trail led between thick bamboo clumps, and now it turned and twisted, doubling back on itself every ten or twelve yards. At the fourth bend a Barap man sat, his back against a bamboo clump, his hands folded in his lap, his legs disposed neatly before him. He sat quietly because he had no head. Instead, a black and glistening stump topped his shoulders, and black and glistening gouts and runnels of his blood marked his body. Canley looked at Bradding, and Bradding was white.

Canley said, "Bad show, eh?"

"It looks a bit dicey," Bradding agreed, and, with a jerky, convulsive movement, shouldered his way into the lead and walked on, stepping high over the outstretched legs of the headless man.

Round the next clump of bamboos sat the oldest Barap. He, too, had his hands in his lap, his feet placed straight in front of him, his back against the bamboos, and he, too, was without a head. The track curved round the clump out of sight.

"Fix bayonets," Canley said steadily, and loosened the revolver in his holster. At the next two bends they found the other two Baraps without their heads, with their backs against the bamboos and their hands disposed quietly in their laps. Beyond the fourth man the track ran through an opening in a heavy palisade into a large village. Hesitating only momentarily, Bradding marched through.

There had been fires lit in two of the huts on this morning and blue smoke still drifted into the fresh and sunny air. A yellow dog ran suddenly into sight; a group of hens pecked busily by the palisade. But there were no people anywhere. There were no men anywhere, except for the four silent guardians of the entrance.

"Nobody home," said Canley, pushing up alongside Bradding. The younger man said nothing, but walked forward and up the steps of the largest building. There was an outer platform reached by a wide permanent ladder, and from the platform a small door gave entrance to the interior. Bradding squatted before the door, squinting this way and that to see whether the doorway was guarded inside by hidden warriors.

He was deathly afraid, and he felt his fear must be obvious. But all his companions saw was a man squatting, looking this way and that through a doorway. Canley and a police boy named Ebargo were following up the steps when Bradding dived quickly through. They followed immediately, to find him standing alone, his back against the wall, in a great, shadowed room. There was a smell of meat cooking, and Bradding sniffed appreciatively.

"That's not pork," he said. "It smells like beef."

Ebargo stepped forward to the fire and took a sliver of meat from the embers. He brought it back wordlessly, and Bradding turned the piece over in his hand. There was a stubble poking through the skin. It was from the cheek of a man's face.

Bradding went quickly through the door into the open air. His stomach heaved convulsively. But he was aware that the constables were watching, and he stopped himself from being sick.

There was little they could do in that deserted village, and after a while they returned to camp. For the rest of the day Canley and Bradding were busy. They inspected the whole line of carriers closely, putting to one side all those who looked as though they were failing after the month-long struggle. To these they added certain disruptive spirits and some of the older men. In this way they made a culling of thirty carriers who would, in the morning, take the trail back to their homes. Their departure would greatly lighten the daily drain on the rations and increase the efficiency of the guard. Meanwhile, the police boys worked quietly on their weapons, singing sad little songs with an abandoned gaiety. Their mission of peaceful contact had acquired a more urgent purpose, and they would stay, they knew, until they had caught the murderers.

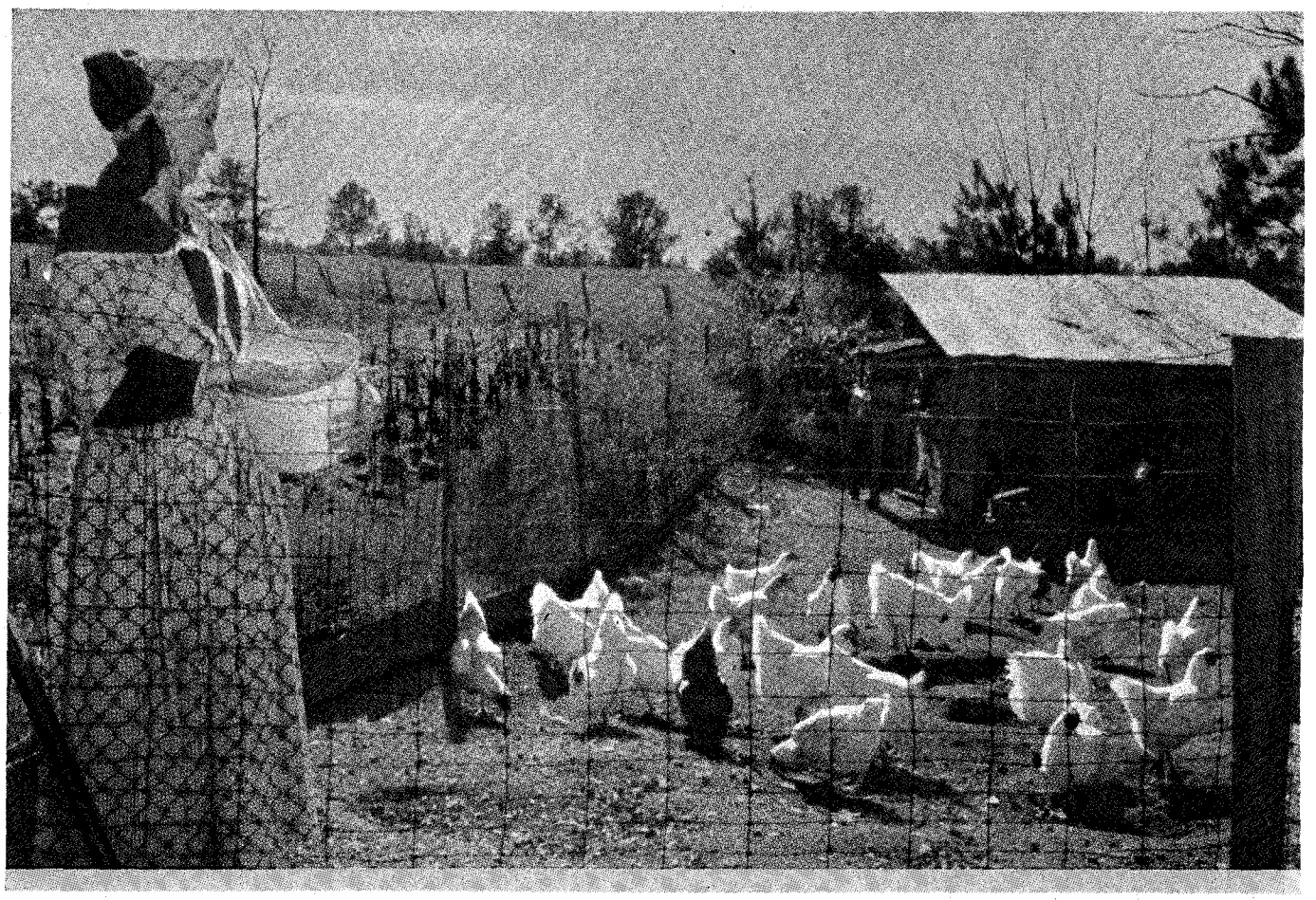
"Why do you think it happened? How do you think it happened?" Bradding asked.

"God knows. Probably the Mobali just don't like the idea of government," Canley said. "People don't like what they don't know. And how? They were probably sitting all in a ring, passing the time of day and smoking a pipe. And all four got clouted on the head at once, to make a warning for us to stay away."

The carriers sitting round the fires were afraid. Especially were the four remaining Barap men afraid.

"Anyway, it showed you something," Canley said. "You took it all right. I didn't see you showing yellow."

"Dead men don't fight," Bradding demurred. "I still haven't come face to face with anything like a real test. Not really



The farm . . . the feed . . . and th

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You see, there was no one there in the village."

"I tell you there is only one enemy you have to beat, and he is yourself," Canley said. "The real enemy is never there. When you are ready for him, you find an empty village."

"I'll believe that when I come to an enemy, face to face," Bradding said. "Are we going to chase these blokes tomorrow?"

"First I think we'll contact what other tribes there may be," Canley answered, following the switch readily. "Maybe that will heap up trouble for us. Maybe not. It would help to get someone on our side, if that's possible."

In the morning they followed a new trail from the garden that penetrated deeply wooded country. Their original eighty carriers had now been reduced to thirty-four. The file was closer, more compact, and the sergeant in the rear had no trouble keeping the laggards moving. They had proceeded perhaps seven miles when Bradding saw the faces in the undergrowth—three faces, briefly glimpsed.

The police boys saw them too. "*Kami, kami, kamio!*" they cried in greeting, facing the forest wall, and presently the men there began to make themselves apparent. To the first who disclosed himself, Canley presented a knife. Soon they were faced by fifteen silent savages, each dressed in a kind of fiber harness that covered the shoulders and was joined to a belt at the waist, and each decorated otherwise with dog-tooth necklaces and spoils of the hunt.

The man with the knife now answered Canley's questions through a long process of interpretation between Canley, Samsamiap, the eldest Barap villager and the new arrival—long cadences of words in a three-language symphony set about a fugue of misunderstanding and explanation. The other new arrivals stood impassively, a stone ax against each left shoulder. A man in the rear wore a necklace of what looked like dry and withered mushrooms, until closer inspection showed that they were human ears, strung diskwise.

"These are men of Sigibali," Samsamiap announced.

"Tell them we are the government," said Canley. "We would like to visit their village, to speak in friendship with their chief. We come as friends."

Surprisingly, the spokesman consented immediately, without consulting his companions. But on his words the fourteen others turned and vanished silently in the forest. The spokesman seemed not to notice their departure. He led the way along the track the party had been following, talking brightly to all and sundry, unconcerned that only the Baraps understood him.

Soon they emerged from the thick forest and began to traverse the slope of a steep hillside, over ground so covered with roots and vines that it was more than ever a necessity to keep to the path. At the outermost extremity of the spur the track turned abruptly to the right and went uphill, following the ridge.

Some men are always looking for a letter opener; others are married.

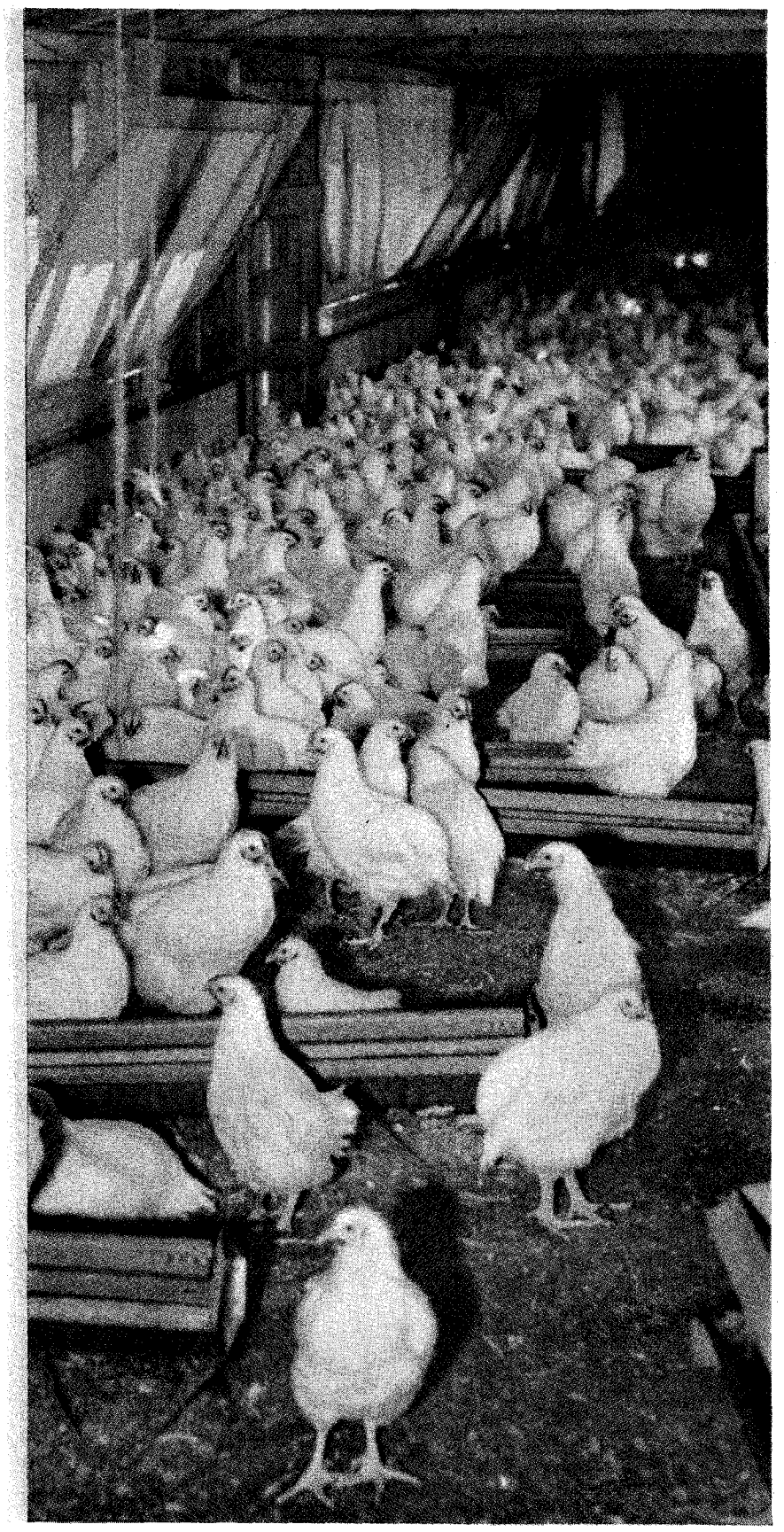
JOHN C. VIVIAN

From the turn, Bradding, in the lead, could see directly above him and in plain view the heavy stockade of a fortified village. Behind it, fully armed men stood in silent expectancy. At the same time Bradding became acutely aware that the Sigibali guide was no longer in front of him, but was paying one of his periodical bright, chattering visits to the rear. The police were keen and thrusting behind Bradding, eager, spoiling for a fight. This looked like a fight, he thought. It looked like treachery, like an ambush.

Bradding had a long struggle up the ridge—pushed up, it seemed to him, by the weight of opinion behind him. The men behind the stockade numbered more than a hundred, and their silence and their bearing were repellent. It would have been an arduous struggle up the ridge under the blazing sun in the most peaceful of circumstances, but he carried additionally the knowledge of his complete vulnerability.

A little group had filed through the open gateway of the stockade. They were directly above him; had one dislodged a pebble it must have struck him, and he was absolutely and entirely at their mercy, the obvious and only possible first victim of the aggression that seemed imminent. For he could not even gather the police about him along the knife edge of the ridge, but must toil upward, his heart straining and his mind unwilling, under the scrutiny of the savages, to rest it. To halt, to turn back, was to invite attack.

Three men stood forward, dour and evil-looking, warriors to the essence and formidable to the eye. Their noses were pierced with heavy bone, their hair knotted up on their heads, their hands ready with their weapons. They were poised like hawks before the stoop. And Bradding stopped before them at last, his eyes fixed on their faces, his hands



broiler factory

n granddad's day, it was grandma's job to feed ne chickens. Poultry was just a sideline on most rms. Each farm had only a few chickens, nen, and they were easy to feed with home rown cracked corn and some leftovers from ne table.

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empty, his brain conscious of his inadequacy.

But at that moment the Sigibali guide came up, skipping over the obstructions at the side of the track, chattering like a magpie, and with him came the anticlimax of safety. The savage faces lightened. The men made a way and motioned Bradding into the village.

From there, the visit was routine, and all the reactions were friendly except that the Sigibali, when they were questioned, pretended to an ignorance of the Mobali people, of their habits and their whereabouts. The company camped that night within the stockade, and in the morning, having established that only the Mobali and the Sigibali inhabited the district, they retraced their steps to the staging camp in the garden. They had made this peaceful contact and given the chief and several of the elders a taste for rice and bully beef which might, Canley hoped, eventually prove as strong an argument as any other for co-operation with the government.

Now there was nothing for them to do but take out patrols until they discovered the hiding place of the Mobali.

"I don't know what other plans we can make," Canley said. "But the Mobali won't travel out of their own territory, that's for sure, and they are too many, judging from their village, to hide completely away. Somewhere they'll have a secondary village, a hide-out big enough for us to find."

In the mornings, Bradding, and, in the afternoons, Canley took five police boys and combed the trails, returning to trace on a rough map the route each had followed. By the third day they had traversed for a reasonable distance each of the main trails and the more evident tributary paths that began in the area adjacent to the empty village. It was exhausting work, and they walked in danger.

"You're making a good fist of it," Canley told Bradding. "You're doing all right."

"I still get butterflies in the stomach, though," Bradding admitted. "I still haven't seen the enemy."

"What about the Sigibali? Going up the hill? That was a bit touchy, if you ask me," Canley challenged.

"Yes, but you see, there wasn't any enemy," Bradding argued. "I only thought there was."

Canley grunted and changed the subject.

Next morning Bradding was only half a mile from the village, following a track they had used several times, when the sergeant with him stopped. There was a drift of leafy creepers hanging from the trees, and he swept them aside like a curtain. Behind, a thin, almost unobservable track led off at right angles. The camouflage had been beautifully placed, in a spot where the eye naturally went on to a turning in the main trail, and there was small wonder they had previously overlooked it.

They followed this new trail nearly three miles until suddenly it ran into a network of other trails, these broadly defined. Away off to the right a human voice was lifted.

"Run, master!" called the sergeant from behind Bradding. "Run quickly! We will find them!" His eyes were bright, his voice eager.

Bradding obediently raced round the corner of the track and immediately came upon a collection of four large houses, these surrounded with a confusion of running, of figures disappearing amongst the trees. But already, in front of the largest house was a nucleus of men standing armed—a nucleus growing rapidly. Here at last were the Mobali. Here at last was Bradding face to face with his enemy.

As soon as he stopped, the Mobali, shouting and posturing, advanced on him. They clustered about a leader, a big man, well proportioned and heavy, a man with a lined and cruel face. In the glimpse he had, Bradding read the utmost determination on that face. He saw the whole picture of the man, so that in later years he would be able to reproduce it with accuracy: the light cane shield, black and shining, carried under the left armpit; the stone club; the short, bone-tipped spear; the shoulder harness and the long ladder of pig tusks hanging like a breastplate from his neck.

"Above their heads!" Bradding yelled. "Ready! Fire!"

The short and ragged volley sounded like artillery in the silence of the bush, and it worked a near miracle, for the charging crowd stopped short and turned tail, running for the trees. Only the leader came on and threw his spear, and switched his stone club from his left hand to his right. In the same instant Bradding dived for the man.

The spear ripped across his left arm, just below the short sleeve of his shirt. But simultaneously, or so it seemed, Bradding took the man in the groin with his knee and smashed his revolver into his temple. The savage fell with Bradding clinging to him, and while he was falling an arrow came from the shelter of the trees, passed between Bradding's legs and sank deeply into the native's thigh. The native lay still when he hit the ground, and as Bradding rose, the sergeant appeared at his elbow.

"Sir, you are hit," he said. "I'll look after this fellow. You get in the shelter of the house."

Bradding looked about him. Already two natives were handcuffed to each other with a tree between them, and he grinned, not having seen that simplification of custody before. Except for the sergeant, not a policeman was in sight; until two ran back into the clearing, bringing two more prisoners, one with a bayonet wound in his leg. There were arrows striking into the clearing, concentrating in Bradding's vicinity.

Suddenly aware, as one who comes out of darkness, Bradding felt the stickiness of alien blood on his leg, and looked to his capture. The arrow still stuck in the chief's thigh below the groin, and blood welled rhythmically up the shaft. The head of the arrow had found an artery.

Bradding dropped to his knees. It was a hunting arrow with a single broad blade of razor-sharp bamboo and its removal presented no problems. While he worked, the shower of shafts from the surrounding trees thickened, but Bradding, his hands laved with the great arterial gushes of blood from the chief's thigh, took no notice. He had stripped off his belt and was applying a tourniquet at the groin. The sergeant shouted orders to his police—who indeed were already headed for the edge of the clearing in the direction from which the arrows came—and then began a slow, queer dance behind Bradding.

"What the hell are you doing, sergeant?" Bradding snarled. He spared a moment from his ministrations and looked up. With the chief's cane body armor, the sergeant was skipping about, protecting his master from the flying arrows. Bradding considered him seriously for a moment and then returned to his work. There were shots in the forest, and the arrows ceased.

The police returned with four prisoners, having found them in a huge fig tree and persuaded them to the ground with the rifles. Three were undamaged. The fourth had a flesh wound in the calf.

"Good shooting," said Bradding. "A little too close, though." The police boys grinned their pleasure at this commendation.

Canley came in later, bringing a few more prisoners and his congratulations.

"No casualties," he said. "That's great. None to speak of, anyway, except for that arm of yours."

"The arm's nothing," said Bradding. "Nothing at all. Old Bullface here's a lot worse off." He indicated the recumbent chief.

"Ah, but he had that off one of his friends," Canley pointed out. "We're not accountable. He looks something of a rogue."

"He's a brave man," Bradding said. "He didn't run."

"You won't misunderstand me," Canley said, "if I comment on the fact that you didn't either. And you came face to face with your enemy at last."

"It wasn't a fair test," Bradding said, frowning. "I was much too busy to think of anything else. You can't tell how a man is going to act. There's no way of knowing. But the way it happened today, I hadn't time to do anything except what I did."

Canley looked over into the distance and permitted himself a smile. "Come to think of it," he said, "I don't suppose you ever will." THE END

"Parker, early morning is no time for levity."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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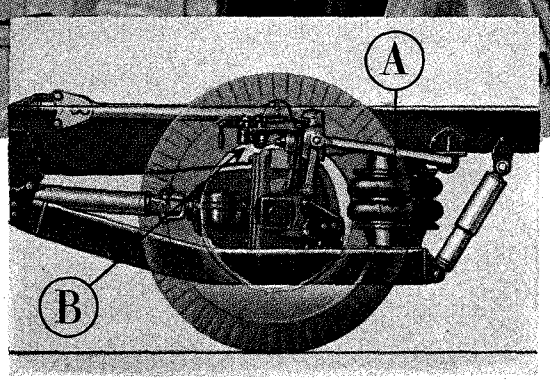

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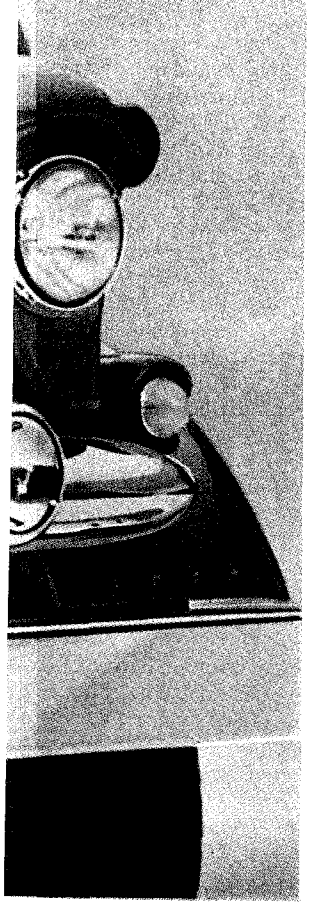

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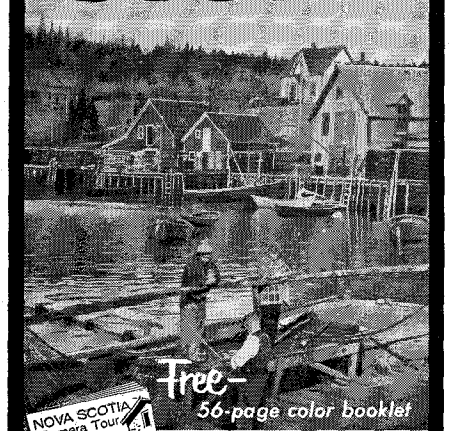

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Problem Mother (Continued from Page 22)

reproaching her for wanting to go away and leave her mother alone with all the work and care and slavery of a house.

That settled it. Connie took up her basket and said, "I wouldn't dream of going, mother. . . . Thank you, Auntie and Ruhanna, for thinking of me, and I'll thank John Brugman for his kindness." She gave us her quiet smile, and went out.

I wanted to scream after her, scolding and scorching her for throwing away this chance for freedom, but Ruhanna laid a hand on my arm, warning me to be quiet. For now Mrs. Aiken was veering around to the other side. Connie should have some spirit, some ambition. The Bonners were elegant people, just the kind a person should know and be friends with.

"She'll never go of herself," she told us. "I'll have to push and prod, and pack for her, and get her clothes ready. Thank goodness she's got pretty underthings, and a nice dress or two, only Mrs. Bonner will have to arrange for a party dress. Excuse me while I write a letter."

We went on home to get out of the way, quite pleased with ourselves. And Mrs. Aiken scurried about with such good effect that Connie was packed and ready next morning, and John engaged to escort her down the river to Portland. We hardly had time to say good-by to the girl. I was milking when Pa Aiken came up with the team, and Mrs. Aiken began screaming for Connie to hurry or they'd miss the boat. So Connie ran over to find me, looking like a picture in her pink-lined bonnet.

She gave me a hug, and said, close by my ear, "I have to ask your help, Auntie. There's a young man in the old log cabin, sick and needing care. Will you see to him, and not tell a soul?"

I almost toppled off the stool. "Who is he?"

"Neil Gillespie," she whispered, as if that answered everything. She hugged me tight, and hurried away. Well, indeed, I thought, carrying in the milk. Mrs. Aiken was there, already shattered by loneliness, dinging Ruhanna's pretty ears off. It looked like an all-morning job, so I said, "I'm going for a constitutional," and she grimaced at me and blessed me silently.

The old log cabin had been used by Ruhanna's folks until they got their house built by the bridge. Now it was empty, except that the Baird boys sometimes spent a night there, scaring themselves into delicious fits as they huddled under a horse blanket. As I hobbled up the path, the young man opened the door, sweeping out the dust. He was a good big fellow, with the most beautiful head of black hair I ever saw, strong, with glistening waves. His clothes were ragged, but he was decently shaved and clean, and so full of life and confidence that I had to fight down an instant liking.

"You're Auntie," he said, smiling. "I've heard of you."

"I haven't heard of you," I retorted, short and grim. "What goes on here? What have you been telling that girl? You're no more sick than I am."

"Now, Auntie, let me get a word in," he said, giving me a seat. He had washed the dishes, folded the blanket neatly and filled the woodbox ready for the next comer. I liked that.

"I am going about the valley, asking for food and shelter as if I were in need," he said, with dignity. "It is the only way I could devise to be sure how each settlement welcomes a stranger. But whilst I was here, drying out my clothes from the rain, the young lady found me and thought I was ill." His eyes began to dance. "When a ministering angel comes, one does not say rudely, 'Go away. I won't need you.' And the food she brought was uncommonly tasty." He fixed his keen gaze on me. "Where is she?"

"If you want to see her again," I said, "you'll have to prove yourself to people who know what they're about. She's been sent down to Portland to visit the Bonners. If you can get yourself invited to their home, you'll have to look better than you do now."

He flung the broom into a corner. "We will meet again, I think, Auntie. May I give you my arm down the path?"

"Go as you came," I said shortly. He shook my hand more heartily than he needed to, and disappeared into the woods. I went along home, smiling all the way. Connie had surprised me. She wasn't altogether the meek and biddable girl she looked to be. Maybe she'd have sense enough not to mention Neil Gillespie in the daily letters Mrs. Aiken had made her promise to write.

And write she did, so every mail boat that came up the river had to stop at Butteville to put off a letter for Mrs. Aiken, and Pa Aiken had to hitch up, be it sleet, rain or mud to the axles, and drive over to get the mail.

Then Mrs. Aiken would come hurrying to Ruhanna and me, to read out not only what Connie had written but to guess and pry and ponder what it meant or what could come of it. Then she'd patter off across the bridge to Mrs. Baird—Ruhanna's mother—and go over it all again, and on up the hill to Nancy Brugman.

So all of us heard about the parties and the people coming to call. To the rest of them Neil Gillespie's name meant nothing, and I noticed that Connie covered him over and hid him behind the other visitors, but just the same he seemed to be underfoot almost every day. Naturally I kept her secret, but I almost burst my seams a time or two.

But Mrs. Bonner, good, kind woman that she was, didn't know Mrs. Aiken as I did. Supposing her to have ordinary mother sense, Mrs. Bonner wrote, about the third week, to confide her hopes; and Mrs. Aiken came, all atremble, wiping her happy tears.

"Connie's mother will want to be informed," Mrs. Bonner wrote, "that this young lawyer, Neil Gillespie, from Glasgow, Scotland, seems much interested in our dear girl. Nothing has been said, of course, and it is too early to ask for her confidence, but the signs are there for anyone shrewd enough to see them."

I ground my teeth; as sure as I sat there, that Mrs. Aiken would order the girl home forthwith, to "help" her in this difficult affair of attracting a young man.

Mrs. Aiken went on, wiping her eyes, "In case anything comes of this, you may be assured that Mr. G. is eligible in every way. He is mannerly, well educated and of good family, and has some means. He plans to live in Portland and establish a law office here, but first, he tells us, he must arrange for a dozen or so families of his 'kin' who are on a sailing ship, making the long voyage around the Horn. As he explains it, he is choosing a settlement where they can find good land for farming, and a suitable place to build a small town. Naturally, people are after him from every part of the valley ——"

Ruhanna didn't wait for another word, but flew at the bell rope, and sent the clear, demanding tones ringing across the fields. Everybody came on the run. The men were a bit put out to find it was only a letter, but their wives got them soothed down over hot coffee and some little cakes I'd been baking, and, of course, the news in Mrs. Aiken's letter was far better than the accident or sudden death they'd been afraid of.

Now everybody wanted to talk at once. Sitting there, ecstatic, we had land portioned off for grain, orchards and cattle, on all sides of us; city lots marked here on both sides of the bridge, so our little town would always have the river flowing clean and swift down the middle. John Brugman promised to sell anything that could be produced or made with the hands. Mr. Aiken beamed like a lighthouse, and Mr. Baird was completely uplifted, thinking of a school to teach, and people to preach to. Now and then, somebody would recall that all of this depended on Neil Gillespie, but they had all forgotten Connie—except her mother, of course. I fidgeted and shot meaningful glances at each of them, but I couldn't come right out and say, in Mrs. Aiken's face, that Connie needed a few weeks more away from home.

All I could do was to ask pointedly, "Why don't we let Connie manage this? I think it is far better to leave the girl to persuade him."

Ruhanna glanced at me sharply, and Nancy grimaced across the table. Mrs. Baird knew what I meant, too, but not one of the men so much as flicked an ear.

"Indeed," John Brugman suggested, and I could have wrung his neck, "why don't we get Connie home, so the young man will be induced to follow?"

Mrs. Aiken seized pen and paper and began to write hastily.

John paced about, hat in hand. "I'll ride over to Butteville and catch the afternoon boat. I (*Continued on Page 71*)

"How did your long-shot do?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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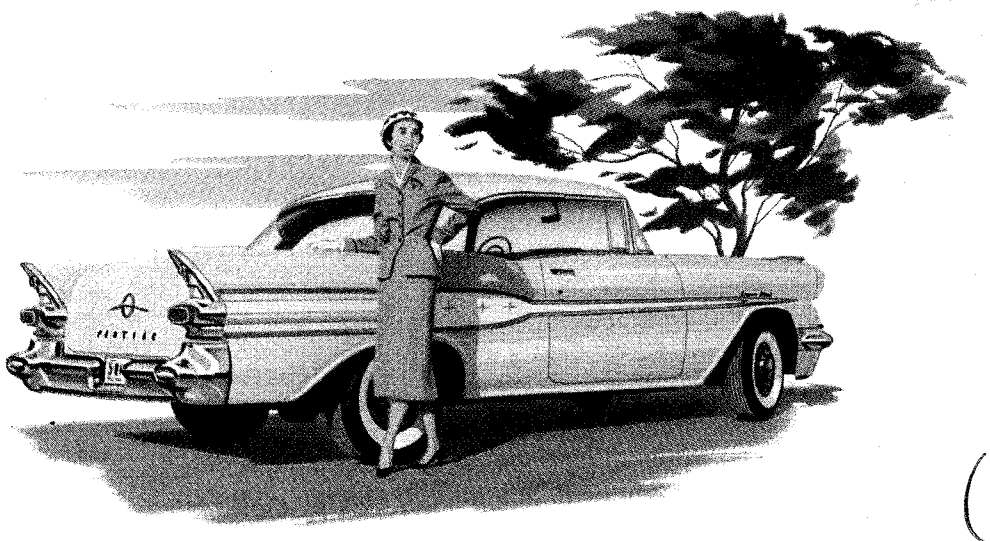

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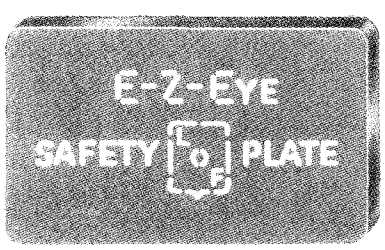

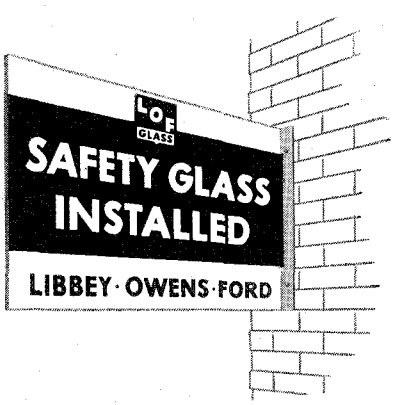

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(*Continued from Page 66*) can be back Sunday, and bring Connie." He caught sight of a team and wagon coming. "Ah, here's Bill Smithers. He'll give me a lift."

It was all over, just like that, and too late to change the plan. Now that it was done, there was time to think, but they all scattered to go back to the work that had been interrupted, and not one of them with the courage to look me in the face.

I tried this and that, but I couldn't get my mind off Connie. Her chance of happiness was gone glimmering, with all of us so avid for a town that we couldn't remember we'd be building it on a girl's crushed heart, if indeed we got it at all.

We had Mr. Baird to preach to us Sundays, and it was our custom to gather at one house or another to hold these services, each bringing food, so we could sit down together to Sunday dinner. The Bairds, the Brugmans, the Aikens and the Rossners took their turns, as convenient. Sometimes one preferred to bring the main dishes, and sometimes another, but Mrs. Aiken always baked the pies.

Much as I longed to shake Mrs. Aiken until her teeth rattled, I have to admit that she made the best pies I ever had the privilege of sharing. Custard, berry, pumpkin, green apple and the rest were wonderful, and the crowning glory of them all were her mince pies; golden flaky crusts, meat and fruit and spices blended for the filling, and baked just before dinner, so they'd be cooling down in their own heat, and teach us all over again what blessings the world holds for those who live around a good cook. A person could be blind, deaf, dumb and crippled, and still thank God for living, if he could find himself served with a generous piece of Mrs. Aiken's pie.

This time the dinner was in Mrs. Aiken's big kitchen, and the pies were baking, so that their aroma filled the room. We went on with the services, while Pa Aiken drove to meet John at Butteville, and all of us swallowing and gulping when we should have had our minds on our eternal souls; and myself at peace, for somehow the good food smells, and Nancy's glorious voice rising up, winged and beautiful, leading us in the hymns, convinced me that all was well, and John would come alone.

But the team and wagon rattled on the bridge, and my first look showed Connie riding there on the high seat, between her father and John Brugman. And so to despair again.

Connie came in daintily, rustling as she walked. She held herself tall and proud, the way Mrs. Bonner had shown her, and she was beautiful now, not just pretty. But she was just the same, letting her mother hustle and bustle her about, and doing exactly as she was bid. So here we were back where we started.

As soon as John felt he could find time to speak he rose up, tall and fine, and told us, smiling, "I saw Mr. Gillespie. He's a splendid fellow, and I think his people will please us very much. There will be fifteen families, and I believe above forty children, and more families to come when these are settled."

Everybody sighed ecstatically, and John went on. "However, the ship is not expected until late in March, and Mr. Gillespie feels he must take time to make a good selection. He has seen good land all up and down the valley, each place perfect in its own way, and each suitable, but he plans to choose a place where there are already people living and doing well, so that the newcomers will learn whatever they must learn about farming in this country, and so he looks for people who know how to welcome a stranger. He readily agreed to come ——"

Mrs. Aiken flapped into the middle of his speech. "Tell it the way it happened, John Brugman. At first, he put you off for several weeks, but when he learned that Connie was coming home, he 'readily agreed to come,' as you say."

John bowed patiently and went on, "In any case, Mr. Gillespie will come next Sunday, and it is my idea that our usual Sunday dinner, with our usual warmth and excellent food, will demonstrate to him ——"

She bounced in her chair. "You'd have him eat in a kitchen, a fine elegant man like that? I know better. I will entertain him myself."

I could have laughed in their faces, now they saw what they should have seen in the beginning, except that I couldn't laugh when I looked at Connie, shrinking into her corner with that old, worn look of endurance coming back on her face.

Try as they would—plain speaking, protest, pleading, argument, even John Brugman raising his voice in a way I'd have taken for insult—Mrs. Aiken wouldn't give in. The young man was courting Connie, and that gave Mrs. Aiken the first rights. Pa Aiken, rubbing his big hands over his bald head, couldn't do a thing with her. Connie wouldn't open her mouth.

In the end, Mrs. Aiken got up and began rushing about as if we weren't there, and so we all took the hint and silently gathered up our dishes and went our ways. There were red faces among us, I tell you, with each reproaching the other, if not in words, then in looks, and all mistakes threshed over and defended angrily. But we eased down and made friends before we parted, while Mrs. Aiken held fast to her hurt feelings and wouldn't speak a word to any of us.

For the next day and the next, she kept Connie inside the house, and herself there, too, not coming to make friends nor caring what became of us. Mr. Aiken was silent as usual, over there in his carpentry and woodworking shop, but the men said he cut himself twice on his tools and ruined a table top by gouging too deep with a plane. The men blamed us, of course, for it seemed to be a woman's quarrel, and we blamed them, but nothing was gained that way. And Neil Gillespie coming on Sunday to judge of our neighborliness.

It was Mrs. Baird who forced us along the way we should go. She brought Nancy down to Ruhanna and me, and told us, sweet and saintly, but firm as iron, "We can't change Mrs. Aiken, so we have to change ourselves. I am going over to ask if I can do anything to help. Who will come with me?"

We all flocked behind her, grinding our teeth, but trying to smile. Mrs. Aiken was all hoity-toity in her second-best gown, with her chin high. "Good afternoon, ladies," she said, and led us into the parlor. I don't think we had been seated in the parlor before, during the two years we'd had her here at the bridge. "Please prepare some refreshments," she called to Connie, somewhere upstairs. "Be seated, ladies," she told us grandly, and then reverted to her old manner. "I must say I expected you sooner. You might know I couldn't carry this whole thing alone. Working day and night for all of us, and not a soul to help me."

I felt myself getting red. If only people wouldn't think they'd won when you fight down your temper and go in Christian charity to make peace, it would be a lot easier.

But Mrs. Baird was far past such pettiness. "What can we do?" she asked, exactly as she would have asked any of us.

Mrs. Aiken opened the door to the sewing room. It was bare and every inch of it washed clean. "I'm using this for a dining room, but I'll need your table, Ruhanna, and the chairs to match; and that rug of yours, Nancy, for the bare floor, and, of course, the set of china dishes John brought you from the ship.... Auntie, you've got that lace tablecloth of your grandmother's that will just fit the table, and Mrs. Baird's picture of the old church in Boston would be just right."

It was time for us to force our jaws open. Ruhanna managed it first. "Walter will bring anything you want," she said. Nancy choked a little, but managed to promise John's help. Mrs. Baird, being forced to go a mile, so to speak, set out on the second mile by suggesting certain vases she treasured, and some linen napkins she'd never used herself because they were too good. And Mrs. Aiken thought of other things, until our homes were all but stripped of everything we treasured.

The men didn't dare protest, but they took refuge in Mr. Aiken's shop, and the hammering and sawing was enough to deafen you. We women struggled with our feelings, in the name of peace, trying to tell ourselves that at least she wouldn't need any food cooked, being the best

"So there you are!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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cook in this corner of the Oregon country, and Mr. Baird gave us hope by changing the Sunday services over until after dinner, so the honored guest could come and meet with us when he had his fill of Mrs. Aiken's elegance and, we hoped, her good food. But even there she had something to surprise us with.

She called to Ruhanna, Saturday morning, and fired orders at her. Ruhanna came back to our kitchen, looking very odd indeed. "She knows Walter got a deer, so she wants the stomach and the lungs and other inside pieces washed and brought over immediately."

"What on earth for?" I asked.

Ruhanna's voice had a squeak in it, between laughter and tears. "She's going to make him a haggis. In case you didn't know, Auntie, not being fully versed in elegance, a haggis is the finest dish to set before a Scotsman. It is traditional and honored and makes a very special welcome. Mr. Gillespie has traveled halfway around the world, and he must be yearning for a welcome such as his lady mother would give him, so Mrs. Aiken has looked into an old book, and she'll make him a haggis, as if he were a king."

I sank down in the nearest chair. "What is it? What does she do with the stomach and the lights?"

Well, it seems that a haggis is a stuffed stomach. You boil up these other pieces, that most people feed to the chickens or the pig, and mix them with oatmeal, and stuff them into that stomach bag and boil it, and there you are. I think there's some onion, and maybe pepper and salt, but nothing else; and not even mince pie for dessert, to make him forget his troubles, but elegance itself, in the form of a nibble of cheese.

"But he's a big man!" I cried. "He relishes good food, and he's perfectly at home in a kitchen! He'll sweep the floor and wash the dishes ——"

I bit my tongue back, but Ruhanna was onto me, and I had to tell her about the log cabin and the rest of it. I have never seen her look so stricken.

"I think if all of us tried hard to do the wrong thing," she said, whispering, "we couldn't possibly improve on this mess. But it is too late to do anything. She's in such a state that she can't listen, but will only start screaming, and say hard things and drive us out again. Walter will take her what she wants. We might as well get on with our baking."

I was determined to have a word with Connie, but try and get it! The only way was to be bold. So, after my work was done, I got my cane and went grimly to the Aikens', defying anybody to turn me back. Mrs. Aiken was hard at work at the big kitchen table, stuffing that miserable wrinkled bag with the greasy mess she'd cooked up. Connie sat in a corner with her hands tied up in some kind of poultice to make them white.

I had to have an excuse for coming, so I told her I would cook the pies, since they were both busy. This, too, was the wrong thing.

"Oh, I see!" Mrs. Aiken cried. "We don't know how to be neighborly, I suppose! I know what you think of me, but just the same I'm making those pies, and that's the end of it. You can send for them at twelve o'clock."

Connie looked like a picture I once saw of a despairing saint, and yet, even so, she was lovely. Even unhappiness was becoming to her.

I said, straight out, "Connie, I'm lame today. Give me your arm to help me home."

Connie started up, but her mother screamed her down. She was to stay right there and learn to cook a haggis, and I could get back the same way I came.

I shut the door behind me, and got enough control so I didn't say a word to Ruhanna, except that the pies were arranged for; but I didn't sleep all night, and by morning I was ready to strike a blow for Connie's freedom that would either break her chains or break the girl, whichever got in the way.

Sunday came in clear, the way the weather surprises us in Oregon, even in the winter. The mountains stood out clean and white, the river ran swiftly, the meadow was green, with the cows and horses reveling knee-deep in the luscious grass, the chickens all claimed to have laid several eggs apiece, and the boys and dogs raced about like mad. We should all have been happy, as we gathered at the Bairds' in our Sunday dresses, the men shaved and brushed, and the good food smells all about us. But today the gloom was inside the house.

Each of us pictured Neil Gillespie coming closer, mile by mile, expecting to find neighborliness and warmth among us, and nobody to greet him except Connie all beaten down and Mrs. Aiken in such a state that even the dogs dared not go near her.

I was seething and making my plan. When it neared twelve o'clock, I took Mrs. Baird aside. "There's one more chance for us," I told her. "I'm going to get Connie by herself, and make her see that she's got to think of the young man first."

"Feed him, you mean," Mrs. Baird said, going straight to the point. "Here or at her house?"

"It depends on the girl," I said. "I'll see if she's got getup enough to leave her mother and bring him here among us. I'll put it to her, straight and strong."

She nodded. "I'll send the boys to wait on the bridge. Wave your apron if you want us to come."

Pa's team and wagon were already coming around the bend in the road, the two men on the high seat, the horses laboring through the mud. I hurried along the kitchen path and opened the door. Connie was dressed and looking like an angel, except for the endurance in the set of her mouth; but then, probably the angels sometimes wear a look of endurance about their task of guarding us wrong-headed humans.

Mrs. Aiken hovered over the pot, fork in hand. "Why didn't you send someone who could carry a basket?" she screamed at me. . . . "Connie, you go and help, and hurry back as fast as you can."

Connie took the pies. Halfway down the path, I halted her. "Now, my girl, it's time to put a stop to this foolishness. You've got to get your young man out of this mess of overdone elegance and nobody fit to speak to. What's he going to think, sitting down to nothing but porridge and tripe?"

The basket trembled on her arm. I couldn't see her face, but I thought I had her. The team clattered on the bridge. There wasn't much time.

"You know in your soul your mother is mistaken," I urged. "Tell her you're bringing Neil to have dinner with us. Just tell her and walk out. We'll all respect you for it, and so will he."

Connie lifted her head and looked me full in the face. I started back a little before her blazing eyes. "You haven't known my mother long, Auntie," she said. "You've never seen her nursing a sick child, nor keeping things cheerful through poverty and hopelessness. When there's real trouble, she shows herself like a rock of strength and calmness." Her voice shook, but it wasn't weakness. "As long as I live, I will not cause her a moment's pain. Neil must take her as he finds her. If he can't, then so be it."

I was near speechless. If one of the barn kittens had turned into a tiger, I wouldn't have been more surprised. Staring at Connie's face, I saw the rosy flush coming up, as if the sun were rising and lighting her. Her face crumpled into adoration, and I had to catch the pies out of her hand and set them down before they fell. It was Neil Gillespie who brought that look to her face. The wagon was at the gate now, and Neil, in caped coat and beaver hat, wide-shouldered and magnificent, came leaping down, hat in hand, handsome head bare, waiting for Pa's slower movements, but straining toward us with all his soul.

Mrs. Aiken came up behind us quietly. "The haggis burst itself," she said, in a low tone. She was completely calm. "It's all over the hearth, not fit to eat. We haven't anything else in the house, Connie, and my neighbors are sick and disgusted with me. And on top of that, I'm so afraid of your young man that I won't be able to speak to him."

Connie put her arm about her as if she were a child. "Wipe your eyes and try to smile. Auntie will see to things."

I waved my apron, and the Baird boys raced for home. Neil and Connie met, outwardly controlled and behaving politely, with only, you might say, smiles and a handshake, but the air seemed to quiver rosily between them, and you could have lighted a candle at her eyes, while his handshake somehow managed to swallow her up. I turned blindly and fled to the kitchen. This blaze of love wasn't for me, nor mine to look upon. It didn't take long to set the kitchen to rights. I scraped the hearth, set the shattered haggis in the woodshed and got the coffee started. Then the procession began to cross the bridge.

There's no better sight in the world than a flock of people coming with food. They say love doesn't let you get hungry, but Neil Gillespie was a big man, with room inside him for all human feelings. He stood with Connie by the path, peeping into each dish as it came by.

"Mrs. Baird," I heard him say gaily, "and spiced apples. They smell delicious. . . . What a wonderful tray of jams and pickles and conserve, Mrs. Rossner, or may I call you Ruhanna? And these fine lads, wreathed around with the aroma of new baked bread. . . . Mr. Baird, sir, I wish I could shake your hand, but we must not spill the baked onions and cheese. . . . Two pots here, with mashed potatoes and gravy, and Walter Rossner between them. I greet you, neighbor. . . . And you are Mrs. Brugman, I believe, with the cabbage salad. . . . Oh, John, John, what a magnificent, sizzling, mouth-watering venison roast! How beautiful are the feet of those who come bearing food. And I," he said roundly, "follow with the mince pies and the appetite of ten hungry wolves."

He was so completely at home and delighted with all of us that he dared to kiss me, and he put his arm about Mrs. Aiken as if he loved her already, but all the while he kept fast hold of Connie, and did not let her go, even at dinner.

Well, there's no use going on. Everybody knows we've got the finest town in the valley here, and you can call any man "Mac" and he'll answer with a smile, but I'll always remember that dinner, with all of us happy around Mrs. Aiken's kitchen table, all happy, all laughing, all—it seemed like—in love, for there was love enough there to wrap us all in its rosy warmth.

Ah, me! And the Aiken pig, that evening, was the happiest pig in the whole Oregon country, the only one I ever knew that had a haggis all to himself.

THE END

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The Golden Shadow (Continued from Page 45)

"Don't say 'cops' to me," Snively objected, with his rodent grin. "It's a nawsty word, as Riv would say. . . . So the boss is standing guard up there, eh? He couldn't trust Bull and me to lookout this end of the game?"

"I don't think it's that," she said. "He's seeing to it that Ravenhill can't come back to the cove." Her part of the game seemed impossible to perform at this moment, but she remembered what Ravenhill had said: "Proceed with confidence." It was easier said than done.

"I'm not feeling well," she told them. "In fact, I've a terrible headache. So I think I'll go to bed."

"Good idea," Snively agreed, still grinning. "How far back from the edge did you say the boss was? He can't see into the camp here?"

"No," she said. "And he can't hear anything on account of the falls. That is," she amended, "unless someone started screaming. That would bring him fast enough, I think."

"There ain't anybody to scream," Bull said ponderously. "Why should anybody start screaming?"

"Nobody will, I'm sure," Peggy said. She sighed and rubbed her hands together, preparing to leave. "I very seldom take a drink," she said, "but a nip of Scotch might help right now."

"It would do us all a lot of good," Snively agreed. "But if that's a hint, you're hollering up the wrong creek, ma'am. When we're on a job the boss don't allow a drop in camp."

"And quite right," she said. "But we'll make an exception this time. Don't tell Captain Blodgett about this, but Mr. Ravenhill has a fifth of Scotch on his ship. It's hidden there, so I don't think Slim found it when he unloaded."

Snively came alert like an eager terrier. "Yeah? Where's it at on the ship?"

"In Mr. Ravenhill's ship," she explained, "you sit down in the pilot's seat, facing the instrument panel. Right at the bottom you'll see a map compartment. You'll see the edges of the maps. On top of the maps, way back, is the Scotch."

"Fair enough," Snively said. "You hear that, Bull? It's a long lane that has no rocks in it. The lady wants a nip, she says. I'll get it."

"I'll get it," Bull offered yearningly.

"You'll stay right here," Snively directed. "Didn't the boss tell you to keep an eye on things, including me?" Apparently this had rankled with Snively. "It takes brains to guard this camp," he concluded. "Someone the boss can depend on. That's you, Bull."

"Tha's right," Bull agreed. "The boss depends on me."

Snively hurried to Ravenhill's ship. He was wearing a faded canvas jacket, and when he emerged and swung down to the float, he was carrying one bottle in his hand, but both side pockets were bulging. He came running to Peggy.

"I found it," he told her. "This good ol' fifth. It hasn't even been cracked yet." He produced a combination pocketknife and screw driver, and opened the bottle expertly. "Here's your nip, ma'am."

Peggy took the barest swallow, then handed the bottle back. It was burning her throat like fire. "Thanks." She opened the flap of her tent, stooped and went in. "Good night, Mr. Snively. I'll see you at breakfast."

But Snively was already gone. Kneeling at the flap, she opened the merest slit and watched developments at the campfire.

Here was a spectacle which lay outside Peggy's previously sheltered sphere. It was primitive, brutal, frightening—the avidity with which men who had frozen and starved for decades along the edges of the continent's most hostile frontier, capped by seven soul-killing years in a Federal penitentiary, could drink such fiery liquor, in such quantities.

Presently—hours later, it seemed to Peggy—the first fifth was empty; and Snively, chortling in maudlin glee, opened the second. This time, to Peggy's mounting apprehension, they proceeded in more leisurely fashion. They rolled and lighted cigarettes, each insisting politely on holding up a burning ember for the other's convenience. They exchanged hoarse witticisms as they drank. Snively began to sing loudly, but Bull prodded him into silence.

He passed the bottle over to Snively. "'Nother drink. But we mustn't get drunk," he warned, shaking his head. "The boss wouldn't like that. Just one more, tha's all."

"One more each," Snively agreed. "Can't get drunk. The boss would kill us."

Their good resolutions lasted only a matter of minutes.

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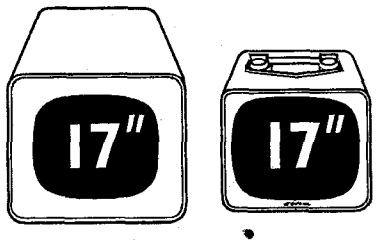

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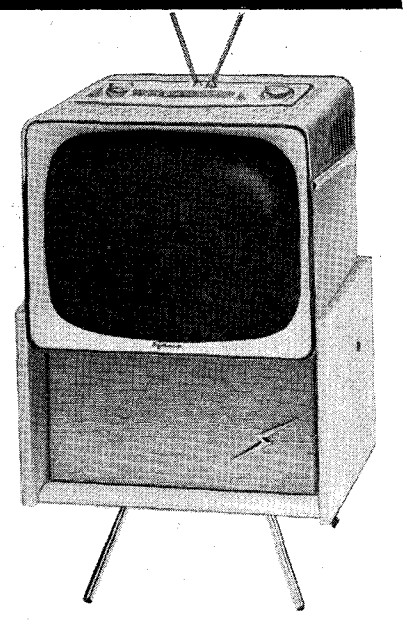

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They opened the third bottle with no further qualms, but Snively was done for. He took a drink, spilling it down his shirt, then sat for a moment as though in deep thought, the bottle falling from his listless fingers. His blankets were outspread behind him. He fell back upon them and lay sprawled, his feet toward the fire.

Bull leaned across him to retrieve the bottle, whose contents were gurgling out on the sand. But Bull was almost done for too. He lay on his side and snuggled down comfortably. The bottle gurgled on for a space, then was empty.

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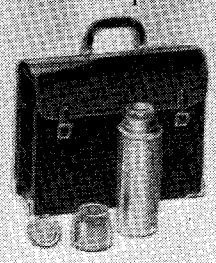

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Peggy waited, knowing that time was running out. Blodgett might decide to inspect the camp at any moment. And it didn't seem possible that she could emerge from the tent without rousing the pair snoring by the fire.

She nerved herself to the attempt and tiptoed out. The sleepers snored on. She stole across the sand to the river's edge, her head on her shoulder. There was no alarm. She stepped out on the float of Slim's Zenith. She mounted up quickly snatched up a screwdriver and went at once to the gas-valve-shut-off handle. She took out the setscrew, fumbling awkwardly in the semidarkness, but the valve handle was frozen to the recessed cone. She was afraid to hammer on it to loosen it. Almost in a frenzy, she pried on the handle with the screwdriver—and suddenly it broke free.

She swung down again, clutching the valve handle, and hurried on without thought of Snively and Bull. She mounted into Ravenhill's ship and quickly fastened the valve handle in place. It was almost over. Her heart beating in mounting rhythm, she descended to the float, crossed over hurriedly to replace the screwdriver among Slim's tools, then ran back to her tent.

She knelt behind the door flap, shuddering in the reaction to the tense moments just past. She was sure she would hear Blodgett's footfalls descending the moraine, but nothing happened. She looked at her watch: twelve o'clock, midnight, close to the darkest hour of the day's twenty-four. The world outside remained static and silent. The only sound on the still air, occasionally forgotten, but always there in a muted undertone, was the distant thunder of the falls.

Finally she sat back, took off her jacket and shoes and snuggled into the sleeping bag. She dared not undress; an alarm might sound at any moment. There was no telling what was happening on the bench, nor how soon Blodgett and Slim would return. She had no remote idea of sleeping.

Nevertheless, the air mattress was delightfully soft. Snuggling down in her comfortable nest, she felt hugely pleased with herself, now that the chore was done. She had completed her mission exactly as Ravenhill had outlined it. Ravenhill would be pleased. He might even unbend a little and compliment her.

She was roused by Slim's voice, raised in comical awe. The sound came from the direction of the campfire. "Tight as ticks, the both of 'em!" Slim marveled. "Lookit the bottles, boss! Now where did they get the stuff?"

Peggy raised herself up to the tent flap, glancing at her watch. To her amazement, it was after six, with the sunlight streaming in from the northeast. Except for the north wall, the whole cove was ablaze with cheerful light.

Blodgett was glaring down at the prostrate sleepers. He kicked them in turn, but their limp bodies merely sagged a little, while they groaned in wheezy unison.

"Those bottles must have been on Ravenhill's ship!" Blodgett told Slim angrily. "How come you overlooked them?"

"I dunno," Slim said, shaking his head in wonder. "I swept the cabin clean. They weren't in his outfit either. I would have felt them in his sleeping bag."

"Never mind! Get a bucket of water and douse these jokers. Dammit, Slim, can't I trust anyone to do a job around here!" Blodgett was in a towering rage. "Get going! I'll roust out Peggy. No use us getting any sleep yet. We'll eat first."

Slim seized a bucket from the camp gear and scuttled away. Blodgett came striding toward Peggy's tent. She sank down again, her head on her arm, but Blodgett halted outside.

"Peggy! You awake?"

"Yes," she said sleepily. "What is it?"

"Where'd Snively and Bull get that Scotch?"

"It was on Riv's ship," she told him. "Hidden in the map compartment. I felt terrible last night, and thought a swallow of Scotch might do me good. Snively was kind enough to bring me one of the bottles. I told him that he and Bull shouldn't drink any or you'd be angry. He promised they'd just take a nip apiece. Why?"

Blodgett muttered a weary imprecation. "There were three bottles. They drank them all. They're stiff as planks. D'you suppose," he asked, with a touch of bleak irony, "that you could manage to throw together a little breakfast for us without fouling things up?"

"Of course. I'll get up right away. May I wash my face down at the river, first?"

"Yes, but don't take all day. There's bacon and eggs in the grub box. And beans. Do the best you can with them."

When she returned from the riverbank, Snively and Bull Morgan had come up to a sitting position, and were slumped there, dripping heads resting in their hands, like a pair of discouraged beagles. Blodgett was giving them a tongue-lashing in bitter undertones. Slim had built up the fire and had the coffeepot nestling in the coals.

As Peggy hurried about her preparations for breakfast, it came to her that this outwardly cheerful scene had an unreal quality. It was too cheerful, too ordinary. Blodgett sprawled on one of the chairs at the table, puffing on his pipe. Slim squatted nearby, his rifle leaning against his knee. Bull sat disconsolately on the sand, but Snively was on his feet, staring morosely at the fire, his thumbs hooked in the belt which supported his heavy revolver.

She had talked to each of these men, and each had seemed normal enough. Just men. At the moment, hungry men. Yet all but Slim were ex-convicts, criminals, potential killers. All, including Slim, were willing to kill, awaiting the proper moment. All—even Bull—were in such a position that the top of the cove was in view.

It was into the situation—a camp of armed and unscrupulous men—that Ravenhill would presently descend, unarmed and alone. If he came, as he had promised—but Peggy was sure he would. And what then? Ravenhill was a master at bluffing, at maneuvering, at forecasting an opponent's reactions, but what play was left, now that Blodgett knew the exact hour when the shadow of the butte would reveal the exact location of the mine? If the mine was where it was supposed to be?

Peggy abandoned further speculation. The mine was of dwindling importance at this stage of the game. Their first goal was survival. Ravenhill had said they had a fighting chance. Her part was plain, therefore: back Ravenhill's play blindly, to the bitter end, and hope for the best.

Peggy, Blodgett and Slim ate at the table. Snively and Bull, apparently having no stomach for breakfast, took their coffee cups back to the fire and squatted there morosely. No one complained of Peggy's cooking. She ate little, her back to the fire. Blodgett was opposite, Slim at her right, both in position to watch the head of the cove.

Ravenhill was mentioned only twice during the meal. The first time was when Slim noted that she had set a fourth place at the table. "That's for Ravenhill, I suppose?" he asked, grinning.

She nodded. "He'll be here at seven."

"Don't you wish you had her faith, skipper?" Slim asked Blodgett. "Riv's run out on the poor, trusting gal. My guess is he figures to hide out on the bench for another week, hoping the Mounties will come."

"We'll know in twenty minutes," Blodgett said briefly, looking at his watch.

And at close to seven, when Snively brought over the coffeepot, Slim said to Peggy pointedly, "You want Snively to fill Riv's cup? He'll be along in a couple of minutes now, won't he?"

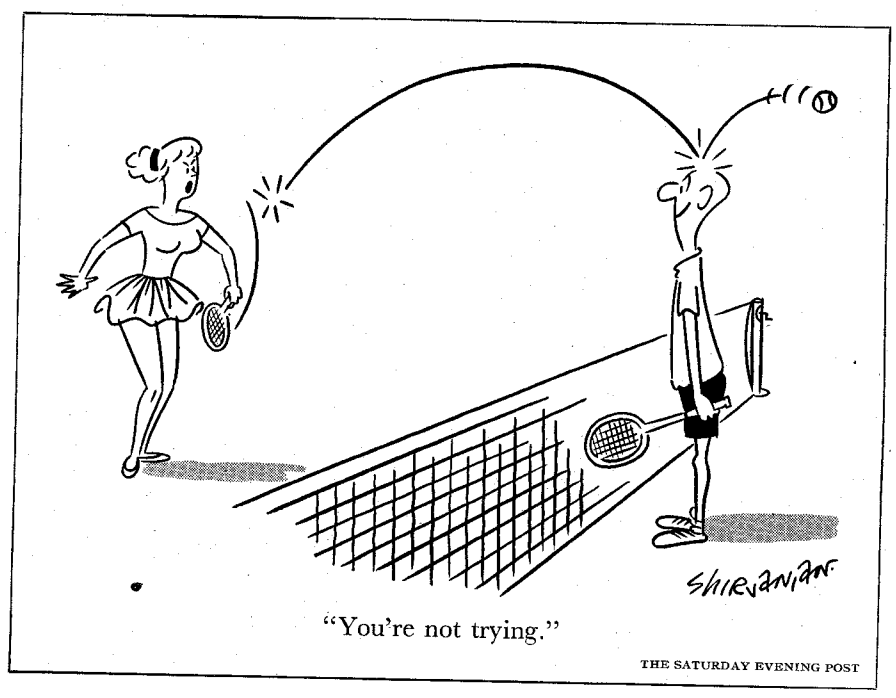
"Yes," she said; and to Snively: "Pour Riv's coffee, please. He likes to let it cool a minute or two."

Snively did so, leering at Slim. Halfway back to the fire with the coffeepot, Snively stopped, looking up at the edge of the bench. Bull stared in bovine astonishment. Slim halted his cup halfway to his lips. Blodgett sat motionless, watching with lowered brows as Ravenhill descended the moraine, leaping down surefootedly from fragment to fragment.

He reached the sand and paused there to adjust his leather jacket neatly and beat some of the dust from his whipcord breeches. With an apologetic shrug, he came on to the table. He greeted them all by name, bowed to Peggy, removed his helmet, and placed a tentative hand on the back of the fourth chair. "For me, I presume?"

"Yes," Peggy said. "Sit down, Riv. And your coffee's poured," she added, with a complacent glance at Slim.

Ravenhill seated himself with a sigh. Except for the first blue of overnight



"You're not trying."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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beard on his lean jaw, his features were as bland and debonair as ever. He sampled the coffee, approved it and sipped it gratefully. Then he sat back in comfortable position and lit a cigarette.

"It's good coffee," he told Peggy. "Snively's a genius at it, isn't he?"

"I made it," she boasted. "And the bacon and eggs too. Help yourself, Riv."

But he shook his head. "I rather think I'll wait for breakfast at the Corliss, in Lochiel. Coddled eggs, you know. Preceded by a glass of chilled orange juice. This isn't to belittle your efforts, of course." He beamed at her approvingly. "You look well, my dear. You slept well, I hope?"

"After I got to sleep, yes," she said. "The boys here"—she indicated Snively and Bull Morgan, who had approached silently and were now standing back of Blodgett and Slim—"did a little drinking."

"They got at my good Scotch?" Ravenhill asked in dismay. "Hidden in my map compartment?"

"Unfortunately yes. They weren't noisy, however. Shortly after they had sort of simmered down, I slept like a log."

"Good," Ravenhill said, sipping his coffee. "Good. Your chores all done, you slept like a log."

"I didn't do many chores last night," she said smilingly. "Enough, though. It was this morning that I made like a camp cook."

The vital information had been imparted. Ravenhill nodded, and went on without pausing, "And an excellent cook you became, obviously. My own night was rather rough," he told Blodgett, leaning back and flicking the ash from his cigarette. "I had a notion where the strike was, all the while, of course. The light wasn't particularly good at the time, and some inquisitive person was out there, following me, but I finally managed it."

Blodgett and the others had remained silent during all this, their eyes fixed on Ravenhill. Snively and Bull stood fast, waiting. Slim now glanced at Blodgett in a sardonic, questioning way.

Blodgett continued puffing on his pipe for a moment, then removed it and asked, "You managed what?"

"To find the strike," Ravenhill said. "I also staked it. That was quite a chore, incidentally, on such rough ground. You know the quartz regulations, Crandall. 'Size of claim not to exceed fifteen hundred feet in length by fifteen hundred feet in breadth,' he quoted, 'with boundary lines running as nearly as possible north, south, east and west. Claims are to be marked ——'"

"Hold it," Blodgett said. "You staked the claim? Monty's strike?"

"Yes," Ravenhill said. "And what a strike, old chap! The vein crosses the bottom of the crevasse at right angles. The crevasse runs approximately north and south, according to my pocket compass, so I'd suggest that when you lads stake the adjoining claims ——"

"Just a second," Blodgett cut in heavily. "How wide's the vein?"

"At least two feet. Of unknown depth, of course. A big boulder's lodged in the crevasse, directly over the vein, so that you'd notice the quartz only when the light was right. Once it's found, of course, the vein's readily seen on any clear day. The crevasse is only a matter of fifteen feet or so deep."

Peggy sat awed and silent. It seemed that Ravenhill was giving away his last advantage.

"You're playing to the gallery, Riv," Blodgett said, eying him fixedly. "I don't know why—yet. How do we know you've found the strike?"

Ravenhill shrugged. "Produce that sample you snitched from Peggy down in Seattle. I'll match it."

Blodgett produced the tobacco pouch holding the sample, produced the fragment, cleared a space on the table before him and placed the sample in its center.

"So that's where that other piece went!" Peggy said accusingly to Blodgett. "You should have asked me for it, captain. I'd have given it to you. At that time—incredibly—I trusted you!"

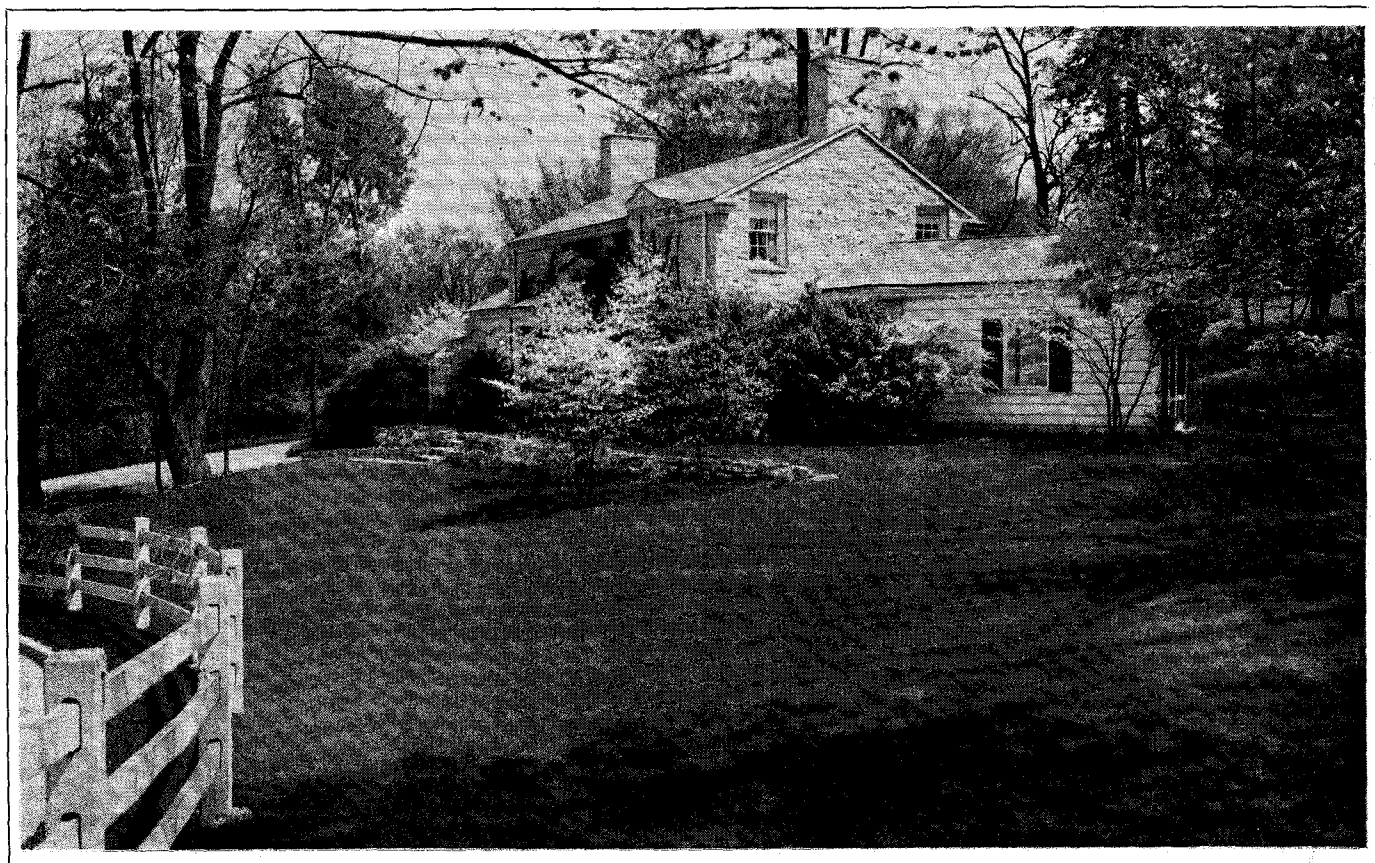
Blodgett disregarded her, his eyes on Ravenhill's every move. While the others crowded in closer to watch, Ravenhill produced a small handful of quartz pieces of varying sizes and placed them with Blodgett's sample. Plain even to Peggy's inexperienced eyes was the fact that all fragments on the table were from identical quartz.

And there was another point in common; a detail which caused Slim's eyes to bulge unbelievingly, and which bent Snively and Bull Morgan over the table as though drawn by magnets. It was the thing that haunted the dreams of hard-rock miners, dreams realized fewer than one time in thousands—gold visible to the eye. Free gold, not conglomerate, in free-milling quartz.

With a fierce, swift motion, Blodgett swept all the samples together and into the tobacco pouch held at the edge of the table. He pocketed the pouch, glaring at Slim, and pushed Snively and Bull Morgan back.

Ravenhill did not protest. "I've more samples," he said. "Enough for the first assay."

"Get hold of yourselves," Blodgett told his men. "Keep in line. Keep quiet.



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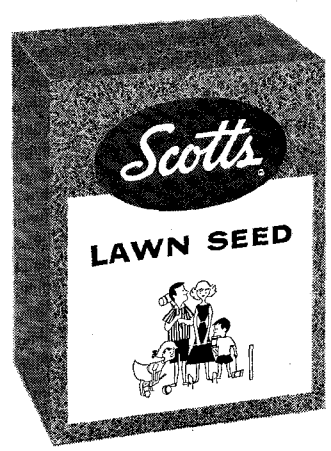

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We're walking a tight rope. . . . Riv," he said, his lips thinning, "you know better than to show so much of the raw stuff to run-of-the-mill lads—even lads like mine. You're asking for trouble. You're making it jokers wild. What's the idea?"

Ravenhill spread his hands. "You doubted that I'd found the strike. I was merely proving it. Your lads will stay in line, Blodgett," he said, his voice hardening a little. "That's your responsibility. We deal with you."

"Deal, then," Blodgett invited. "But fast."

"We've made our deal," Ravenhill said. "Peggy stated it within minutes after we'd stepped ashore last night. We were to stake the claim. You were satisfied with the adjoining claims. Right?"

"Go on," Blodgett said, with a sidelong, warning glance at Slim.

"You remember, surely!" Ravenhill protested. "All these witnesses were present. . . . What was your understanding, Peggy?"

Peggy was all at sea. Surely Ravenhill wasn't relying on any promises made yesterday—or now! Nevertheless, she hewed to the line.

"We were to stake the claim, captain. Just before we took off, Riv would tell you where the mine was. Then you could stake adjoining claims. Wasn't that clearly understood?"

Blodgett disregarded her, studying Ravenhill with a touch of gloomy awe. Twin mutters came from Snively and Slim. Bull's childlike eyes were fixed questioningly on Blodgett.

"There's one little change in that deal," Blodgett told Ravenhill. "We have to see the claim first. I mean," he said, "right now, Riv. Just where, from here, is the claim?"

To Peggy's amazement, Ravenhill pondered this, striking his jaw thoughtfully. "Not far away," he said at length. "In fact, it's closer than I'd suspected when I first got involved in this rat race. About a mile and a half away, I should say. I could easily describe the location to Slim and the lads here. They could go directly to it."

"Why Slim and the lads?" Blodgett countered, placing his hands on the table and leaning forward. "Why not lead us directly to it yourself?"

Ravenhill shook his head, sipping his coffee. "I'm a trifle weary," he said. "Besides, I must pack up my camp gear and Peggy's, and get it aboard the ship. Let Slim take his rifle," he proposed, puffing on his cigarette, an eyebrow cocked at Blodgett. "When he finds the mine, he can fire a shot to let you know it's found. If it's big, let him fire two shots. Snively's a hard-rock man, I understand? He'll see at a glance that it's big."

The blackened coffeepot was on the table. Ravenhill took it up, and it was a minor point of pride that his hand did not shake as he refilled his cup. This was the crucial moment, the turning point. Two lives were at stake, and Death, in a manner of speaking, stood at the dealer's side. All depended upon the most mercurial of human ingredients: the mixture of cupidity, treachery and shrewdness of an opponent's mind.

"O.K.," Blodgett said, after a barely perceptible pause. "I wait here with you. Slim and the lads go out to the claim. While they're gone, you load your stuff aboard. When Slim signals by firing a shot, you take off. Is that it?"

"Two shots if it's big," Ravenhill reminded.

"It's a deal. Where's the claim?"

"Riv!" Peggy protested, and Ravenhill could have hugged her. "Wait! Are you going to tell him now, before ——"

"Quiet!" Blodgett told her harshly. . . . "Where's the claim, Riv?"

"Don't try to renege," Ravenhill warned. "These witnesses heard it. Snively checks the mine. Slim fires the shot—or two shots. Then Peggy and I are free to take off for Lochiel?"

"Right. Where's the claim?"

Ravenhill turned to Slim. "Head directly for the butte. When you're a half mile from it, turn due south. At a point about five hundred yards from the butte, you'll notice a rock outcropping higher than the average. Furthermore, the mound has a whitish cast, like limestone. Face toward the butte and from that point take approximately forty steps in direct line with the butte, and you come to the crevasse. I've marked it with a small cairn on the edge. You'll find a boulder lodged in the crevasse. The quartz showing is below the boulder."

Slim had followed this closely. Now he nodded, his teeth baring a little in his mounting excitement. He leaped to his feet, backing away from the table. "Shall we start out, boss?"

"Let me talk to you lads a minute," Blodgett said, likewise coming to his feet. "Over here, Slim."

... ...

Sweetheart in Jeans

By Dorothy Faubion

Jill owns a waggish
derrière,
A nose that's retroussé;
She loves and hates with a
fervid flair
Both primitive and fey.
She's dew; she's gold.
She's ten years old
And I wish she'd stay that
way!

... ...

They moved to the head of the cove and conferred there, heads together. Blodgett's gaze was fixed on Ravenhill as he talked.

Ravenhill said swiftly to Peggy, "So the gas-valve handle's in place on my ship?"

"Yes."

"Good," Ravenhill approved. "I just wanted to make certain of it. And Slim hasn't repaired his oil line yet? I see the cowling's still off."

"I don't think so," Peggy said. "He was here before I was up. No, he couldn't have. I'd have heard him working with the tools. . . . Riv, is the mine actually there? Less than two miles away?"

Ravenhill nodded. "And properly staked."

"But—but how can we ——"

"Sh-h," he warned. "Everything depends now on how black a criminal Blodgett is at heart. If he weakens, it may be rough for us." He did not pause to explain this anomaly. "We just follow through with the pretense," he directed. "We'll start loading the ship—but slowly. Don't hurry."

As at a signal, Slim and Snively broke from Blodgett like quail on the wing, and began to scramble up toward the bench. Bull charged back past the table, snatched up Ravenhill's rifle, then followed the others.

Ravenhill leaped to his feet in protest. "My rifle, Blodgett! Why is he taking it?"

"You won't need it here," Blodgett said, watching his men mounting the moraine. "I'll return it to you in Lochiel."

"Wait! Tell Slim to stop!"

"Why?" Blodgett asked.

"Our agreement, man! We're to start out when Slim fires the signal. Where's our gas-shut-off handle, so we can take off?"

"'S all right," Blodgett said. "I've got it." He produced the small valve handle, juggled it in his huge palm, then returned it to his pocket. Slim and the others now reached the bench and faded quickly from view, with Bull Morgan lumbering at the rear.

Blodgett approached them at an angle, walking with a curiously feline tread, despite his bulk. "How do I know the strike's there?" he asked, his head turning as he passed them. "We'll wait till we hear Slim's signal, gambler."

"Of course," Ravenhill said, relaxing. "You must copper your bets, naturally." He sat down and waved Peggy to her place. "One more cup of your excellent coffee, my dear. Then we'll start packing up. . . . Won't you join us, Blodgett?"

Blodgett halted beyond the embers of the fire. He faced them there, on feet firmly planted, his head lowered a little. Deliberately he reached to his shoulder holster and produced his heavy revolver. He held it in his right hand, muzzle downward, his scarred left thumb hooked in his belt.

"I can't figure this bluff of yours, Riv," he said. "I put my cards on the table last night. It goes just like that. You've got some notion you can outtalk me at the showdown?"

"What d'you mean?" Ravenhill asked reprovingly, pouring the coffee. "The talk's finished. We've made an agreement in the presence of witnesses. We stake the claim, then take off. You stake adjoining claims. Nothing complicated about that, eh?"

"No," Blodgett said. "It isn't complicated."

"Then why this show of force?" Ravenhill asked, turning to eye Blodgett's revolver narrowly. "A thirty-eight target on a forty-five frame, eh? A quite vicious weapon. But whom are you trying to intimidate? And why?"

"I'm not trying to intimidate anyone," Blodgett returned. "I'm just waiting for the sound of Slim's rifle. Meantime, keep this in mind, Riv: I've shot ducks on the wing with this gun. I've shot rats off the deck in a living gale. So make no false moves, please. Not any."

Ravenhill pretended to be a little shaken, lowering his coffee cup slowly, his lips pursed. He glanced at his watch. He had mentally allowed a minimum of sixteen minutes for running men to cover the rough mile and a half to the claim. Four minutes were already gone.

"We're assuming the deal stands, Blodgett," he said. "No use frightening Peggy by assuming otherwise. You're calling the shots, of course. We must rely on your generosity. D'you mind if we start packing our gear?"

"Go ahead," Blodgett said.

They busied themselves at once, while Blodgett stood motionless, watching them. Ravenhill's own sleeping bag hadn't been unrolled, and Peggy, when she had rolled and tied her bag neatly, placed it beside Ravenhill's. The umbrella tent and its folding supports made the largest bundle. The emergency equipment, in neat packages and bundles, lay in a separate pile near the water's edge.

"I'll get the emergency stuff aboard first," he told Peggy. "Then this other duffel. Meantime, take a break. Sit down. I won't be long."

Disregarding Blodgett, he went briskly toward the river and got the emergency stuff aboard in two lots. Then he climbed up into the *(Continued on Page 78)*

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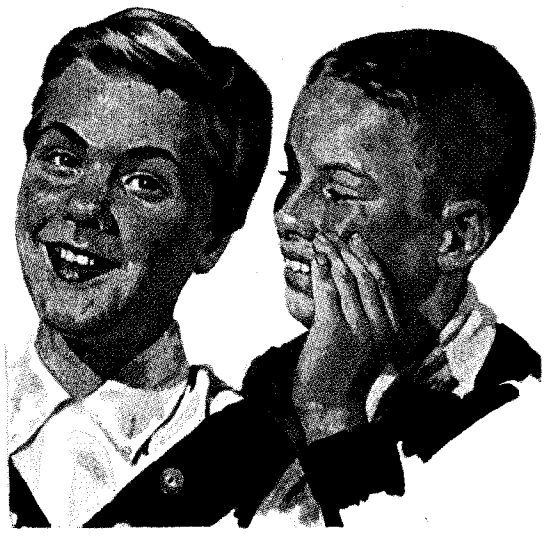

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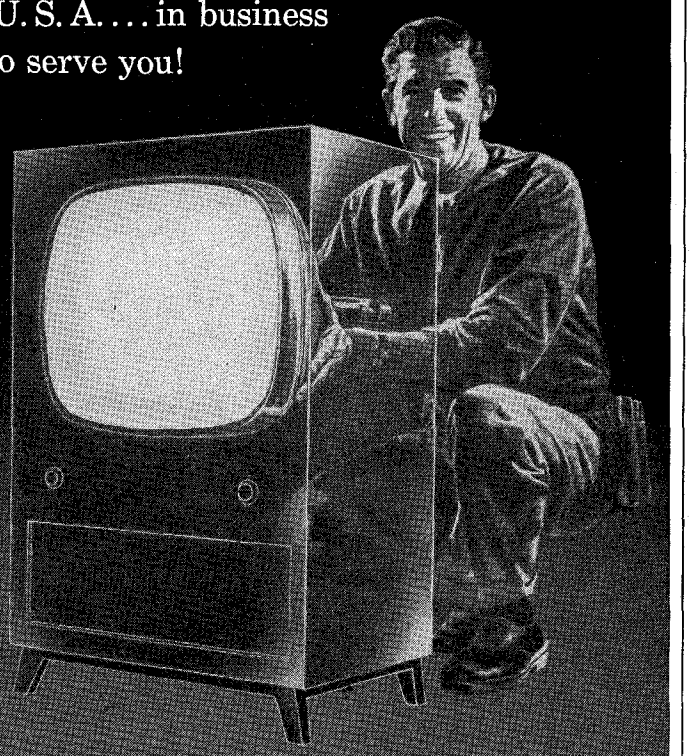

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RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA
Tube Division Harrison, N. J.

(*Continued from Page 76*) cabin, leaving the door open, and lashed the stuff down in their proper places. The final gesture should occur to Blodgett soon—suddenly, clearly, obvious in its simplicity.

It hadn't struck home, yet. Blodgett was merely waiting, somber and watchful. Ravenhill swung down and returned to the table. The distant shot could come at any moment now. They must be in or near the ship's cabin when it came. Nevertheless, Ravenhill paused, still standing, to drain his coffee cup.

Then he turned briskly to his task. "I'll carry the tent and my musette bag," he told Peggy, "if you can manage the two sleeping bags."

She nodded, and rose to her feet. With a sleeping bag under each arm, she followed Ravenhill as he walked slowly toward the ship. Blodgett had grasped it now. He followed slowly, paralleling their course to the river. Ravenhill did not look back, but stepped out on the float, heaved the tent package aboard, then swung up into the cabin.

Peggy followed out on the float and stood leaning against a strut, waiting for Ravenhill to reach down for the bags. He appeared at the door, took one of the bags, then the other.

"Come on aboard," he told her. "You might as well learn how to stow your payload properly."

She did so, and at Ravenhill's urgent gesture, closed the cabin door behind her. Ravenhill motioned her to her place, his fingers to his lips, and slid into the pilot's seat. The ship's tail had drifted a little upstream, so that when Ravenhill slid back the window he commanded a view of the cove.

Blodgett was standing near the tip of the port float, whose supporting strut was anchored to the stake in the sand. He was facing toward Ravenhill, but his head was turned to the southeast, listening.

"May I have the valve handle, Blodgett?" Ravenhill asked. "I might as well get it assembled while we're waiting."

Blodgett gave him a black, measuring stare, but said nothing. His revolver was in his hand, pointing downward, but ready. Peggy could see nothing from her side, except the tail of Slim's ship and the smooth, rushing river.

"I understand, Blodgett," Ravenhill said carelessly. "You must wait until you hear Slim's rifle."

The seconds dragged. Ravenhill lit a cigarette and blew the smoke outward. It drifted slowly upstream. They would have a slight head wind, too, when they took off. If they took off. In all his adventures in the north, Ravenhill could not remember a more nerve-racking interval than those waiting seconds.

Then the sound of the distant rifle shot came. There was a moment more, with Blodgett standing rigid and waiting. The second shot came. This meant that Snively, with the merest superficial inspection, had verified the richness of the strike.

"Good!" Ravenhill said. "Are you satisfied, Blodgett? The valve handle, please."

Blodgett crouched a little, the muzzle of his revolver fixed on Ravenhill like a round, unwinking eye. "Don't move, gambler," he said, and with his left hand fumbled with the knot of the moorline. It fell away and, crouching still lower, Blodgett braced himself in the sand and pushed the float outward. It ground in the sand, came free. Blodgett thrust more powerfully, walking the ship outward until he was knee-deep, and his final thrust sent it out slowly into the grip of the current.

"What's this?" Ravenhill demanded. "Are you out of your mind, Blodgett? Get hold of the float, quick! . . . Jove, it's too late! We'll swim for it! Open the door, Peggy!" With his right hand he gripped her arm and held her in place. "Blodgett, you'd actually murder us both?"

"Don't move!" Blodgett said. "You're still within range! Get out on that float and I'll pick you off like pigeons!" He was moving along the sand, paralleling their progress as the current caught the slowly wheeling ship. The angle of the floats was such that the ship's inertia forced it farther out into the silent, surging water.

They were still not out of range, though the ship was drifting downstream with gathering speed. Peggy's side of the cabin was wheeling into Blodgett's view.

"Slide back your window," Ravenhill told her, opening the gas-shut-off valve. "Protest. Plead with him. We'll soon be in the clear."

Peggy slid back her window and screamed, "Why have you done this to us, captain? Won't you let us swim ashore? We're going over the falls!"

Blodgett was knee-deep at the lower edge of the cove, gun in hand. A lesser cutthroat, Ravenhill thought, could not have resisted a final, sardonic, triumphant gesture. Blodgett merely stood, granite-faced and impassive, leaning out to watch their progress toward the falls.

"Keep your fingers crossed!" Ravenhill told Peggy, as the starter whined. Their progress toward the falls had an unreal quality. It was as though the ship rode placidly, in unmoving water, while the brink rushed toward them.

The engine took hold, sputtered, then settled down to an incredibly soothing roar. Ravenhill nursed it along, veered across the current, swung upstream, and the ship began to creep against the current near the farther bank. It was still touch and go. If the engine conked out now, while warming up against the drag of the current, it would be bad.

Shots came from the cove a quarter mile away. Ravenhill did not even glance in that direction.

"There's only one chance in a hundred that he'll score a hit at this distance," he told Peggy. "Better duck down, however."

She refused to do so, looking out intently. "He's running up the cove, yelling at Slim. Now he's stopped. He's running back trying to reload his revolver. No, he hasn't any shells left; he's throwing the revolver down. Now he's walking slowly down to the water, watching us."

"He's annoyed, no doubt," Ravenhill said, cocking his ear to the sound of the engine. "Aha, we're doing fine! We'll keep on upstream for a mile or so. We make our run downriver."

Peggy turned slowly toward him. He did not look at her, keeping his eyes on the instruments, but he knew that realization had come to her, and that her face was awed and tremulous. Nor did he change expression, though this was a regal moment, one of the purple passages which appeared all too seldom in the dun and colorless fabric speeding through the loom.

The showdown had come and gone. Once more, through the smile of Lady Luck, plus Peggy's unfaltering courage when the chips were down—the winner, by Jove!

"Riv," she said, in a shaken voice, "you found dad's mine, and staked it?"

"That's right."

"You said you couldn't find it the first time. You weren't supposed to be able to find it until four o'clock."

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"That's when I found it," he told her calmly. "It's what fooled me from the first—the timing. Your father could have gone directly to the strike. He wasn't trying to deceive anyone when he said the shadow of the butte touched the crevasse at four o'clock. But he meant—four o'clock in the morning. That put it southwest of the butte, instead of southeast. A good four miles' difference. . . . We're warming up," he told her. "I'll rev up the engine a bit."

The engine roared and they leaped forward. He cut it back again, nodding.

"Four in the morning?" she repeated.

"It was the longest day in the year," he explained. "The sun had been up for three hours when your father came to the crevasse."

"But—but how did you deduce that?"

"From that mountain sheep. The one your father shot and carried back to his starving pals without pausing to cook a bite or two for himself. A sterling citizen, your father."

"Give," she urged. "What about the sheep?"

"Your father waited for it in the morning, remember?" he told her. "The sheep would come on watch the moment the sun showed. On the longest day of the year, that would be around one A.M. Assume a half hour before your father got into position to shoot it, and another half hour to dress it and get under way. The bench is only five miles wide. He would hurry as fast as his strength allowed. Two hours would bring him to the crevasse—where he took his last rest. Do you recall that detail?"

"Yes. It didn't mean a thing to me."

"It would have to Blodgett," he assured her. "But you didn't talk, I take it. You measured up in all particulars, in fact. Well done, my dear."

"Thank you, sir," she said.

He began to come about, wheeling across the current. The falls were remote in the distance below. The cove was far down to the left. It was empty, except for Blodgett's tiny figure at the water's edge.

"How did you know," Peggy asked, "that Blodgett would push us out into the water? He was sure we couldn't take off—but wasn't that taking quite a chance?"

"It was our only chance," he told her. "I hope you'll never have to face such a risk again. I'd intended to steal down and take off the moment the claim was staked. Blodgett was on watch, however. He had me stymied. . . . Your safety belt, please."

She fastened her safety belt. Then she said wonderingly, "We not only escaped but you even staked the claim! Now we can record it. But can't Captain Blodgett—jump the claim, the minute we're gone?"

"He won't," Ravenhill surmised, scanning his instruments. "We'll have it recorded. The Mounties know too much about the situation. Blodgett may not even stake adjoining claims. They may be blanks. The big pot escaped him. He's a good gambler. He played and lost."

"Meantime, it's your claim," she reminded smilingly. "Do I get a share?"

"It's yours," he said at once. "I'll transfer it the moment it's recorded. You may give me any share you wish."

"Is half satisfactory?"

"Quite."

"Provided you take over development of the mine," she amended. "I don't know anything about that—as usual."

"We'll discuss it at the Corliss," he told her, "over a good beefsteak. It'll be rather late for breakfast."

"We'll have plenty to discuss over that beefsteak," she threatened. "You just wait."

"Strictly business, I presume?" he returned lightly. "You're right—partnerships are always involved. Bales of papers to be drawn up, and all that. . . . We're taking off, my dear. Ready?"

"Yes, darn it!" she said.

The engine roared. They leaped forward, came up on the steps quickly and were air-borne. As they came opposite the cove, Ravenhill dipped his wings to Blodgett. To his surprise and pleasure, Blodgett returned the salute, an arm upflung.

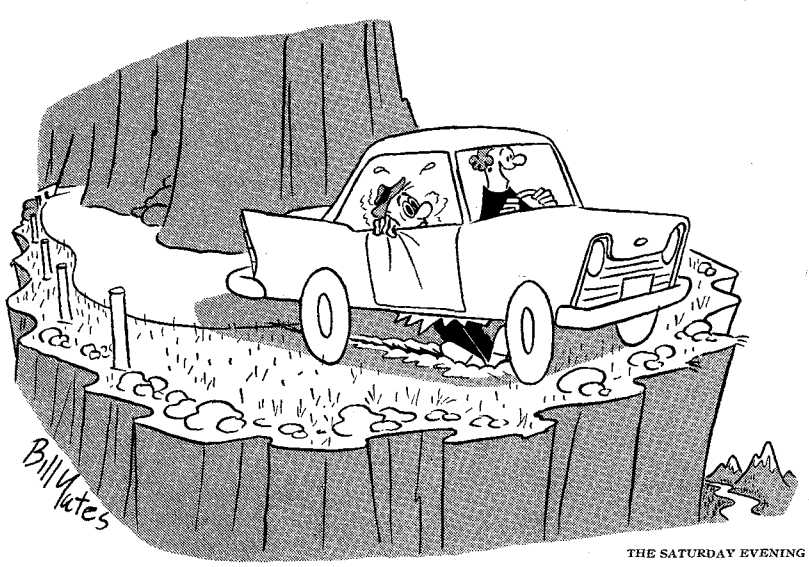
"Sporting of him," Ravenhill said. "Slim wouldn't have done it, you can be sure of that. And what a dressing-down Slim will get when he returns to the cove!"

"I'd have given Blodgett half the mine, or all of it, if he'd just played fair," Peggy said, turning to look back. "I feel sorry for him, sort of."

"Don't," Ravenhill advised. "He's walked away from an empty table before this, many times. So have I—and shall again, I presume. One learns to accept the rub of the green. . . . Look ahead," he told her. "Isn't that a spectacle?"

It was, indeed. At this precise hour and moment, the mists above the falls were comprised of bands of prismatic color wheeling majestically in the slanting sunlight. They plunged through that gorgeous curtain and were above the shadowed lower canyon, heading south by east toward the distant Liard.

THE END



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Fishing at Its Fanciest

(Continued from Page 37)

deposit, assign them a hull number, and go to work on that hull when its turn comes up. At present, we have orders that will take one and a half to three years to fill."

We were looking over the latest addition to the Rybovich line. It was a thirty-eight-footer which had been moved from the sheds and put into the water for final outfitting. The price tag, Johnny said, was "about seventy thousand." The firm's boat basin, protected by a sturdy sea wall, is located on the West Palm Beach side of Lake Worth, a brackish body of water which separates the mainland from Palm Beach. Now, just before the winter-spring fishing season, the basin held half a hundred boats. Some were there for repairs, some for repainting. The sale of sports-fishing machines accounts for about half of the Rybovich firm's income. The rest comes from the repair and maintenance of all kinds of craft.

On this day the fishing boats in the basin made a gallant showing, with their outriggers, masts and radio antennas pointing skyward like lances. Among the fleet were half a dozen Rybovich boats being readied for owners who were still up North. Shining bright, the thirty-eight-foot newcomer was nearly ready to join their ranks.

Looking at her, a non-fishing landlubber would find it hard to believe she was $70,000 worth of boat. For that kind of money one can buy a much bigger, flashier-looking craft.

Actually, there is nothing radically new or startlingly different in the appearance of any Rybovich craft. Of course, they have distinctive lines, thanks to the genius of Tommy Rybovich, the brother who designs them. Most noticeable are the sharp V shape of the bow, the smooth flow of the sheer, and a beam unusually wide for a sports-fishing craft.

Even so, a Rybovich boat is outwardly much like any other big-game fishing craft. The difference is clear, however, when one of these boats is examined closely by an experienced captain or angler, or when it is used in combat with one of the giants of the sea. Then the reason they are sometimes called fishing machines becomes apparent. From stem to stern, from keel to the soaring tuna tower, they are built for only one purpose—hunting down, striking, fighting and boating the biggest game fish that swim in Gulf Stream waters, with every possible aid for the comfort and convenience of the angler and crew.

I gathered some idea of what goes into a $70,000 craft by inspecting the $800 fighting chair on the boat being finished. This chair, custom built to handle really big fish, was bolted to the middle of the teakwood stern deck. It was adjustable to many positions, had a replaceable sandpaper lining on the footrest to give the fisherman's feet a firm grip, a gimbal socket for the rod butt, and enough snaps, swivels and belts to bind the angler as securely as if he were in an electric chair.

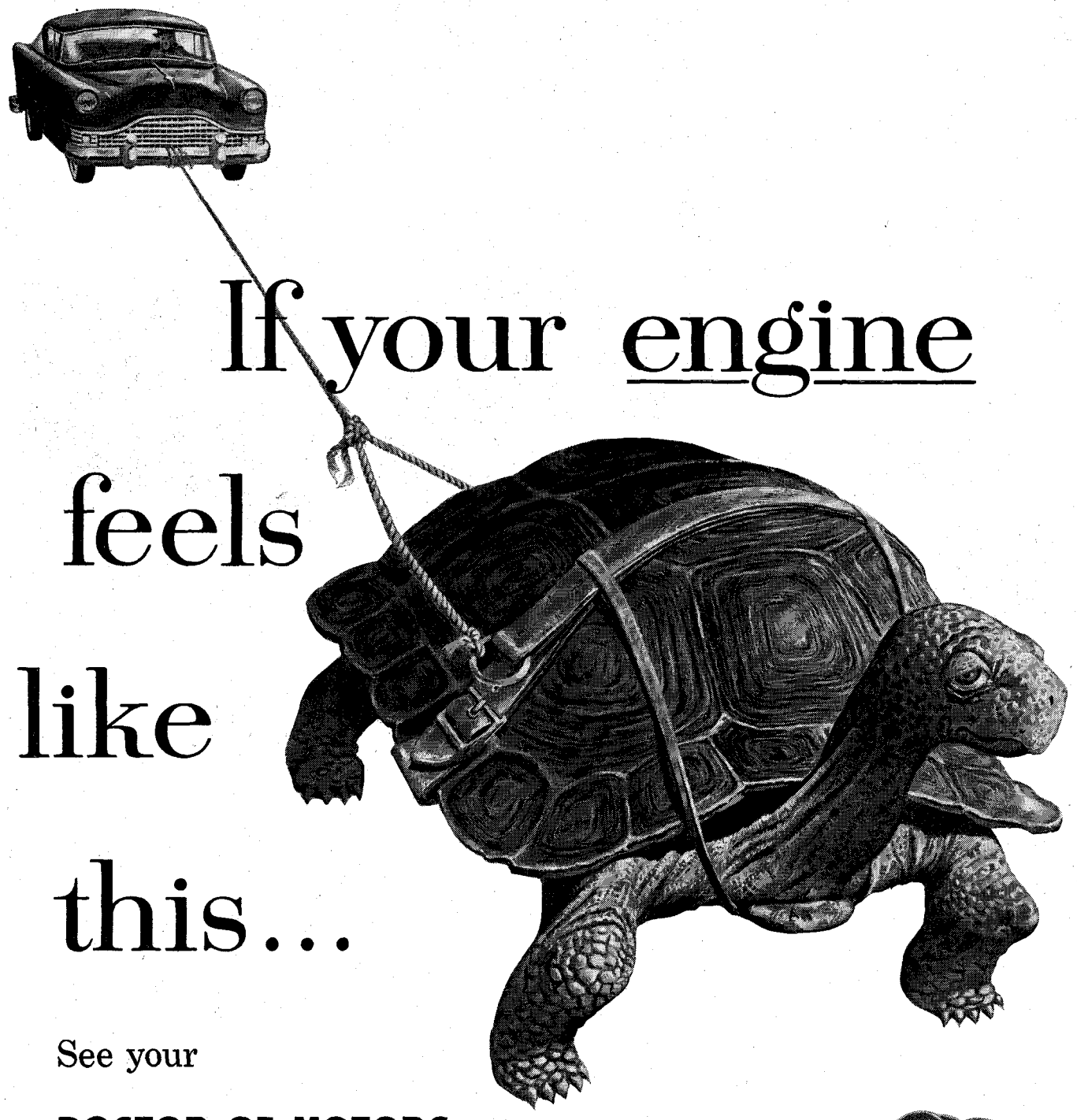
"We once had a customer who was very broad in the beam," Johnny said, "so we built the chair several inches wider than usual without mentioning it. The customer never knew why it felt so comfortable."

The fighting chair was flanked by two smaller, removable chairs. The only rigidly stationary fitting on the entire rear deck is the fighting chair. Everything else—auxiliary chairs, fish box, bait box—can be removed to clear the deck for battle. There is not so much as a cleat to interfere when the angler tangles with a big tuna or marlin.

In these boats it isn't necessary to lift a heavy fish over the railing. There is a door in the transom, or stern part of the hull, near the water line, to be opened or closed at will. On less carefully made boats, the transom door is usually cut right down through the railing, like a gate in a fence. "This weakens the entire stern structure," Johnny says, "and can even be dangerous." On a Rybovich boat, the door is cut out like the entrance to a chute in a wall, leaving the railing intact. When a fish is brought close enough to gaff, the gaff hooks are used to slide it through the door, which is big enough to admit a 1000-pounder.

The boat can be controlled from three positions—the cockpit, the flying bridge on the cabin top and from the tuna tower, a sort of crow's-nest on metal stilts rising ten feet above the cabin top. There is a well for live bait in the stern deck and an electric freezer for other bait. Interior cabin fittings differ according to the owner's tastes. They are often luxurious, although there is no attempt to make yachts out of these boats, and they are not designed primarily for living aboard. This particular one had an electric refrigerator, an electrically operated flush toilet, galley and table, bunks for four, radio direction finder and ship-to-shore radiophone. The cabin was air-conditioned as a guarantee against hot weather and insects when the boat is docked.

The new boat wasn't ready for trial runs yet, but I rode with Johnny Rybovich and Capt. Sam Collins when they took out the Ban-Gee, owned by Gene



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Gobel, of Gobel Aircraft Specialists, Inc., to put her through her paces. We were accompanied by the Bimini Babe, owned by Robert E. Maytag and piloted by Capt. John Harms. Both craft were being readied for their owners' arrival.

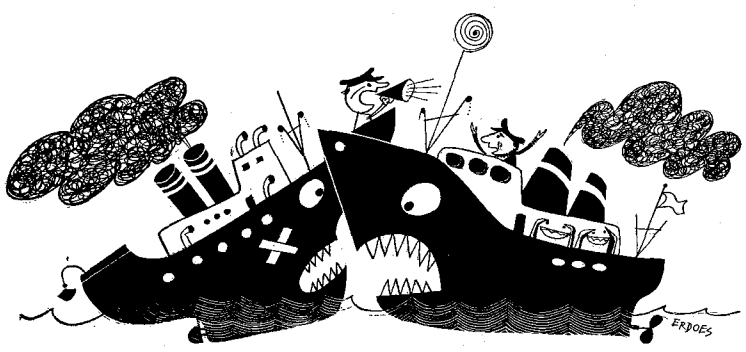
The Ban-Gee is one of the larger boats built by Rybovich, measuring forty-one feet in length, with a top speed of twenty-seven miles per hour and a cruising speed of twenty-two miles. These fishing machines are not built to win races, but they have speed and power aplenty. Usually fitted with twin engines of 250 horsepower each, they can outperform most boats in the rough waters for which they were designed.

As soon as we were clear of the sea wall, both boats squatted down and went up Lake Worth to the inlet at the north end of Palm Beach, and then swooped out to sea. Johnny was steering from the tuna tower. Once on the ocean, he made the boat prance and wheel like a polo pony. Sometimes it leaned over so far in a turn that it was dizzying to watch Johnny swaying in his high tower. Although the sea wasn't rough, it was evident why so many users had told me the Rybovich boats were the smoothest they ever rode in bad waters. The V-shaped bow was designed to bash down heavy waves so that the boat, and not the angler, would take the pounding. At the same time, this bow helped to flatten the wake, an advantage when trolling baits, because fish can see the lure better in a smooth wake than in a foamy one.

The Bimini Babe was following us. I saw her taking fast turns as gracefully as a swallow, coming on at full speed with only a slight curl of foam at her bow, evidence that she wasn't pushing a lot of ocean in front of her.

Captain Collins rigged up the lines and took over the controls while we fished briefly. It was only the beginning of the season, and the best we could get was a dolphin, caught by Johnny, but this was not a fair test of the boat as a fishing machine. Although admirably suited to taking the sailfish, dolphins, amber jacks, barracuda and other fish of Florida waters, the Rybovich boats essentially are greyhounds that roam the waters around Cat Cay, Bimini, the Bahamas and Cuba in search of fish that weigh 200 to 1000 pounds.

How the Rybovich family entered the business of building topnotch sports-



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

The ultramodern motorship Pole Star plowed north at full speed through a fog. Its radar suddenly revealed the aged S.S. Santa Anita ten miles away and headed south. The Santa Anita, lacking radar, was groping along at half speed with its foghorn bellowing. As it appeared to the Pole Star captain that the two ships were on parallel courses and could not collide, he went below for some much-needed sleep. Had he stayed at the radar, however, he would have seen that the Pole Star was headed across the Santa Anita's course. Soon the Pole Star rammed and sank the older ship with some damage to its own bow. The Santa Anita's owners sued.

"Our captain slowed to half speed and sounded his foghorn in accordance with the rules of seamanship," the Santa Anita owners contended, "but your gadget-minded skipper negligently kept going at full speed until he rammed our ship. Therefore it's all your fault."

"While our skipper might have been more careful, the Santa Anita captain is at fault for not sighting the Pole Star in time to get out of the way," came the rejoinder. "Both captains are to blame. So we should no more have to pay for the loss of your ship than you should have to pay for smashing our ship's bow."

If you were the judge, would you make the Pole Star owners pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Pole Star owners had to pay. The court said the Santa Anita captain had used due care. It blamed the captain of the Pole Star for not sticking by his radar and for "merely guessing" that the other ship was steering a parallel course. "What happened here," it continued, "demonstrates how radar may, when not properly used, increase the chances of collision. . . . It seems likely that the Pole Star would have proceeded more cautiously had she not been equipped with radar."

Based upon a 1956 decision of the U. S. Court of Appeals.

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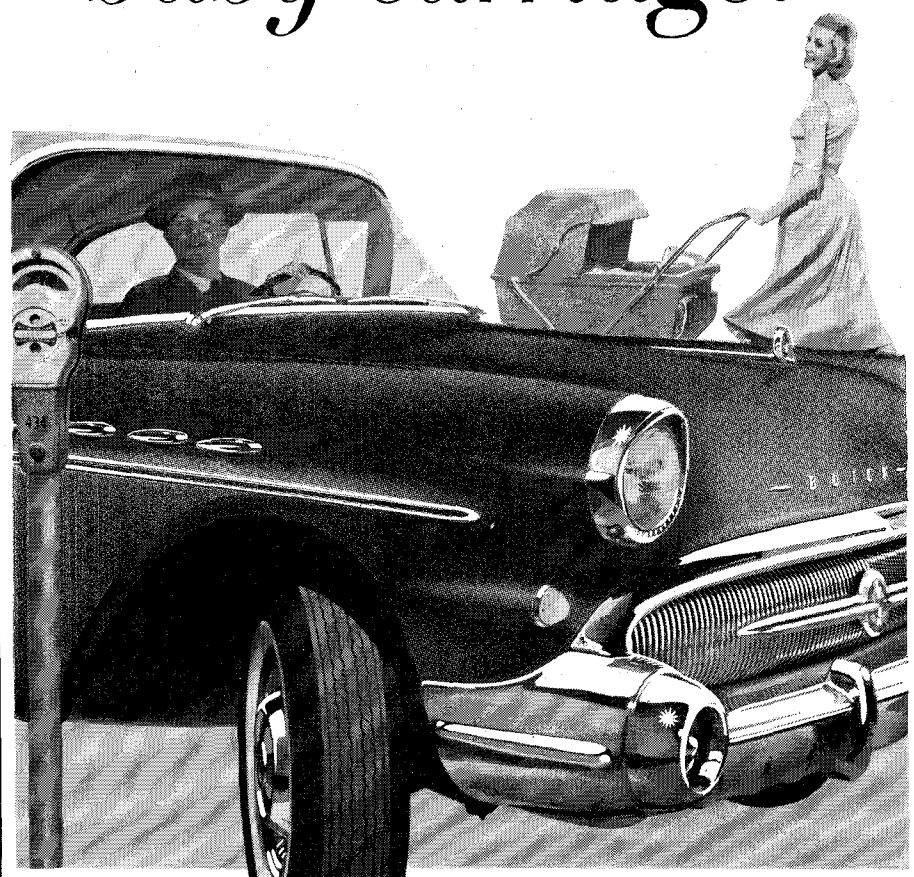

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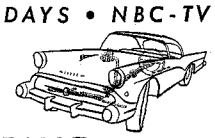

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SPALDING
SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

fishing craft is a story that involves among other things, the development of the Palm Beaches under Henry M. Flagler, rumrunning, the collapse of the Florida boom, a hurricane and World War II.

The active members of the family, in addition to Johnny, are Tommy, thirty-seven, who works with scale models that resemble children's blocks, and comes up with designs that startle marine architects; and Robert, thirty-five—"Emil" to his friends—who handles the mechanical end of the business and most of the repairs. Johnny runs the business, as becomes the oldest brother. Tommy guides the construction in addition to designing each craft, and even leaves his drafting loft to do the final sanding on each hull.

The business was founded by John Rybovich, Senior, and his wife, Anna, better known to everyone as Pop and Mom Rybovich. Pop, an expert carpenter and cabinetmaker, came to this country in 1902 from what is now Yugoslavia. He married nine years later and in 1912 he and his wife settled in the Palm Beach area. Work with hammer and saw was plentiful, except for one thing—there wasn't any during The Season. Flagler, in his awful majesty as potentate and developer of the Palm Beaches, decreed that there should be no unseemly hammering and sawing in construction work during The Season, a three-month winter period then enjoyed only by millionaires, who came to Palm Beach in private railroad cars.

Pop, now seventy-six, likes to visit the boat yard. His face wrinkles into a smile as he recalls the beginnings of his boat-building business. "I thought I'd try commercial fishing in those off months, so I bought a boat with a three-horsepower engine and practically no bottom. But I was a carpenter, so I built a new bottom." Then he rebuilt another old boat. Johnny was born about that time, in 1913. By 1918 Pop had bought the first parcel of land where the firm is now located, and was devoting all his time to trolling and netting fish commercially, and repairing boats for other commercial fishermen.

Pop built his first brand-new boat in 1918. It was only a sea skiff, but it was a start. By the early '20's, he was building sea skiffs in earnest, and Johnny's first job was to throw coconut husks on a fire to keep the mosquitoes away from his pop.

In those days, rumrunning was a profitable business along the Florida coast, and the runners found Rybovich-built skiffs much to their liking. They held together in rough seas and under heavy loads, and they were fast. Commercial fishermen also wanted Rybovich boats and Rybovich repairs. Pop was kept busy hammering and sawing. The other children came along, including two daughters, and things were looking good for the immigrant carpenter.

The Florida bubble burst in 1926, the hurricane of 1928 wiped out all of the Rybovich holdings, including their house, and the Florida bank failures of 1929 followed.

Pop built a new house—the one he and Mom now occupy. He also built a new boat yard. Johnny quit high school in his senior year to help out, and they kept busy through the depressed early '30's. Pop even managed to hire some men, spreading out the work as much as he could to help as many as possible. In those days, other builders were getting only $300 or $400 for their skiffs. "But I could sell mine for a thousand dollars each," Pop recalls.

He and Johnny teamed up as charter-boat skippers in this period, and thus learned at first hand the sports fishermen's problems. In those days there was no such thing as a sports fishing boat. Anything that would float was pressed into service to take out parties on a daily-charter basis. Open skiffs weren't practical, so everyone took to converting cabin cruisers into fishing boats. The Ryboviches were up to their necks in rebuilding as money became more plentiful in the later '30's.

They ripped out the housing on the cabin cruisers, removed bulkheads and windows, and widened railings "so the fishermen wouldn't be cut in two trying to drag a fish over the side." They replaced the nearly standard single engine with twin engines. They installed fish boxes, then ripped them out several years later when anglers found that their location at the stern interfered with fighting big fish.

The only controls on cabin cruisers were down in the cockpit—a poor place for a man who had to watch the sea, the fish and the angler. Captains took to chopping holes in the cabin roof, sticking out their heads and steering with their bare toes on the wheel. Next to appear was the flying bridge, which was an auxiliary control on the cabin top. Then came the tuna mast, a most uncomfortable perch, which gave a lookout a higher vantage point than the flying bridge—but there were no controls up there. The tuna tower, which Tommy Rybovich accepts as a necessary eyesore, replaced the tuna mast; and controls were added for steering from topside. The Ryboviches make no claim to inventing such improvements. They simply bettered other persons' ideas. For instance, their tuna tower, where the captain must stand and be tossed about in rough seas, has its railing heavily padded to save him from injury.

Altogether, Pop Rybovich and his boys learned a great deal while converting cabin cruisers. The idea of pooling all their knowledge to create a special fishing boat of their own came naturally. World War II, however, was an interruption. Johnny marched into the Army and eventually marched out again with a captain's commission. Emil was a ground mechanic in the Air Force. Tommy became an aviator and saw plenty of action over Italy.

It was a busy time for Pop. He not only had to run his own boat yard, with the help of his daughters, Ethel and Irene, but he had to manage another yard nearby to keep in repair the small craft that were pressed into service by the Coast Guard and Navy for submarine-patrol work off the Florida coast. Pop still found time, however, to buy building materials. He remembered the postwar shortages after World War I, so he stocked up whenever he could, cannily piling up thousands of feet of lumber that nobody else seemed to want at the time. There was good white oak for frames, mahogany for planking and trim, teakwood from Burma for the stern deck. He was ready when the boys came home.

Tommy had been dreaming up new designs. Johnny, in a San Francisco hospital, had found time to devise a new method of wire bracing for all-metal outriggers. Emil had learned more about mechanics. All together, they built the first of the "modern series." This was the Miss Chevy II, a thirty-four-footer with an eleven-foot beam, purchased by C. F. (Charley) Johnson, who resides in Palm Beach and owns a string of automobile agencies.

If anyone is qualified to discuss Rybovich boats, Charley Johnson is the man. He has owned and sold three so far, and

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is negotiating for a fourth. He sold the first three because of his eagerness to try out the newest model. He is unstinting in his praise.

"They're sound; that's it, they're sound," he told me earnestly. "Pop Rybovich knows wood, and the boys know how to build. Every stick is perfect. Do you know, they only take one or two planks at a time from the dehumidifier, so the moisture content won't vary a jot from one board to another. If they took them all out at one time, some would absorb more moisture from the air before being fitted into place. And there isn't any calking between planks; the fit is perfect."

Johnson had a memorable day, December 29, 1949, when he took twenty-six sailfish with the Miss Chevy II off the Florida coast. In 1951 he scored the greatest poundage and the largest number of points in the Cat Cay Tuna Tournament with another Rybovich boat. The Miss Chevy II is now the Sail Ahoy, and still operating as the only Rybovich boat in charter service at West Palm Beach. Johnson is interested at present in an experimental model temporarily nicknamed the Hot Rodder, which has a beefed-up bow to flatten the wake further, and a two-position topside control system to eliminate the cockpit control entirely.

With the advent of Miss Chevy II, the Rybo- -n boats caught on, and the boatworks found itself rushed with orders. One A. J. Accardo, better known as Tony Accardo in Chicago underworld circles, bought the Clari-Jo. Ross D. Siragusa, of Admiral Radio and Television, acquired the Suzi III, and Allison F. Fleitas bought the Vael to sail it out of Wilmington, Delaware. D. H. Braman bought the Cosa and used it out of Port O'Connor, Texas. As is usual with boat names, most of those bestowed upon the twenty-four "modern series" built by the Ryboviches up to the beginning of this year are more or less commonplace. However, Roger S. Firestone, Jr., of Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, came up with an appropriate name: Tireless.

The owners are good salesmen for Rybovich boats because they have found them as nearly perfect as a fishing machine can be today. If they want to sell, they can often get more than they paid originally, due to demand and the rising costs of production. However, the best salesmen are the captains and crews who must handle boats under all conditions in big-game fishing. I talked to one of them, Capt. Jack Pierpont, skipper of the Lazy Bones III out of New York. This Rybovich boat is owned by W. H. (Harry) Peters, an automobile distributor of Hackensack, New Jersey. After three years as captain, Pierpont is highly enthusiastic about the craft he commands. Not only skippers but also many anglers feel that in landing a giant fish the boat does 50 per cent of the work, the crew 30 per cent, and the angler and his gear 20 per cent.

All the Rybovich building and repair work is done by thirty-five to forty workmen, permanent employees, in a group of buildings with a floor area of 25,000 square feet. If this sounds as though it might be a beehive of activity, it isn't. Everything proceeds quietly; the sea gulls wheeling around the place often are noisier than the boat yard.

Soft-spoken Johnny likes to pit his six-foot, 200-pound bulk against big fish, especially those found on the Pacific Ocean side of Panama. Emil, when he isn't flying the firm's four-seater amphibian to a hurry-up repair job in the Bahamas, is a light-line-fishing enthusiast. Tommy's interest in fishing boats ceases once his designs have been tested in the water. He has never seen a fish landed on one of his craft. Pop Rybovich still likes to troll as he did in commercial-fishing days.

Taken together, the Ryboviches are a well-knit family, with joint property holdings in the firm, in land around the Palm Beaches, and even an island in the Bahamas. Everyone who has read Horatio Alger can understand their rise, but no one can understand how they build the boats they do. You see, they use no blueprints, but take Tommy's beautiful toy blocks—his scale models of craft ranging from twenty-eight to forty-eight feet in length—and project them by some Rybovich magic into some of the most efficient fishing machines the Gulf Stream has ever seen. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Did I forget to lay you off last fall?!!"

the "made-to-measure" look in leather

New for Spring

Freeman "Sandstone"

in canyon blends

Freeman's light-stepping new leathers are sun-tanned in a rich range of natural hues. The "made-to-measure" look is outward evidence of built-in richness and comfort. Your Freeman dealer has spring selections *now*. Write for his name.

Freeman Shoes are $10.95 to $24.95. Higher Rockies West
Freeman Shoe Corp., Beloit, Wisconsin
Largest Exclusive Makers of Men's Fine Shoes

wonderful feeling
FREEMAN
shoes for men

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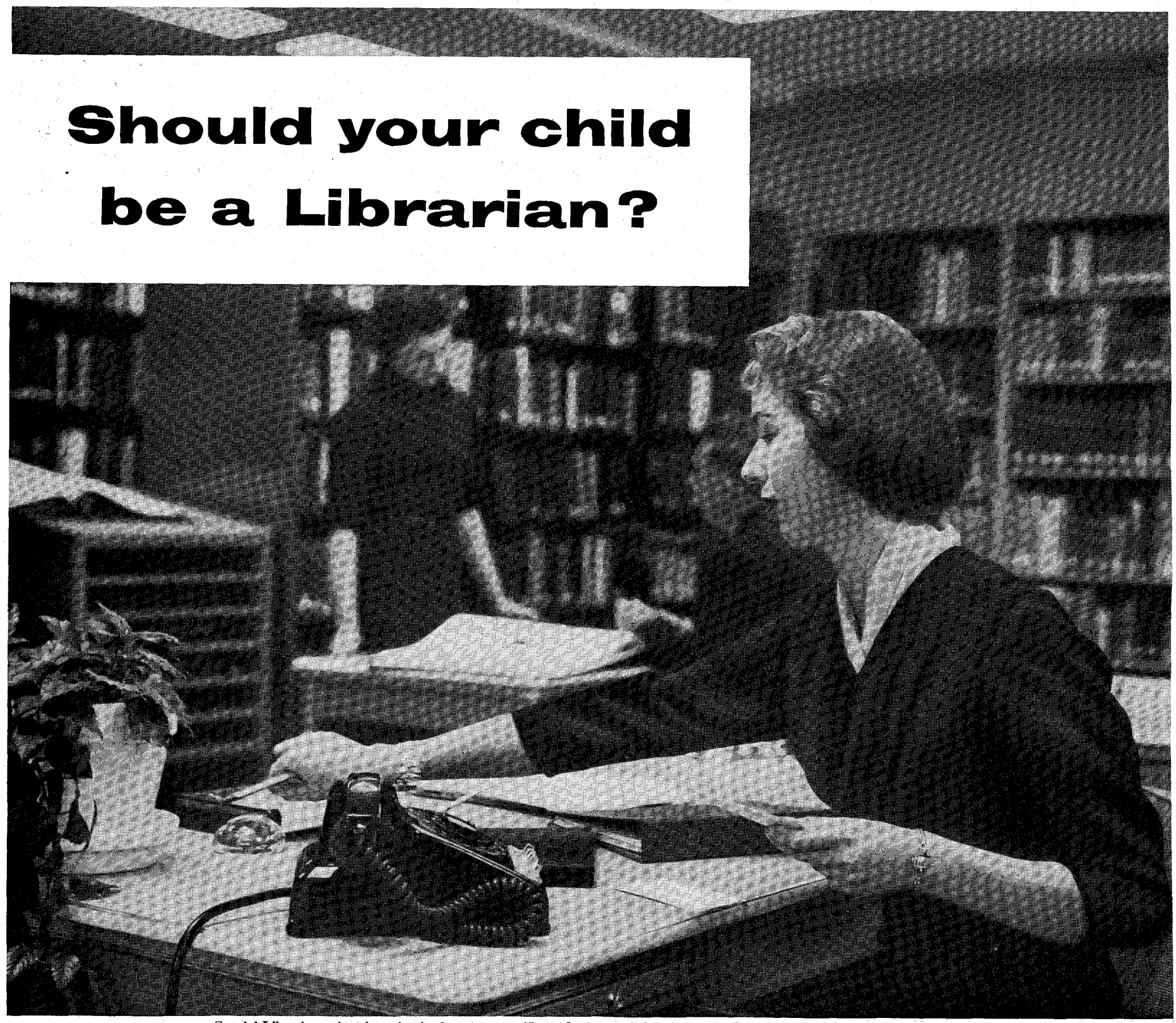
The 24th in a Series of Advertisements Presented by New York Life to Help Guide America's Children to a Better Future

Should your child be a Librarian?



Special Libraries, privately maintained to serve specific professions or industries such as law, electronics, insurance and the like, offer increasing opportunities to skilled librarians who are themselves primarily interested in these specialized fields.

by EDWARD G. FREEHAFER

Director, The New York Public Library
(As told to LLEWELLYN MILLER)

"WHY DIDN'T I think of that!" teased a college classmate in mock envy when I told him I had decided to become a librarian. "What a soft life—go to work, stamp a few cards, spend the rest of the day reading in your ivory tower!"

He was only half joking.

His impression of my chosen work was what he had seen in casual visits to look up a fact or borrow a book. To him, "librarian" meant the attendant behind the desk of a hushed reading room.

Like so many otherwise well-informed people of today, he had only the vaguest idea of the enormously varied duties, opportunities and rewards that my profession offers.

There is good reason.

There have been custodians of the written and printed word since man began to record his knowledge, but librarianship as a modern *profession* is relatively quite new and has grown very fast to keep pace with the phenomenal expansion of our libraries.

The first library in the United States was established in 1638 when John Harvard bequeathed 400 books to the university that bears his name. Today, Harvard's library contains some 6,000,000 volumes.

The first circulating library in this country was organized in 1731, in Philadelphia. It was more a club than a library, since its use was restricted to its subscribers. As for a librarian—there wasn't one unless you count the member who volunteered to keep a list of borrowers, without pay. His name was Benjamin Franklin.

Not until 1833—only 124 years ago—was our first tax-supported, free, circulating public library opened. Little Peterborough, N. H., made that important big stride.

The idea flashed throughout our land. Free libraries, supported all or in part by public funds, came into being with almost explosive rapidity.

Today, we have nearly 7,000 publicly owned libraries, not counting their 3,100 branches. These vary in size from The New York Public Library with its 80 miles of shelves in the Central Building alone, and staff of over 2,000, to county libraries that serve readers in isolated communities by bookmobile.

In addition, we have over 20,000 libraries in elementary and high schools. There are vast collections in our colleges and universities. The Library of Congress, our national library and biggest in the country, has 10,000,000 volumes, plus millions of non-book items.

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In 1947, there were 1,600 Special Libraries, for the most part supported by and serving business and industry. Today, we have more than 3,000.

There is great competition among all of these for trained librarians.

Not too long ago, a high school graduate could start as a page and eventually become a librarian, learning as he worked, usually for quite low wages.

That is no longer the case.

As libraries grew, so did the need for qualified staffs to run them. Today, the title "trained librarian" ordinarily means one who has completed the five years of study at college or university level leading to a Master's degree.

Salaries have kept pace with increased educational requirements, but the demand for librarians far exceeds the supply. At one library school, *twelve* different positions were open to *each* member of the 1956 class!

What does a librarian do?

Having a job in a library is different from being a librarian. At least half of the staff of a big library has training in other fields. These are the clerical workers, the business machine operators, microfilm technicians, building maintenance workers, bookbinders and scores of other specialists. As a general thing, you do not find the graduate librarian behind a charging desk.

Briefly described, the librarian's work is the selection, acquisition, organization of and—especially important—guidance to man's recorded knowledge whether for research, study, self-improvement, business or recreation.

Think what this means and what a wide choice is open to the qualified boy or girl!

Acquisition · Has your child a thirst for knowledge and an inquiring mind? The selecting and purchasing of new as well as old books, periodicals, government documents, music and other materials is a fascinating part of library operation.

Organization · Has your child executive talent? The library needs directors, administrators and supervisors to see that the river of books flows smoothly into the hands of readers. The organization of reference material and giving aid in its use are absorbing duties in which young people with some one special interest can find great rewards.

"Science is my hobby, but I don't want to be an engineer or technician," said a young man who came to me for career advice. "Is there any way I can concentrate on the sciences in library work?"

He could and did. He is now the head of a big technical library, building a sound career and making a valuable contribution in the field of his keenest interest.

A librarian serving at an information desk, such as this one in The New York Public Library, must know exactly where to look to find the answers to questions on almost every subject under the sun. Many have learned to speak several languages to help them in answering inquiries.

Many of us are appreciators of the arts and sciences without having the desire or the temperament to be creators or performers in them.

Over and over we hear, "I'm interested in law—but I don't want to practice it;" "I love music—but I'm not a composer or musician;" "Economics absorbs me—but I don't want to go into business;" "History is my hobby—but I don't want to teach it."

These are the bright young people who may find greatest satisfaction in a library career. There are few special interests from Art to Zoology which cannot be turned to account in a library.

Guidance · Today's library is no ivory tower, though sometimes the studious lone wolf can find his cave in it, too. It is a busy community center where people of many different talents work together for the benefit of every element of society. One of the librarian's most important and interesting tasks is providing guidance to the vast store of riches, available to all through books—if they know where to look.

Here come the children for a story-telling session, a picture book hour, perhaps a puppet show. Here come the parents for discussion groups, exhibits, lectures and concerts as well as books. Here is a commercial artist in search of prints of ancient steam engines. Here is a businessman asking for census figures. There is a writer wanting help with research for a historical novel; a scientist checking facts; a sociologist working on a report; doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs, club women, housewives, professors and pupils—there is nothing isolated or routine about a librarian's life.

If your child likes the bustle of a big city, a large public library may be his goal. If he likes to be an active part of a neighborhood, branch libraries of big systems or libraries in small towns will put him in close touch with his fellow citizens. If he likes the academic atmosphere, there are challenging careers waiting in school, college and university libraries.

Special Libraries deserve special mention. These are collections, often very large and usually privately maintained to serve a company, industry, profession or association. Most often they pertain to one subject—law, medicine, genealogy, natural history, art, electronics, merchandising, drama, transportation, banking, military affairs, religion, insurance, advertising—the list is long. Their librarians are specialists whose professional work frequently includes creative compiling of reports, or other aids to members of these various occupations.

What training is required?

Basic career requirement is four years in college leading to a Bachelor's degree, followed by one year at one of the 35 accredited Library Schools for a Master's degree in Library Science. A Liberal Arts course is a good background. Credits in languages, literature, economics and the physical and social sciences are valuable.

Some state universities have Library Schools, so the cost of tuition can be as little as $400 a year. Some scholarships are available, and many major libraries have training programs which permit students to gain experience while paying their way through Library School.

What does a librarian earn?

The library is not the place for those mainly interested in making a fortune, though salaries are at a level for which we need no longer apologize. They compare favorably with those in other professions allied with teaching and social service.

Library School graduates, without experience, averaged from $3,900 to $4,200 in 1956 in different parts of the country. Chief librarians in major cities receive as much as $17,000—more in some cases. At present, a number of top federal government positions pay up to $14,800. Salaries in libraries maintained by industry occasionally go as high as $25,000.

Most library systems have retirement plans. Many publicly supported libraries provide the benefits of Civil Service.

Both men and women can aspire to jobs at the top of our profession. The head of one of our largest systems, The Chicago Public Library, is a woman.

How can you tell if your child is suited for a library career?

The chances are that your child, if he is a good student and is above average mentally and has a respect for knowledge, will make a good librarian. Scientific studies have revealed the not so startling fact that librarians are normal human beings. If you take a cross-section of the profession you will find the whole range of personalities. The diversity of work in the various phases of librarianship is one of the great attractions of the field.

If your child has leadership ability, he will find there is unusual need for his talent in supervisory and administrative departments. If your child has a scholarly bent and a liking for people, he is ideally suited for public service work. Even if he is not gregarious, there are many places where just plain intellectual curiosity is the most needed trait.

One good way to find out if your child can be happy and successful in a libary career is to urge him to sample it. This is not hard to do. Young people often can find jobs as pages or junior clerks during the summer or after school, or as junior assistants in college libraries. By seeing our work from the inside, the youngsters who are suited for the library may realize, even though their work is limited to clerical tasks, that they have found the place that will keep them endlessly challenged and interested.

The library has high standards. It deserves and demands the best, but in return it gives rewards beyond any counting in money. It offers a position of influence and dignity in the community; a title of which anyone can be proud; and the knowledge that each day's work is a valuable contribution of education, amusement, solace or inspiration to others.

nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Librarianship is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work, Retailing *and* Atomic Science. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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We Flew Operation Sharkbait

(Continued from Page 33)

"nobody can explain Area Two. All I got was the weather. Torbay has one hundred feet ceiling, with a quarter mile visibility. Gander's got four hundred and a half in fog. Harmon is O.K. Nobody knows anything about us. I guess we're too classified."

In our flight plan, Torbay in Southeast Newfoundland and Gander in the north are the emergency airports to use if we should miss connections with the tankers. But a warm front that should have moved far to the east of Newfoundland has reversed itself, and now sits squarely over Torbay, Gander and our original refueling area. Our troubles are snowballing.

If we fly as far east as Torbay to search for the tankers, and don't find them, we won't have enough fuel left to return to Harmon, in Southwest Newfoundland. A southwesterly jet stream now blowing in the Newfoundland area will guarantee that. Yet if we turn around short of Torbay, we'll never solve the tanker mystery. Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, lies twenty miles ahead under the cloud deck. Wind? True speed? No need to guess; I have the Doppler ground-speed meter, probing the earth with radar signals. It tells me we're making 540 knots—nine nautical miles a minute. That means it's two minutes to Yarmouth, approximately. I write the time on my clipboard.

The big question plagues me again. Where will we find the tankers? The radar station at Torbay may supply a clue, when we get close enough to communicate. If Area 2 turns out to be beyond our reach, we'll have to put in at Gander. Not a happy thought: Gander weather is so bad that we'd have to make an instrument penetration, and land out of a low ceiling onto a wet, slippery runway. The weather is good at Harmon, but a landing there would mean canceling the mission. We'll go on to Torbay.

In one way, the decision to go ahead has been easy. I'm hemmed in by a couple of tigers. Sharkbait 3 on my starboard wing is Maj. Robert C. (Tommy) Tomlinson from Headquarters, USAF in the Pentagon. He works with the Fighter Branch of the Directorate of Operations. He has as much jet-fighter time as anyone in the Air Force. Sharkbait 2 on my port wing is Capt. Cesar (José) Martinez, Operations Officer of the 509th Fighter-Bomber Squadron at Langley Air Force Base. He has flown more than a million miles in jet fighters. These are worthy gentlemen.

I return to my electronic devices. The celestial tracker feeds out some pertinent digits. Nova Scotia, blanketed by cloud, has been invisible, but the tracker shows we've been there. We're now over the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The Doppler ground-speed meter, its reading steadily increasing, reveals that we're entering the swift current of a jet stream. It finally reads 600 knots, which means we're hurtling toward our rendezvous at nearly 700 statute miles an hour, crabbing to the right to maintain our intended track while we ride this torrent of wind in the sky. Before long we'll be talking to the Torbay radar station.

The cloud deck below remains unbroken and builds up to higher altitudes on the eastern horizon. These higher clouds undoubtedly represent the backside of the warm front. We must refuel above them—but can we? The tops may be too high for our tankers, handicapped by old-fashioned reciprocating engines.

Twenty minutes from Torbay, close enough for radio contact. I thumb the mike button on my throttle. "Torbay, this is Sharkbait. Do you know the whereabouts of Sharkbait tankers?"

The answer is ominous. "Sharkbait, your tankers last reported two hundred thirty miles east-northeast of this station, heading east. They've disappeared from my weapon."

Our fueling stations are far at sea, beyond our point of no return, even beyond the vision of ground radar, which must bring us together. Those long, dry runways at Harmon are beckoning. A quick turn, a long dive and we could snuggle back to Mother Earth. But there's still a fair chance, if the tankers can be brought back.

"Turn 'em around."

Our message rings far out over the Atlantic. A faint acknowledgment seems to come from another world. The tankers, hundreds of miles away, have heard us.

The radarman at Torbay blurts out an urgent order, "Tankers, reverse course to Torbay. Climb at war emergency power to twenty thousand."

The acknowledgment comes faintly from a great distance. The tankers are turning back toward Newfoundland. That dry concrete at Harmon is now beyond reach, literally gone with the wind. We're riding in the core of the jet stream, with just enough fuel left to fly 150 miles beyond the Newfoundland shoreline, and turn back—if we miss the tankers—to cloud-covered Gander.

The gap between fighters and tankers is closing at fourteen miles per minute. But how far at sea are the tankers? Perhaps too far. I finger my dead-reckoning computer and put the question over the air.

"Stand by," comes the answer.

Torbay radar has spotted us, still to the west of his station. He advises us to "steer ninety degrees," although the tankers have not yet reappeared on his scope.

The unbroken expanse of clouds beneath us is now being darkened by higher layers. The stratification will merge as we approach the warm front, leaving no clear room between layers for refueling. Flying at 35,000 feet, we ride out to sea on a tenuous hope, all the while thinking about Gander and the low ceiling there.

I take another reading on the Doppler and celestial tracker. The celestial device indicates that we passed Torbay at 1920 Greenwich Mean Time, one hour, fifty-three and a half minutes after passing over New York, now 1150 miles behind our tail pipes.

At 1928 GMT, the radarman at Torbay oversteps his role. "Sharkbait," he announces, "you're passing your point of no return."

The man is slightly mistaken, and my starboard wingman voices his displeasure. "Torbay," he says, "you take care of your job. We'll mind ours."

The radarman comes back on the air, his voice triumphant, "I have your tankers on my weapon. Steer ninety-five degrees—one-one-five miles."

We're back in business, if the cloud tops don't get in our way. We would prefer to refuel at 15,000 feet, where the tankers can give us enough air speed, but the clouds are much higher than that. Even at 20,000 feet, and the tankers' top speed, we could barely hang on to the refueling booms, our tiny wings close to a stall.

We drop down to 30,000, dead on track for an intercept. There is more brisk chatter from the radarman. Fifteen miles to the tankers, one minute to go. I alter course slightly so that the tankers will pass on our left, and search the cloud tops below. My wingmen draw in close.

"Tally-ho!"

To the left and far below I catch sight of four huge airplanes lumbering westward. Occasionally they fly through cloud tops and momentarily disappear. There's no time to waste.

"Dive brakes!"

There's a momentary shudder as the dive brakes extend. We dive steeply in close formation and spread out, each of us directly behind a tanker. There is one tanker for each jet, plus a spare.

My altimeter reads 21,000 feet. This should be interesting. I lower my flaps slightly, so the airplane will handle better at slow speeds. At the flick of a switch, the boom receptacle in my left wing pops open.

The tanker commander asks us what air speed we desire. I reply, shaving a few knots off the figure we really need, but still asking for the impossible. These double-decked KC-97's simply won't fly that fast at this altitude. I'm sure of this because I've had thousands of hours at the controls of a similar airplane, the Boeing Stratocruiser.

My tanker occasionally disappears as it plunges through the clouds. I follow closely, boring in for the connection, and a glance at my fuel gauge lends a sense of urgency. I snuggle under the tanker's tail. The receptacle in my wing yawns invitingly at the tanker's long, slender boom.

In a window near the big ship's tail I can see the lad who will maneuver the boom. He regards me glumly and finally speaks up, "Back five."

I drop back. He stabs his boom into Excalibur's left wing. The fuel gauge, a most depressing sight a few moments ago, begins to creep to a higher reading.

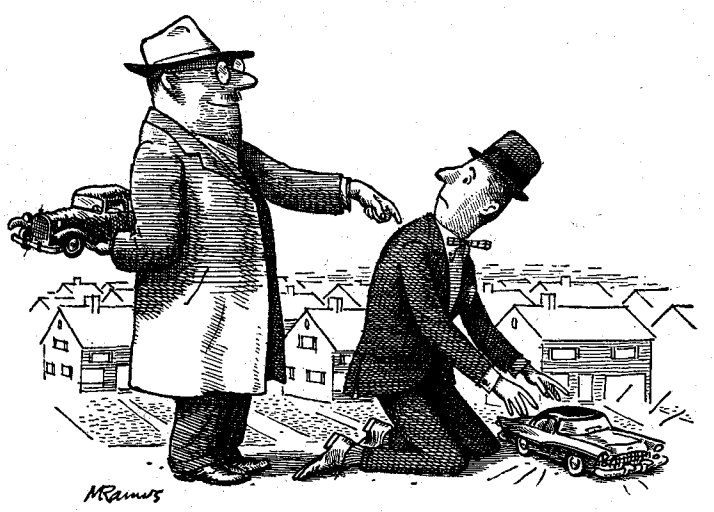
A complaining voice rattles in my earphones, "I'm in emergency override!" The tanker pilots are tearing the life out of their engines in a desperate attempt to keep up with the jets' minimum speed. These are aggressive, motivated tanker men of the Strategic Air Command.

We must find lower cloud tops, somehow, so the tankers can descend and reduce power—but the cloud tops become higher. Soon we are entirely submerged, four tankers and three fighters in formation. We hang onto the booms like suckling calves.

The tanker leader orders a turn to a heading where we might find lower clouds. As we turn, my airplane separates from the tanker's boom. I jockey back into position and the boom thuds back into Excalibur's receptacle. The point on the tanker which I must line up so carefully is now out of sight behind the metal frame of my windshield. To improve my view, I lean backward until I'm almost lying down in the cockpit.

It occurs to me that my natural habitat is the front end of that four-engine monster ahead of me. Exactly a week ago, I was skippering a Pan American World Airways' flight to London. On that day I was resting comfortably in an overstuffed chair with my Size 12 shoes propped on a Stratocruiser's instrument panel, all the while assisted by a half dozen efficient crewmen and waited on by a bevy of pretty young women. Today I'm not asking for creature comforts. All I want is a full load of fuel, and I'd like it pronto.

My headphones advise that Tommy and José are (*Continued on Page 90*)



The Perfect Squelch

Young Horace and family fitted perfectly into the new suburb of identical, gadget-gorged ranch homes. He and all his neighbors had approximately the same income and floundered in the same deluge of time payments for cars, televisions, furniture and backyard barbecues. Horace finally reached the point where he had to skip three consecutive car payments.

The elderly automobile dealer, who remembered his own past monetary difficulties, regretfully informed Horace that he would have to repossess his hardtop. "But we don't want to leave you afoot," he said. Pointing to a somewhat worn eight-year-old model, he added, "This car will give you transportation for at least a year. Pay for the title transfer and it's yours."

"That clunker!" Horace snorted. "Park that thing in my drive? What would my neighbors think I am?"

"Solvent, son, solvent," the dealer replied with a smile.

C. M. Morris

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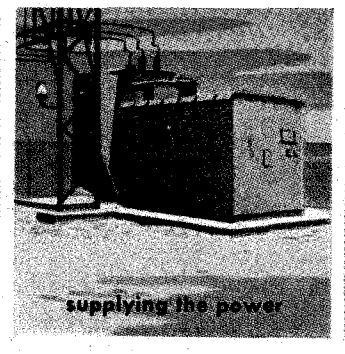
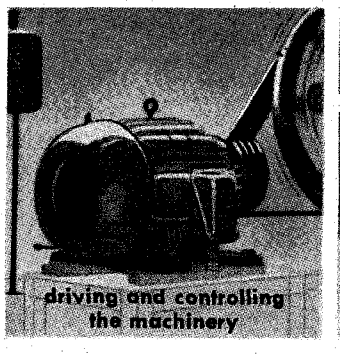
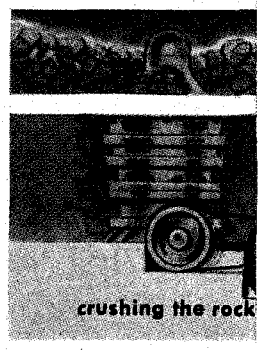
handles the basic jobs







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roasting pellets the ACL way

The fire that gives you *man-made rock!*

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Tumbling "downhill" from the far end of this giant revolving kiln comes a burning bed of marble-size pellets . . . on their way to be ground into cement. These pellets are one distinguishing mark of a unique cement-making process newly perfected by Allis-Chalmers research and development engineers.

Known in the industry as the ACL system, this process combines the advantages of "pelletizing" and a special preheating method to produce cement of more uniform quality, at lower cost, and under cleaner conditions than ever before possible. And just as important, it is already providing vital help for meeting our tremendous cement needs. For example . . .

- more than a *billion* bags of cement every year for homes, hospitals, schools . . .
- more than 5½ *billion* bags to complete the big highway program now getting under way

The ACL system is one of the most significant developments in cement-making history. Yet it is typical of the ways Allis-Chalmers *Engineering in Action* serves all the major industries of the world . . . with basic equipment that brings better living wherever it goes.

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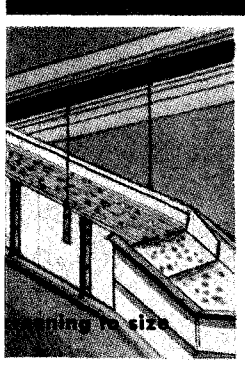
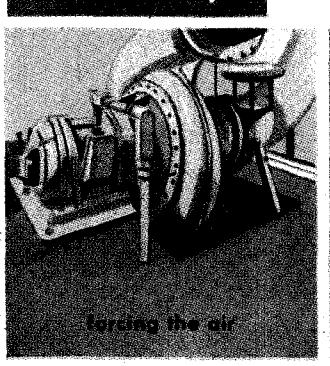
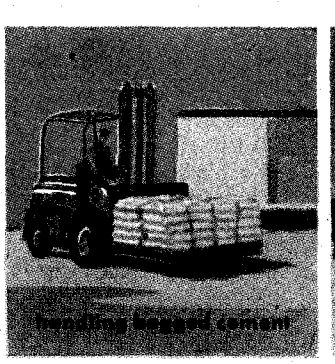


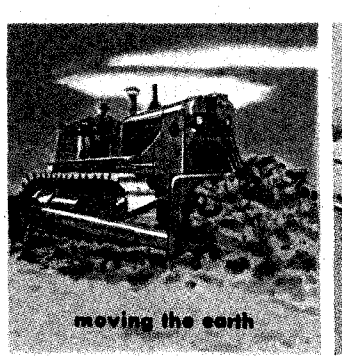
grinding to powder



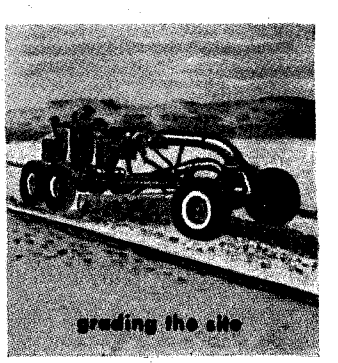
forcing the air



handling bagged cement



moving the earth



grading the site

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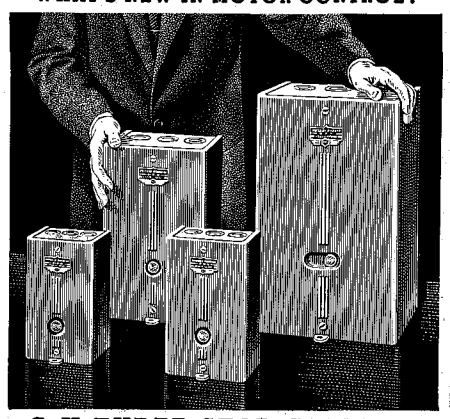
WHAT'S NEW IN MOTOR CONTROL?



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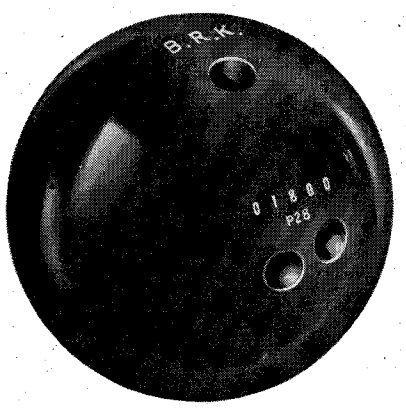

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Offer good in continental U.S. only, until July 31, 1957. Sorry, no bowling balls may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
955 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

(*Continued from Page 86*) fully fueled and standing by. I should have a full load, too, but my fuel gauge reads only three quarters full. The boom operator says, "I've got pressure, but no flow." Something has gone bad in Excalibur's fuel system.

I disconnect from the boom and draw back a few yards to analyze the problem. A check of individual tank gauges reveals that the right-hand external pylon is empty. It's a huge tank; I can't reach the other side of the Atlantic without it.

A tiny fuel valve is stuck in the closed position. José suggests that I pull a certain circuit breaker, which will bypass the electrical signal from the closed valve. The circuit-breaker panel is somewhere near my right foot, out of sight. Keeping an eye on my tanker, I bend forward and blindly run my hand along the surface of the panel, feeling for the second row from the top, fourth circuit breaker from the front. I find the button and pull it out, but the effect is not what I wanted; my refueling receptacle slams shut. It appears that my airplane, an earlier model than José's, is wired differently.

I reset the little button to reopen the wing receptacle, and climb back on the tanker boom for another connection. It's no good. The boom operator repeats, "Pressure but no flow."

This is a new dilemma. We have enough fuel now to fly all the way back to Harmon in southwest Newfoundland. Or we can proceed farther out to sea with the tankers, refuel to the maximum again, and continue east. I can land at Shannon, in Ireland, and thus complete the navigational testing phase of the mission, in spite of the empty tank. My wingmen can take leave over Shannon and fly on to England to complete the deployment exercise. It won't be neat, scattering ourselves in this way, but the job will be done.

No one thinks seriously about returning to Newfoundland. The tanker commander agrees to escort us out to sea. We take an east-northeasterly heading, pointing toward distant Ireland, and fly along in the wake of the tankers toward our jumping-off point. I rework the fuel-versus-mileage computation. At what point can we take leave of the tankers? If we stay with them too long we'll compromise certain requirements of the mission. If we leave too soon, I'll have to swim the last miles to Ireland. I estimate the shortened range of my bird, allowing for the empty fuel tank, and mentally spread the figures across the miles from our present position to Shannon. My figures are padded slightly by reckoning zero tail wind. This padding will be my reserve fuel supply.

But our plans are jarred by a new development. José has an oxygen problem. A valve has unseated, causing his entire supply of liquid oxygen to vent overboard. Does he wish to return to Newfoundland? He barks a "negative."

Without oxygen for José, we must fly lower than planned, and that will increase the rate of fuel consumption. I revise my fuel and navigational figures, reckoning a jumping-off point readjusted to the airplane's pressurized-cabin altitude. José should be able to function safely with his cockpit at a pressure altitude of 12,000 feet. What does he think?

"No sweat," he says, and raises the figure to 14,000. Allowing for the pressure in his cockpit, that will give us a cruising altitude near 35,000 feet. For an emergency, José has a few minutes of oxygen attached to his parachute in a jump bottle.

The cloud tops are lowering. We drop down to 17,000 feet, and I maneuver behind a tanker to try my luck again. The fuel-gauge needle stops dead at the three-quarter mark, just as before. I disconnect and try again.

There's a warning shout from the boom operator, "Receiver, you're siphoning fuel!"

The precious liquid is flowing overboard in a thick stream. It's another stuck valve—this time the shut-off valve in the top of my main fuselage tank. I grope hastily in the region of my left foot to pull the battle-damage switches. The overflow stops.

At this juncture an Air-Sea Rescue amphibian happens to be circling below us. It calls itself "Duckbutt Whisky." Its appearance here was prearranged weeks ago. We must have been psychic.

Hoping to cure my sticky valves, I draw away from the tanker and maneuver violently, pulling many times the force of gravity. Back I go onto the tanker's boom. The needle of the fuel gauge rises steadily to full. There's no siphoning. Tommy and José are simultaneously topping off. We break away with full tanks. I swap information with the tanker's navigator and make a quick estimate.

"We'll pass Shannon at two three two zero, ETA Wethersfield zero zero zero five. Tankers from Sharkbait, we thank you."

"Good luck," says the tanker commander.

He starts his formation in a sweeping turn toward the North American continent. We pour on the power and climb to 32,000 feet. It's a new flight. Two thousand miles to go. We cruise at a high power setting—José, without oxygen, must be expedited.

As the sun drops below the horizon, cirrus clouds lend a gray cast to the western sky behind us. The insigne that adorns José's fuselage glistens in the fading light. It is the skull and rose of the 509th Fighter-Bomber Squadron, 405th Wing, Tactical Air Command. The squadron commander is Maj. Harry Evans, a superprofessional; José is his right-hand man. A skilled navigator, José is also an expert at aerial gunnery, ground strafing and tossing atomic weapons. His airplane is named Aurora, for the mother of his three kids. He is an unadulterated fighter pilot. Unlike me, he logs all his flight time single-engine, single-seat.

Tommy's airplane has the glossiest look. It is the latest model F-84F, with a more powerful engine than mine or José's. Tommy is well known in the fighter trade. Back in World War II, he was gunning the enemy out of the sky over Italy. More recently he flew with the famous acrobatic team called the Acrojets, and later led the Skyblazers in Europe. Nowadays he mills impatiently around the Pentagon, helping mastermind the new Air Force.

We cross the thirty-fifth meridian of west longitude and pull up to 36,500 feet. José announces he has 14,000 feet worth of atmosphere in his tiny cabin. That's as high as we'll go. The black night surrounds us with a canopy of stars. Directly astern is the planet Venus, hanging like a lantern in the western sky. The star tracker is paying undivided attention to Venus, measuring her for precise data which tell us of our progress across the meridians.

I keep glancing to right and left to make sure Tommy and José are there. Their planes appear to hang in space, their red and green navigation lights blinking against a backdrop of stars. Occasionally Tommy and I chat a little, mostly about the state of José's health. José doesn't talk. Without oxygen, he's saving his breath.

We've reached mid-Atlantic, halfway between Newfoundland and Ireland, almost 1000 miles from either shoreline. Does the engine sound a little rough so far from dry land? I'm too busy to listen. Is this trip necessary? Yes, we're hammering out the details of a manned missile that can carry a nuclear punch. With small airplanes there are jokers in the operational deck. What about pinpoint navigation? What about long-range and all-weather operations? How do you squeeze all that into a small package? Those are the details we're beating on. Properly forged, this little weapon can fill in for its big cousins, the B-47 bomber and the B-52.

The star tracker has cast Venus aside and is now measuring Polaris, a tiny pinpoint of light in the northern sky. It guides us due east as we cling to a latitude slightly south of the fifty-third parallel. I pick up my sextant, and shoot the star Arcturus, which glistens high over Excalibur's nose. It tells us we're passing the twentieth meridian of west longitude. Weather Ship Jig should be directly below. (*Continued on Page 93*)

"Cold, eh?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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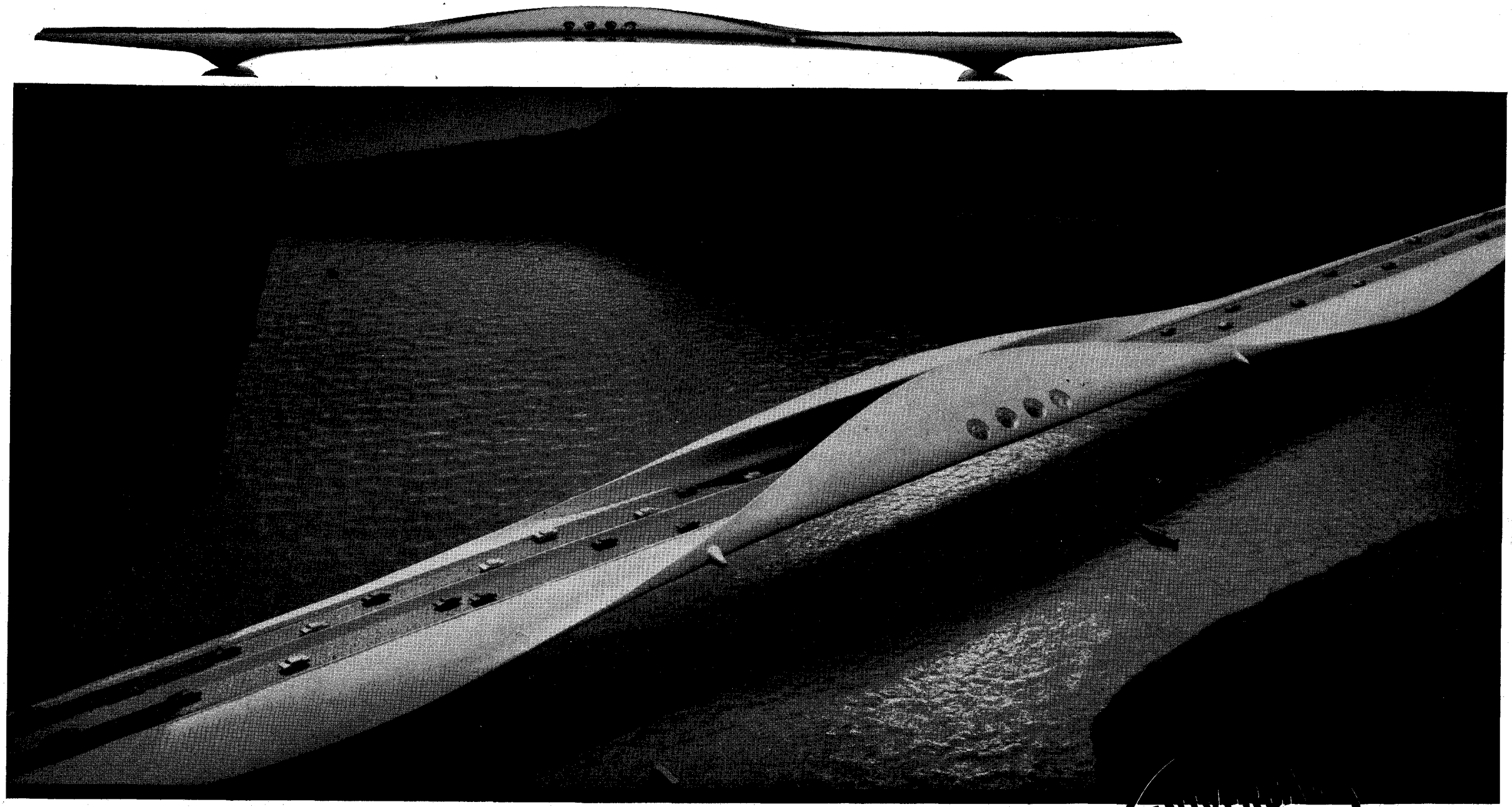

DAMORA

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PAOLO SOLERI, *Architect*

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"Now here's what to do..."

How to bring up a child...how to handle a husband...there's always plenty of advice on how it should be done. But when you're buying a car "on time," most financial experts agree that the best way is to put as much cash down as you can afford, and pay the balance as soon as you can. Because stretched out "easy terms" add to your cost. With the GMAC Thrift-Guard Plan terms can be arranged to fit your needs. Even if your circumstances change, GMAC can help you achieve ownership. It's worth discussing with your General Motors Dealer who uses the GMAC Plan. He can show you the many benefits of financing where you buy.

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(*Continued from Page 90*) I call José. Tommy calls José. There's a profound silence. I search the northern sky for his blinking lights, but there's only a black void filled with stars. Suddenly a dark specter swoops up from below. A green light rotates vigorously in an otherwise invisible cockpit. It's José, waving his multicolored flashlight. His radio has gone dead.

We're due for a reading on the English weather. There's a special weather service tonight; a jet fighter circles over Western England, high enough to overtop the curvature of the earth that lies between us, and so make long-distance radio contact. Our arrival procedures were planned over dinner at the London Savoy several days ago. Col. Dave Schilling, the first man to cross the Atlantic nonstop by jet was there (he died several months later in an auto accident in England), along with Col. Art Salisbury, Commander of the 20th Fighter-Bomber Wing at Wethersfield, and Col. Bill Ritchie, Director of Operations of the 20th, and myself.

Ritchie is aloft in the fighter. I've forgotten his call sign, so I sound off, "Ritchie from Sharkbait."

A familiar voice replies from faraway England, "Hey, Charlie. Where you been?"

As we pass south of Shannon, Tommy announces that this is his first crossing of the Atlantic by air.

"It's a piece of cake," he says.

My first crossing was made fifteen years ago, and I've made some 700 crossings since, mostly as an airline captain. But this is my first ocean hop in a jet.

The lights of England decorate the black surface of the earth; Swansea, Cardiff, Bristol and London appear in sprawling array. We pass over London airport six hours, thirty-three minutes from New York, and turn slightly left for Wethersfield R. A. F. Station, fifty miles away.

A red light flickers on the instrument panel—the low-level fuel warning. It makes no difference. Two long rows of parallel lighting are in sight, and we hear a welcoming voice, "Sharkbait from Wethersfield. Come on down. Your steaks are on the fire."

"Make mine rare," says Tommy, and we go barreling down into the dark English night.

How an Ambulance Chaser Works (Continued from Page 19)

$22,222.22 for Fyre. Cases that big are relatively rare, of course. But recently in a brilliant *tour de force,* Fyre signed up five big cases in a single week.

They were all single or double amputations. Experts in assessing these things say the cases should have "gone for $75,000, average," meaning that settlements would average that much. Total, $375,000. To Fyre, that string of cases could have meant $41,666.66. Things didn't work out that way. Like men and women in more reputable lines, Fyre hits exasperating streaks of unmerited bad luck. In his unhappy opinion, the lawyers fouled up these five cases, and Fyre's take was nowhere as high as it should have been. But the achievement stands. Five good cases in a week, won by outplaying clever rivals from six or eight cities, is very likely an all-time record.

Fyre and his operations upset almost all common conceptions of ambulance chasing. That term is off-register to begin with. It describes only one phase of the multimillion-dollar accident-case business. Focusing on the small fry, it overlooks the big-timers. There are chasers who climb hospital fire escapes to get to a victim's side, others who buy tips from hospital orderlies and ambulance drivers. They work in frantic haste. That's all far beneath Fyre.

He never raced to an accident in his life. "Chasing" suggests hot pursuit. Fyre may not favor the injured person with a call for several weeks. Fyre drives up in a quietly glossy car. His salesmanship is calm and unhurried, and he is about as raffish, except in private conversation, as Anthony Eden. One accident victim said in court, "I felt sure I had seen the gentleman somewhere and was ashamed I could not remember his name."

That prospect was a railroader who lost one leg—the other was badly smashed—when he was run down by a locomotive in the railroad yards. Fyre visited him three or four times in the hospital, expertly discussing accidents and accident lawsuits. By then the victim was thoroughly sold on Fyre and, by association, on Fyre's lawyer. He signed. Fyre's lawyer then advanced the client $200 a month for living expenses.

If you met Fyre socially, he would describe himself as a "railway-claims specialist." You might assume he worked for the railroad. Actually, Fyre's activities explain, in part, why injury claims now cost the lines roughly $95,000,000 a year as against $20,000,000 in 1941.

Not that Fyre makes any bones about the nature of his work while he is at it. He sometimes tells prospects, "I'm a chaser. That's been my business for nearly twenty years—chasing accident cases." Those being solicited don't call the police. On the contrary, a good many become Fyre's tipsters while convalescing.

"Fyre's" real name—one of the most popular American surnames—is an asset. He and others are given fictitious names here for a combination of reasons. Although Fyre can operate legally in only sixteen states, he must be circumspect to avoid, in some of them, the old common-law charge of barratry—that is, persistent incitement of litigation.

Thus Fyre is a shady character in New Jersey, but not in Delaware; in Indiana, but not in Illinois. As for the lawyers involved, it is unethical in all states for them to obtain cases through chasers, and unlawful in some states. But some lawyers contend the thing is no worse than entertaining corporation officials at the country club in quest of their business. And in any case, the laymen are not bound by the lawyers' canons.

In view of this moral and legal confusion, Fyre's doings shed much light on a fast, tough business in which are mixed tragedy, money hunger, legal skill, wily bargaining and foxy maneuvering. Accidents having become one of our major products, millions of dollars are involved. Also, the word "racket" gets loosely applied to the whole personal-injury situation. That is indiscriminate and unfair. It tars reputable lawyers who happen to specialize in this field; it may deter accident victims, to their disadvantage, from seeking legal advice.

Nor are things all of a piece on the unethical side of the fence. The injured man's rehabilitation may be delayed because he follows his lawyer's advice to remain inactive. There are instances of shameless fraud. At times clients have been misled by greedy attorneys. In spirited bidding for a case the lawyers may make promises they can't keep. In a classic instance, a disabled railroader relied on his attorney's written guaranty that he would receive a minimum of $40,000, and ended up having to accept a settlement of $5300. Lawyers dealing extensively in auto-accident cases may settle whole bundles of them at once—hence the name "wholesalers." In these deals your case, worth, say $20,000 if faithfully prosecuted, may be settled for half its value.

There are times when all concerned, including the accident victims, are wielding very sharp chisels. On the other hand, there are times when the result of a chased case is thoroughly good: the client gets an able trial lawyer and wins an adequate award.

As for Fyre's part in all this, he likes to regard himself as the protector of unsophisticated accident victims from heartless claim adjusters. Others look on Fyre and his kind as predators fattening on tragedy. In any event, Fyre's work is lively, hotly competitive, full of stratagems and spoils.

To hear this lawyer or that assailed as an ambulance chaser gives Fyre a wry grin. A fat lot of chasing the lawyers do, he would say. The American Bar Association likes to point out that only a minute fraction of lawyers can be called ambulance chasers. Fyre would add that they do only a minute fraction of the work. Some are energetic. They fly or drive to the injured man's side, put themselves across as the attorney who can do the most for him. They entertain handsomely and write good letters. But, in general, Fyre thinks of the lawyers as coming in only to kick the point after touchdown. "The chasers are the boys who bring in the business," Fyre will say. "They're what make a lawyer big." Bearing him out is the sad story of what happened when a big-timer went legitimate a few months back.

Some think he had the biggest operation of its kind and that it made him a millionaire. He had touches of style which were much admired. Dealing with a wife, he might hand her $500 and say, "Get those nice kids some new clothes and get something pretty for yourself; you'll feel better." It was a gift, not an advance. Clients loved him.

But his ship was springing leaks. Four of his chasers were arrested. They carried "kits"—copies of checks for big verdicts, grateful letters from clients and other sales material. All plainly identifying the lawyer, of course.

The arrests signified that railroad investigators were watching the lawyer's operations and that disclosures were imminent. The (*Continued on Page 96*)

... ...

The Perpetual Painter

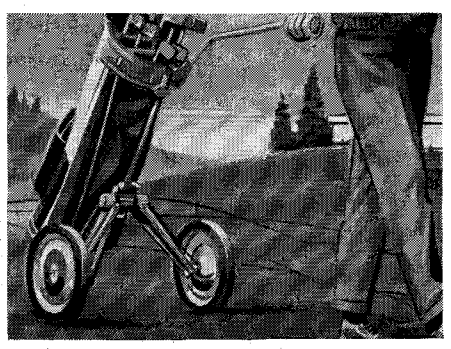
By Richard Armour

You think you'll just touch
up the edge,
Then finish painting all the
ledge.
You do the ledge, and then,
behold,
The wall is looking rather
old.
You paint the wall; then
have a feeling
You'd better brighten up
the ceiling.
The ceiling done, you paint
the door,
Which only leaves, of course,
the floor,
And when the floor is
painted, well,
The next room's dullish—
who can tell?

... ...

For more golfing pleasure ...get a

BAG BOY



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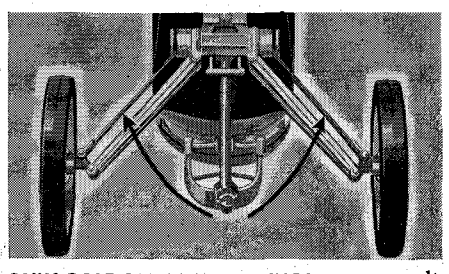

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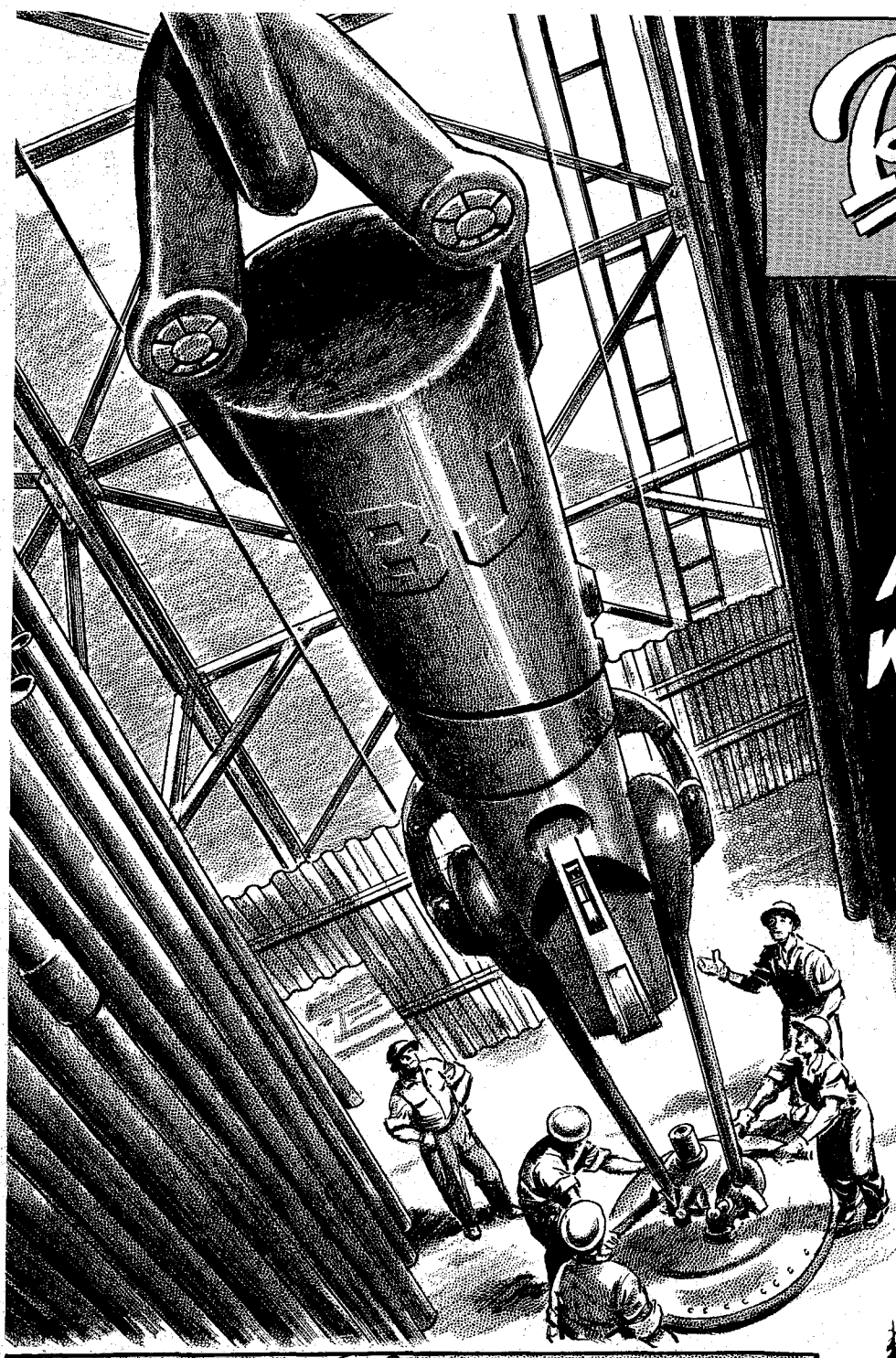

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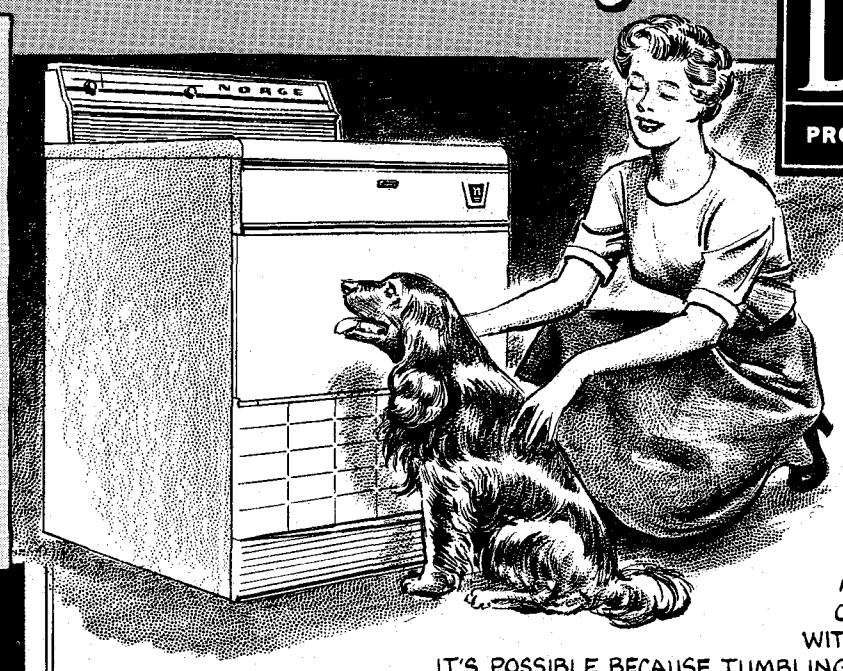

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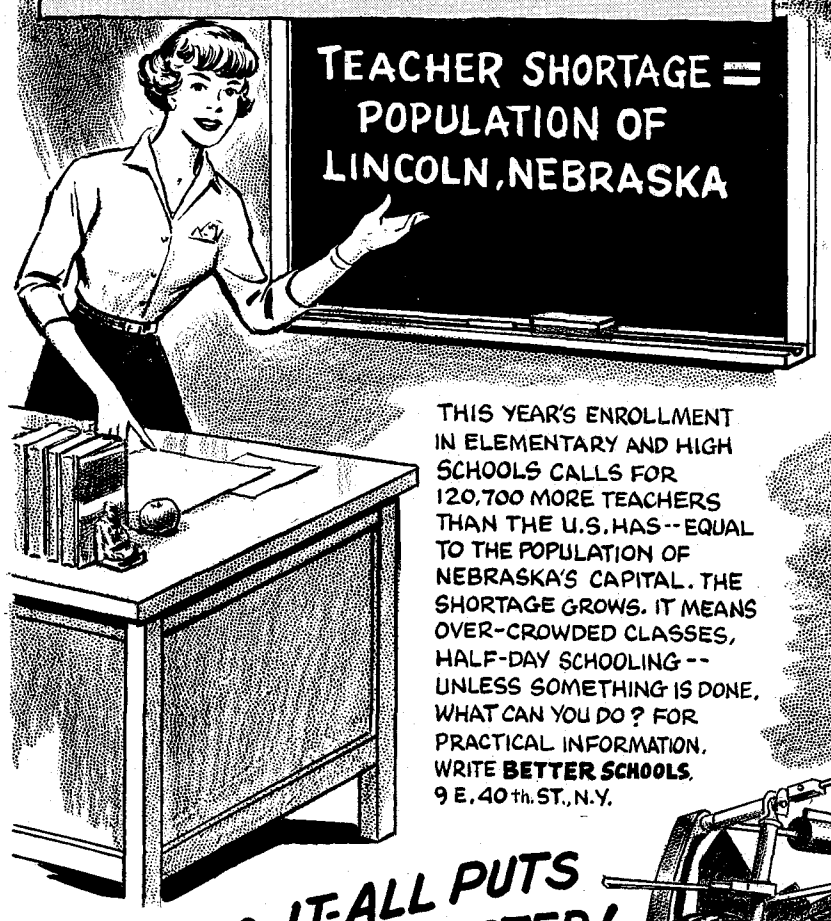

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(*Continued from Page 93*) kits might well end up as exhibits in disbarment proceedings. Beating trouble to the punch, he voluntarily disbanded his chasing organization and renewed his pledges to abide by the ethics of his profession.

But how it cost him! He had 175 cases pending, showing how good business can be with chasers bringing it in. Now that he didn't use chasers and wouldn't support clients, business fell off a sickening 95 per cent.

Never in eighteen years of chasing has Fyre been arrested. If he sometimes works incognito, usually it is to keep rival chasers in the dark. He gets more than his share of the big cases. But he has some nimble rivals, and now and then he drops a heartbreaker.

Not long ago he fared forth to sign up a relatively young trainman who had lost both legs. The case ought to bring not less than $200,000, Fyre estimated. Arrayed against Fyre was another veteran chaser whom we'll call Corley.

Corley doesn't have Fyre's class, but he has advantages. He's an ex-"rail," a former railroader. Like several of Fyre's competitors, Corley can cut up old railroad touches all night long.

Fyre can't. As a youth he worked as a callboy—he had the job of routing out railroaders listed on the "extra" board when the regular crews were not available to take out the trains—but that's the extent of his railroading experience. He can't tell of "cornfield meets" he has made—wrecks ending up in the fields—or of the time he got the pin pulled on him for Rule G—meaning getting fired for drinking. Nor of being an accident victim, as Corley was.

Corley was a shack, a brakeman. A fall broke his back. What Corley saw of chasers impelled him to become one. First associated with a lawyer who had an almost model network of tipsters and chasers, Corley learned all the tricks.

Corley cinched the double-amputation case by *force majeure;* he handed the injured man $5000 cash, as an advance. Fyre is persuasive, but what's as persuasive as $5000 in cash? The case was settled for $235,000. Fyre's end would have been a fat $26,111.11.

One chaser uses a dramatic flourish when courting a prospect. He upends a paper sack, dumping Government bonds all over the injured man's bed. "That's what I got for my accident!" he cries. Corley, too, favors the dramatic. His best bit is his jig. After dancing, he stands on his head. "See that? Nothing at all wrong with me. That's how easy it is to collect, if you've got the right lawyer and the right city."

Fyre has other thorns in the flesh. The railroad unions retain law firms to render legal services for injured members. Usually the fee is 25 per cent rather than the 33⅓ charged by "outside" firms. The only way Fyre can fight "those damn labor groups," as he calls them, is to convince the prospect that Fyre's lawyer can win him more money. That takes salesmanship.

Fyre may show the injured man how to make a little money while waiting. Sometimes Fyre appoints him a deputy chaser. "If you hear of good cases get in touch with me," he says. He pays $25 to $100 per tip, chiefly because it is useful to be introduced by local talent.

A father and son who were burned when bottled gas exploded were recently awarded $301,000. A four-year-old Chicago girl was awarded $200,000 after being run over by a garbage truck. Fyre would chase cases like those or a big airline case. But auto accidents, no.

Lawyers can make money with them, because there are so many. So can a truly proficient chaser, like the Midwesterner who plays all conceivable angles. Nominally, this chaser is a photographer for the sheriff. That gets him fast tips on accidents and an entree with those involved.

"If the injured driver was to blame," he says, "I tell him, 'Brother, you need a lawyer.' He says, 'Can you get me one?' I sure can. If the other driver was to blame, I see him. Maybe I'm late, and he's already got a lawyer. I see the lawyer and offer my ready-made investigation. He thinks the other people may have let something slip which will get his boy off the hook. He buys. I can't lose."

Fyre thinks this kind of chasing is for peasants, but this photographer peasant does all right. He drives a big car, owns a $35,000 home.

But unless the payoff on an automobile case is likely to be at least $30,000, Fyre doesn't bother with it. This is not snobbery. To a surprising degree, Fyre is in business for himself. A $30,000 case means only $3333.33 for Fyre. He may invest half that much getting the case. It takes no more effort, says Fyre, and it's more stimulating to try for bigger ones.

"I go after the big ones, you're damn right," says Fyre.

Despite Fyre's disdain, the auto field is lively. In many cities, an accident brings on a hell-for-leather race. Speaking of Chicago, the Northwestern University Law Review calls it "an exciting version of cops and robbers which might be called 'ambulance chasers and insurance adjusters.'" Each strives to get to the injured first, the adjusters to make a settlement, the chasers to sign up the victims for lawyers.

But Fyre wouldn't like the night work or the ignoble strife. His competitors are skillful veterans jockeying for big stakes. A plague of rank amateurs has recently infested the auto field. Says a veteran investigator, "The other day I found ordinary stationery stores selling blank forms for chasing. All sorts of people carry them. They don't have a tie-up with a lawyer. If they get a case, they peddle it around."

Eighteen years ago Fyre was at the peak of a successful career as a salesman of flour and bakery equipment. A lawyer he met by chance was much taken by him. This seasoned middle-aged salesman would do extremely well, the lawyer thought, calling on accident victims. The attorney was doing a multimillion-dollar business as a P.I.—for "personal injury"—lawyer.

Explaining why he shifted fields, Fyre doesn't miss a cliché. "It was challenging," he says. He had been tapped for the majors. At full production this law office would have 100 to 150 cases in the works, promising fees running to seven pretty figures. At one time an even two dozen full- or part-time chasers drummed up business for the lawyer under the guidance of a dispatcher or master of hounds who was paid $10,000 a year just to route them around.

For five prosperous years, Fyre chased good cases everywhere in the land. Then bad luck played him false. Death took the lawyer. Natural death at that, with no claim for damages. The day after the funeral, the stars of the chasing squad went into conference.

They hoped to stick together. But as worker bees might need a new queen, they needed a new lawyer, a big-time personal-injury man. The bold decision, largely Fyre's idea, was to create one. They would elevate an attorney who had done some work for their late chief. "We figured we could put the little guy over," says Fyre.

It required capital. An impressive office was indicated, a swanky home. Money to lend clients; their old lawyer had perhaps $100,000 on the books in loans like this. "We'll finance you," said Fyre.

With "three or four good men out on the road after diggings," as Fyre puts it, their boy rose rapidly. Perhaps the best gauge is the fact that within two years he was under investigation by his local bar association.

From a modest apartment the lawyer moved to a rococo mansion built for a millionaire. In four or five years he was taking in more than $50,000 a month in settlements and awards, and could write clients, "If you need money, I have plenty to lend you." But to this Fyre would say sourly, "Yeah, plenty of our money." For "no sooner do we get him some good cases than the bum gets money-hungry and starts to chisel."

The lawyer grew dilatory about sending Fyre's commissions. That was dirty pool. Fyre is an entrepreneur. When chasing a case, he pays all expenses himself. He may lose that if the case goes against him or if the client dies a natural death before things are settled. A case may drag on for three or four years. Fyre waits for his money. In return, he expects to get his cut promptly when money comes in.

It got to be a battle. At a typical stage, Fyre had commissions coming in five cases for a total of $12,999. He had drawn $8000. But he had the devil's own time getting the rest. And he was in a box, having his Federal income tax and very heavy property taxes to pay.

To make it worse, he had just spent three hard weeks getting nowhere. The trip began in St. Louis. His prospect had already signed with another lawyer. Same in Cincinnati, and a pretty good case too—loss of one leg. "I wish you had got here sooner," said the prospect. So did Fyre, but as he observes, "You can't get around to them all."

Then to Louisville, where Fyre studied two death cases, men killed in railroad accidents. Death cases are not too lucrative. The biggest recoveries are for double amputations or injuries resulting in paralysis. Next in the scale of "good cases" comes the loss of one arm or leg, with complications. All are better than death cases.

There was nothing in Louisville anyway; both widows planned to settle. Fyre continued on to Chattanooga, after an amputation. Already settled. Same bad luck in a smaller Tennessee city. At Meridian, Mississippi, the prospect was impressed, but wanted to wait. Next, Mobile. Here Fyre called in two assistants, who may be called Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur, for a major effort to sign a double amputee.

Mrs. Wilbur is pretty, sympathetic, persuasive. Her husband—Fyre chased his case some years back—serves as a living exhibit of what Fyre and his lawyer can do. Displaying a newspaper clipping, Fyre says to the prospect, "I want you to meet the folks who got two hundred thousand dollars."

The team play went well and Fyre left feeling confident he would get the case. Shreveport next, after another double amputation. But that case was gone, as was the final one, in Fort Worth. There, an accident victim had lined the case up for the lawyer who prosecuted his own claim. Fyre runs into that all the time. "Everybody who's in an accident," he observes, "becomes a chaser."

As it turned out, Fyre's hopes in Mississippi and Alabama fell through and he didn't get a single case. With the breaks going the other way, the journey might have been worth $30,000 to $40,000 to him.

Luck made it up to him, in time, with that fine week in which he signed five good cases. But by then his lawyer owed him as much as $30,000, he figured, in back fees. Fyre demanded $10,000 on account. The lawyer stalled. Sore and suspicious, Fyre asked about the five cases. "Are you doing anything or just kidding the clients along?"

"Suit has been filed in all five," the lawyer assured him. Fyre checked state and Federal courts in two cities. Nothing had been filed. The lawyer had lied just to get rid of him. That did it. Fyre resolved to haul out and take those five cases with him. The lawyer would have liens on them. But he might not assert his claim, for fear judges would ask how he got the cases in the first place.

(*Continued on Page 98*)

"What d'y' mean I'm not happy? I'm happy as a lark!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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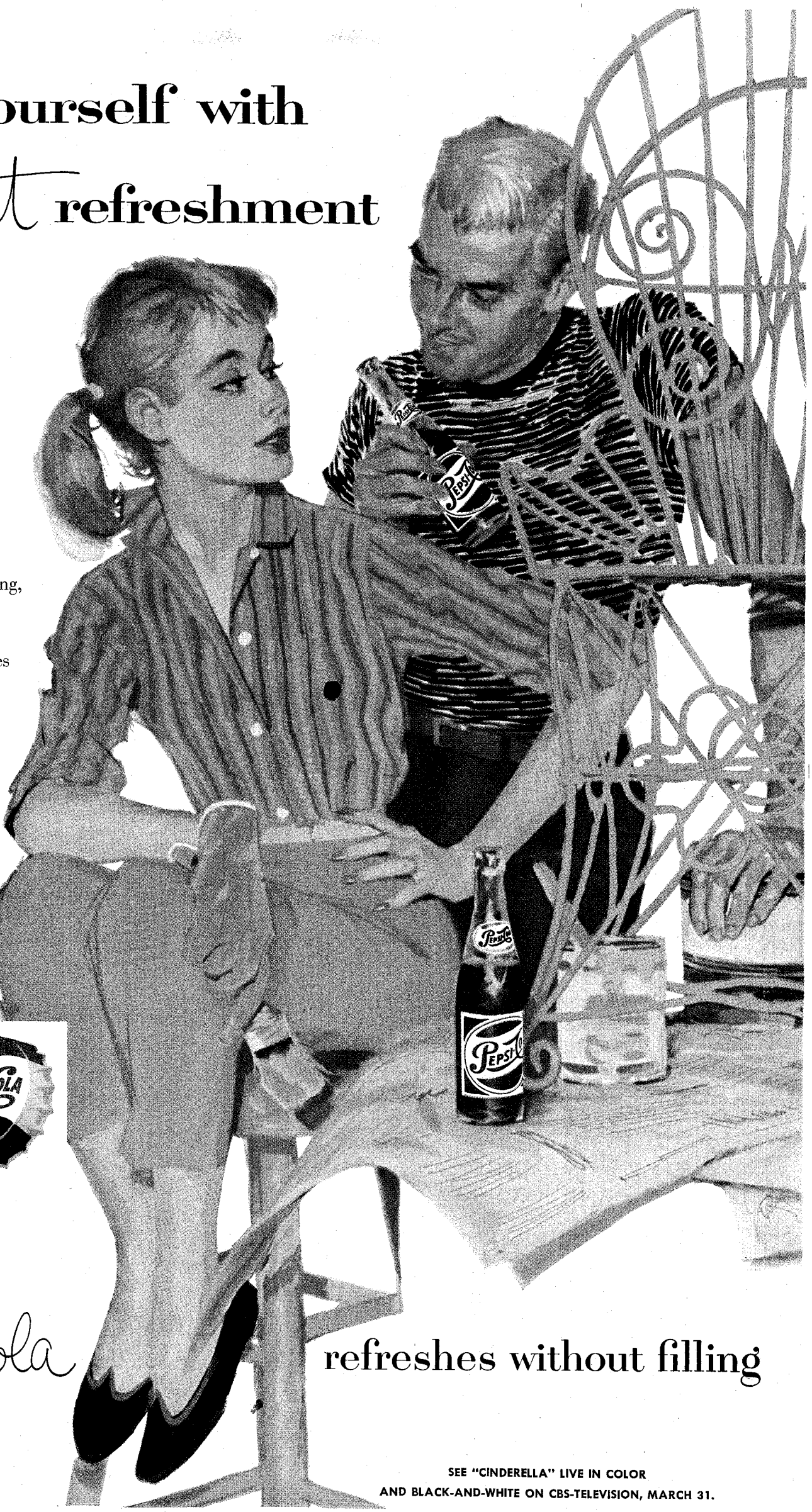
Do it yourself with *Light* refreshment



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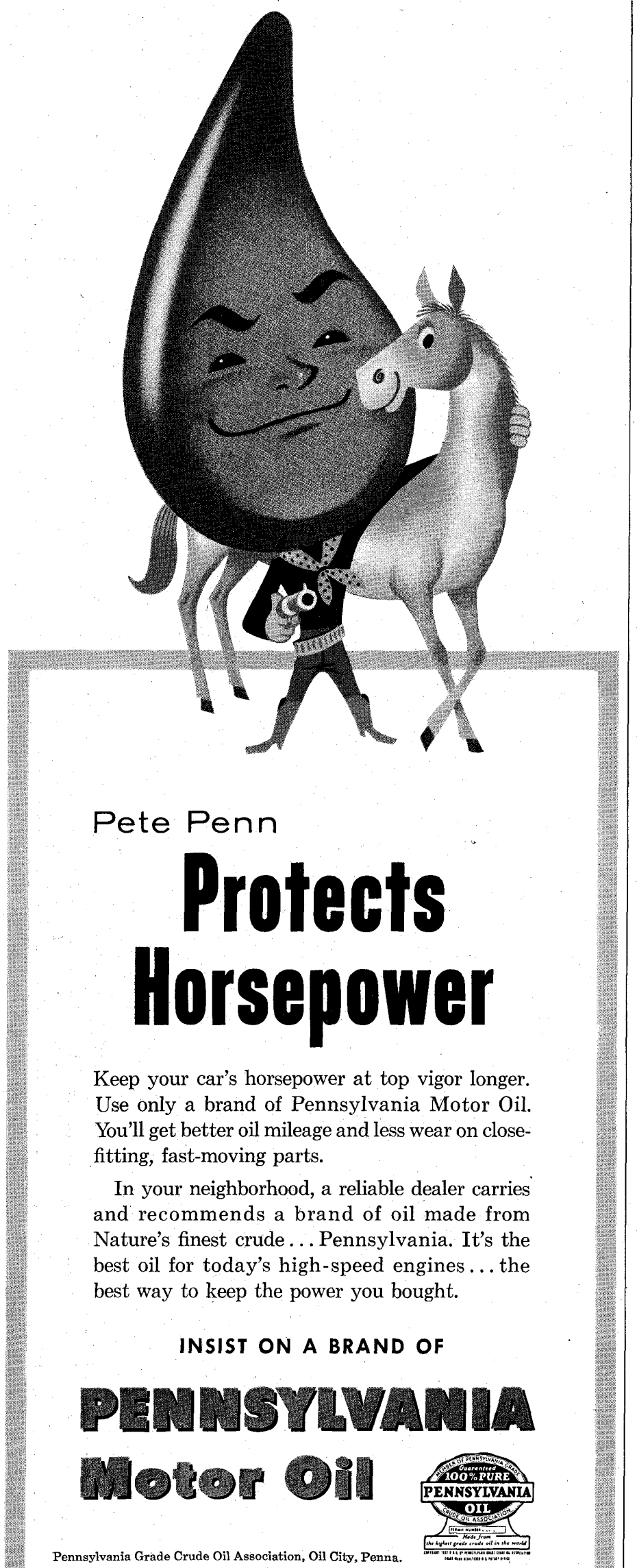

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(*Continued from Page 96*) Fyre took a holiday at an expensive health resort and laid cagey plans. The handwriting on the wall, it seemed to him, said, "Play it crafty." The day of audacity was waning, the day of circumspection at hand. There has been a good deal of to-do about ambulance chasing in the last two or three years.

The American Bar Association has a special committee at work. State and city bar associations have gone quietly into action. Newspapers have been mousing around. Last summer, for example, George Bliss, of the Chicago Tribune, called an unlisted phone number and was plugged into a network in which police officers and others reported accidents to a kingpin chaser. As a result of the publicity, one lawyer has been indicted.

The darkest cloud on Fyre's horizon is the Claims Research Bureau of the Association of American Railroads. The bureau, which went into operation in July, 1953, arouses strong opinions. Railroad spokesmen say the lines simply are making common cause against vastly exaggerated claims, sometimes tinged with fraud, which are inimical to the best interests of the injured or the public—and certainly are costly to the lines. Some union leaders contend the bureau is "out to get" all personal-injury lawyers and especially to harass firms employed by the brotherhoods.

In any event, something new has been added. Bar associations are not staffed for detective work. The bureau is. Everybody knows that its investigators keep an eye on chasers and on lawyers suspected of unethical practice. Here and there, bar associations have used the evidence supplied by the bureau to get injunctions against chasers. "The freeze-out," Fyre calls it.

The railroads have received one stinging rebuff. Exonerating a lawyer at whom the Chicago Bar Association has leveled charges, the Illinois Supreme Court called this in reality a fight between the railroads "and one of their antagonists." Lawyers don't like having outsiders try to clean house for them and the fact that the bureau had developed much of the evidence plainly exasperated some of the justices. "The time and energy," they observed tartly, ". . . might well have been spent perfecting a code of ethics for railroad adjusters."

Fyre played it crafty, as the omens advised. For his next lawyer he chose one whose business could expand without arousing much notice. At first, Attorney Wales, as he may be called, seemed a good bet. Fyre brought in a whole string of cases. But he was leaning on a broken reed. Wales liked to settle. A double amputation, which Fyre thought worth $75,000, brought only $25,000, to Fyre's inexpressible disgust. After only a few months of this association, Fyre resolved to switch lawyers again.

He had already developed a technique of solicitation by denial. "You'll have to phone Attorney Wales," he told prospects. "He can't phone you. That would be unethical." For his new setup Fyre wanted something even subtler, and got it.

Today, he chases with all his old enthusiasm. Recently he outmaneuvered six or seven rivals for an amputation case which he thinks should be worth $200,000. He sends cases to a lawyer of spotless reputation, who relays them to an expert claimant's lawyer. The latter does not get the cases directly from Fyre, so that between him and the chaser there exists a beautiful and profitable nonrelationship.

Even with reform in the air, Fyre is happy. "I'm helping poor underdogs who need help," he likes to say. Meaning the clients, though those underdogs are not always grateful, the dogs, nor strictly on the level. One signed up with another lawyer after letting Fyre's man support him for seven months. Another cost Fyre a $2222 fee by intimating in court that Fyre got him drunk. And "some of these crooks," Fyre complains, ' expect you to make liability for them" by falsifying the facts. A few even lie to Fyre, suckering him into investing in losing cases.

Such double-dealing sometimes causes Fyre to grumble, "I'd go honest if I could make any money at it." Usually, though, he's content, good at his work, happy in it. "It's work I love," he says. "Then, too, you get damn well paid for it."

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I heartily recommend our shrimp."

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We Are on the Spot in Spain

(Continued from Page 27)

His fears, in this respect at least, have proved unfounded. There are, by now, some 7000 Americans in Spain and their "invasion" is gentleness itself. "We've learned from errors made in other European countries," said one American official. "We knew what not to do." Servicemen and construction workers have been briefed carefully on Spanish pride and prejudice. In their professional and social contacts with the Spanish people, they are polite, almost withdrawn. They sidestep controversial subjects, they do not boast and don't show off. And they de-emphasize the martial aspect of their presence by wearing uniforms on duty only. "He's going to a funeral," an American lady hurriedly explained at a recent luncheon party when her husband turned up in a glittering Navy captain's uniform.

It's not the breezes from abroad—it's the stale air within that may prove dangerous to the regime. The record of the last twelve months, characterized by a wave of industrial strikes up north, a streetcar boycott in Barcelona, and nasty outbreaks of student unrest in Barcelona, Seville and Madrid, can hardly be blamed on foreign influences. Those events were direct results of the vast boredom, the pent-up irritation, the hopelessness which have been spreading through the general's domain. And, as inflation adds its weight to the existing pressures, explosions are more likely to occur.

For an American, accustomed to opinion soundings and loud political campaigns, it is not always easy to take in the little undertones which, in a dictatorial state, make all the difference. "If you took an opinion poll today," a Madrid playwright told me, "you'd find that eighty per cent of the Spanish people would answer 'no' to the question, 'Do you like the regime?' And ninety per cent would say 'no' to the suggestion of changing it!"

The paradox is easily explained. The Spaniard does not trust himself. The product of a troubled and unstable history, which culminated in the bloody civil war of 1936–39, he has arrived at the conclusion that anything so casual as parliamentary democracy would never work here; Spaniards would once again settle their differences with machine guns. Hence, Franco is accepted as a kind of guarantee. "We don't want another civil war," is the refrain. "A million dead, most of them innocent civilians, people like you and me, whose corpses cluttered up the sidewalks every morning. Not that again! Franco has given us seventeen years of peace to catch our breath and raise our children. Whatever you may think of him, he stopped the slaughter."

There is no organized resistance to speak of—the total number of card-holding Communists is down to a few thousand, by the best estimates. But if few of his subjects oppose the dictator on principle, the vast majority are thoroughly fed up with the small pinpricks and restrictions that go with the one-party state. The strikes that shook the country last spring were typical in this respect.

Needless to say, strikes are illegal here. Free trade-unions, collective bargaining and wage agreements are unknown. Spain's 3,500,000 industrial workers—whose brothers bit the dust under the tattered banners of the Moscow-dominated Loyalists—may vent their grievances through "syndicates," vertical trade organizations grouping workers and employers by industries. Their top officers are government appointees who, after sounding out the membership, advise the government on its wage policy.

Now, it was obvious, a year or so ago, that Spanish wages were pathetically inadequate. Franco, gently nudged by syndicate officials, decreed a 20 per cent increase. Unfortunately, it was not enough. The workers, still unable to catch up with the spiraling cost of living, downed tools and took peaceful walks into the countryside.

It was the first big strike since Franco came to power. Some 40,000 steel and allied workers walked out in Bilbao—Spain's Pittsburgh, where proletarian unrest mingles with the stubborn pride of Basque nationalism—and there were minor strikes in Barcelona. Here was the kind of challenge dictators cannot ignore. Yet it was not a revolution. It merely was a mute reminder that the average skilled worker's three dollars a day was insufficient. And Franco quickly recognized the fact; there were no brutal measures of suppression.

Instead, the government's effort to woo the working class has been stepped up. Most plants employing more than 250 workers now have their labor-management committees, and there has been a gradual freeing of elections of workers' delegates in syndicates. Observers trace these gestures to the person of José Giron, until recently Minister of Labor. Giron, a forceful personality known for his "leftist" views, caused some astonishment last year when he instructed his subordinates to listen to the voice of the old leaders of Spain's outlawed unions. "Those men," the minister explained, "the natural leaders of the workers in their communities, have gained experience in many a trade-union fight under other regimes. . . . It would be both stupid and criminal if one refused, because of narrow-minded scruples, to take into account their judgment, their experience and, whenever necessary, solicit their advice and collaboration." Industrial workers, last October, were granted one more modest raise, and an uneasy quiet, at this writing, reigns along Spain's industrial-labor front.

Meanwhile, a generation is growing up in Spain which is not troubled by recurrent nightmares. "My children," said a prominent corporation lawyer, "are seventeen and twenty. I tell them about our civil war and I might just as well be talking about Napoleon or Hannibal. It's ancient history to them."

Here is, perhaps, one reason why the student riots of February, 1956, perturbed the government more deeply than the workers' strikes. It started with a relatively trifling incident. The law students of Madrid University were losing faith in their official students' syndicate—a junior branch of the Falange Party—and quietly proceeded to elect their own representatives to the university's students' council. Watchful Falangists stopped the voting, and the indignant youngsters marched out in the street, shouting, "Down with the Falange!"

A three-day running street fight with Falange blueshirts followed. There were some wounded, but, by great good luck, no one was killed.

It was the sort of thing that simply does not happen in a dictatorship—Madrid had not been so tense since the civil war. But although swift, authoritative action seemed in order, Franco kept his displeasure to himself. On his orders, the young ringleaders—many of them the sons of active supporters of the regime—were let off with light sentences. Instead, the Caudillo summarily dismissed his able Minister of Education, Joaquín Ruiz-Giménez, and with him the rector of the University of Madrid, for having tolerated antigovernment manifestations on the campus. At the same time, to the amusement of 1,600,000 *Madrileños*, the university's rebellious law school was hastily moved from its home on narrow Calle San Bernardo to a barely completed building in suburban University City. There, far away from the milling crowds, the danger of contagion would be less acute.

The students are still angry. One of the rebel leaders, a dry and somber law student with whom I had arranged a cloak-and-dagger rendezvous in a cheap downtown bar, painted a picture of profound frustration among the country's academic youth. While he and his friends were not freedom fighters—they were not concerned with "big things," he insisted—they were fed up with a bureaucracy which kept them out of the great currents of Western thought, made them an adjunct of the stale Falange and prevented them from choosing their own representatives. My friend left little doubt that, as far as Madrid's students were concerned, nothing was settled by the water hose.

Ironically, it was an anti-Soviet demonstration that provided the next spark. This time it was the students of the University of Barcelona who turned a manifestation of sympathy for Hungary into a show of their dislike for Franco. Massing in front of the university buildings one morning last November, several thousand students shouted, "Long live freedom! Down with dictatorship!" It took some 400 policemen to drive the youngsters back into the buildings.

Fresh riots broke out, in January of this year, when a sudden hike in bus and streetcar fares resulted in a boycott of public conveyances in Barcelona and Seville. In both cities, the students took advantage of the troubled atmosphere to manifest their independent spirits—mostly by throwing rocks at the police. A number of arrests were made and, in a Seville street, hard-pressed policemen fired in the air.

Franco can read the signs. Knowing that he won't be around forever, hushing a voice here, putting out a fire there, he is devoting a good deal of thought and worry to tomorrow. It's true, his tenure is for life, and the Caudillo is, at sixty-four, a very healthy man. Foreign ambassadors and Spanish friends who see him at his palace outside Madrid or go with him on hunting trips are constantly amazed by his alacrity and vigor. But though he can expect to be his active self for many years to come, he knows that the succession of a dictator wants careful planning.

He has one rather hollow fact to start with: Spain is, officially, a monarchy, and the machinery exists, at least on paper, to call a prince to the deserted throne on Franco's death. Unfortunately, neither Don Juan, the sailor prince, who lives in Portugal, nor his good-looking son, Don Carlos—now a cadet at Spain's military

NEXT WEEK

This Room Can Save Your Life
How Modern Hospitals Bring Patients Through the Critical Postoperative Hours

Lady Cops of the Dope Squad
Undercover Policewomen versus Narcotics Racketeers

Is Larsen a One-Game Wonder?
What Will Become of the Yankees' Perfect-Game Pitcher?

Religion Hits the Road
Camp Meetings for Modern-Day Ranchers

A New Novel by Conrad Richter
The Lady

Street of Fear
By Thomas Walsh

And a Special Feature: By Joseph Auslander
Memo to the Hungarian Patriots

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academy—has captured the imagination of the public. Most Spaniards view the matter with monumental apathy, and government men admit that the question isn't so much "Who'll be king?" as, "What kind of a kingdom?"

Here, the Caudillo runs head on into Spain's only legal party, the Falange—a vast agglomeration of bureaucrats, industrial workers, women, youth, whose leaders' main concern is now the preservation of their political monopoly. The coming of a king, they fear, would end the hayride. To buy them off, Franco is planning to transform the party into an organ of the state; presumably, under a basic law now in preparation, the party's National Council would become Spain's upper house, or Senate—a body which, together with the heavily Falangist lower house, the Spanish Cortes, would dominate the nation. But, Spaniards ask, would Franco ever find a prince willing to serve as figurehead of a Falange state? "We wouldn't want our king to come in on a Falange ticket," one leading monarchist said with conviction.

Unhappy Franco—as soon as he reveals the shape of things to come, he, Spain's "Caudillo by the Grace of God," demotes himself to the position of a loyal caretaker. Most people here consider such a voluntary plunge unlikely, and the best guess is that he will continue to back and fill for a long time to come. The recent government shuffle, which eliminated some of the more rabid Falangists and added several army men to Franco's cabinet, assuaged, no doubt, the apprehensions of the Monarchists. But it settled nothing.

Meanwhile, as history is turning the Mediterranean Sea into an arena of decision, Spain, almost imperceptibly, is taking on the trappings of a power.

Best Thank You

By ELAINE V. EMANS

She seems to lift a day,
So often, from some gay
Gift wrapping, going about
It with no slightest doubt
Of who the Giver is.
She takes her days from
His
Munificence, and goes
Glad of them, for she
knows
The best thank-you for
such
Gifts is to love them much.

Franco has, for some time, made a good deal of Spain's "tradition" of friendship with the Arab world—a friendship for which one finds little foundation in Spanish history. Carefully cultivating ties with certain Moslem leaders in North Africa, he has consistently opposed French interests in that vital area. And, at the Suez conference last August, Spain's Foreign Minister tried to assume the role of mediator between Nasser and the West.

At the same time, there is reason to believe that the Caudillo, after twenty years of chilly silence, is speaking to the Russians. Secret negotiations between Spain and Russia are said to have been held in several European capitals. Last fall three shiploads of Spanish citizens arrived, to everyone's surprise, in Spanish ports—Loyalist boys taken to Russia for "safekeeping" during the final stages of the civil war and suddenly released. Many of them brought home their Russian wives, and Moscow's generosity in letting them depart, weighed down with luggage, household goods and radio sets, was not lost on the Spanish public. "The next step," Spaniards speculate, "will be the return of our gold. (Russian "advisers" made off with the republic's $743,000,000 gold hoard in 1937.) And after that, what's there to keep us from establishing diplomatic relations with the Kremlin?"

But the accord with the United States remains undoubtedly the biggest single thing that has occurred here since the start of the regime, and the events set off by it are something even Franco can't control. This pact, Spaniards like to remind us now and then, was not Madrid's idea: the Truman Administration made the first approach, and Franco held out stubbornly for two exasperating years. What made our negotiators so persistent was more than the mere military need for bomber bases; in helping build a shock-resistant Europe, we could not overlook a nation whose anticommunist record was written in blood—a nation whose culture and tradition were so profoundly European.

But if we needed Spain, there were a few things Franco needed too. And, in the end, he shook hands for a price. Besides the military pact—which entails an outlay of $400,000,000 for our bases—two supplementary accords were signed. Washington undertook to modernize Franco's defense force, promising him $350,000,000 worth of armaments, including electronics equipment, naval vessels, and some 230 modern fighter planes—already, Spanish pilots are flying Sabrejets fresh from the U.S.A. At the same time, we are shoring up Spain's fra economy with an assistance prograr which has thus far made close to $1,000 000,000 in grants and loans available t our Spanish friends.

They can do with a billion dollars—a any visitor to Spain can see. A backwar country to begin with, left in a state c ruin by the civil war, Spain is some fift years behind the rest of Europe. Fror roads to rolling stock, from agricultura implements to those extraordinary perio pieces, Madrid taxicabs, the wherewitha of the machine age seems held togethe with safety pins. Nature herself refuses t be helpful—the barren tablelands, cracke under a hot sun, yield a poor livelihoo at best, and frequent crop failures mak Spain a land of permanent catastrophe The average Spaniard's income—$255 a year—is less than half the Europear norm—the income of the average Amer ican is seven times as high.

Iron controls keep the economy from spreading out. The government puts it cash into long-term investments—lanc reform, roads, dams, power plants—anc the consumer has to wait. American ex porters who came nosing into Spain afte the signing of the aid agreement, hopin to open up a "last frontier," comprisin 29,000,000 potential customers, founc out that Spain had no intention of buyin what America had to sell. American auto mobiles, refrigerators, office furnitur and cosmetics were luxuries of whicl Spain could admit no more than a well regulated trickle. The Spaniard's hanker ing for almost any kind of Americar equipment was illustrated, rather touch ingly, when Brown, Raymond & Walsh prime contractors for our Spanish bases handed out subcontracts to Spanisl firms; some of the latter quoted unex pectedly low prices, frankly admittin

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they would love to get their hands on some American concrete mixers, pavers, crushers and finishing machines which, in the end, they might be allowed to keep.

American investors willing to risk their cash in a joint American-Spanish enterprise—manufacturing, oil prospecting or merchandising—find themselves thwarted by a government rule that would deny them a controlling interest in it. Nor is the foreigner the only one to suffer from the mass of rules and regulations. The loudest grumbling, as you might expect, comes from the Spanish businessman himself, who often finds his way to honest profits blocked by red tape, corruption and favoritism. In Barcelona, Spain's brisk and busy commercial capital, industrialists and merchants speak with dismay of far-away Madrid, where they have to waste days on end seeing a man about a permit.

True, Franco's Spain, for all its limitations and restrictions, still is no Nazi Germany. The citizen who goes about his daily routine is a "free man." Many a Spaniard with an anti-Franco record now earns an honorable living in Madrid; and where there were some 270,000 political prisoners in jail in 1940, there now are probably no more than 3000. In bar, café, streetcar or plaza, the Spaniard speaks his mind, and he'll criticize his government with the same lack of inhibition with which we criticize our own. There is no looking back over one's shoulder. As long as you don't mount a soapbox and tell a sidewalk crowd what's on your mind or organize a public demonstration, Franco's police won't bother you.

Still, something is amiss. Sit down with any educated *Madrileño* over a glass of amber-colored Jerez, and it won't take him long to tell you how he loathes the "intellectual desert" in which he is condemned to live. The heavy hand of censorship limits his vision. His newspapers do not report the news. Periodicals that get too free and easy are suppressed—two literary magazines were banned last year, after the Madrid student riots. Books he would like to read are unavailable. If he is a doctor, a scientist, an engineer, he is painfully conscious of being out of touch with the latest developments in his field. There is no controversy, no enthusiasm and no stimulation—only the deadly calm of slow erosion.

Franco is well aware of it. Anxious to retrieve lost time, he has shown himself desirous to "get closer to the people," to institute a "dialogue" between himself and forces representing some other point of view. He has come out repeatedly for social justice. "Never before has there existed," he said not long ago, "nor will there ever exist in Spain, a regime more interested in the improvement of the standard of living of the Spanish people."

But the Caudillo has not gone out in the wilderness to plant the grassroots of free institutions. He has not yet presented his people with the right of habeas corpus, with free elections, with the rudiments of parties and trade unions; he has not given them an ounce of genuine political responsibility. Surprises, in this kind of situation, are the rule, and, should the dreary progress of inflation add further to the Spaniard's burden, there is no telling what would happen. There is no telling what would happen the afternoon an irate group of students or of striking workers found itself reinforced by a few thousand ordinary citizens returning from a soccer match or bullfight. Explosions make, explosions break, a dictator. A pistol shot, an angry word, might put the match to the whole string of firecrackers.

Americans would have no reason to gloat over such a development. Not only would a Spanish blow-up knock our airbase project into a cocked hat. Not only would it give the Communists a chance to rise up from the shadows in a new bid for leadership. But it would leave us totally without a policy. Having long since abandoned our efforts to "sweeten" the regime, to help the Generalissimo evolve a "Spanish formula" allowing for a broadening participation of the people, we have identified ourselves with one-man rule. In this strategic country, guarding the entrance to the world's most dangerous sea, our fortunes are hitched to the lonely star of the Caudillo. And, as the last of the great dictators moves toward an uncertain future, so do we.

THE END

"So this is Junior. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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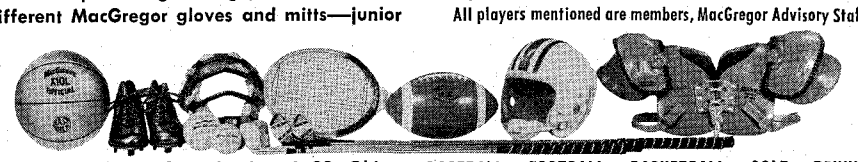

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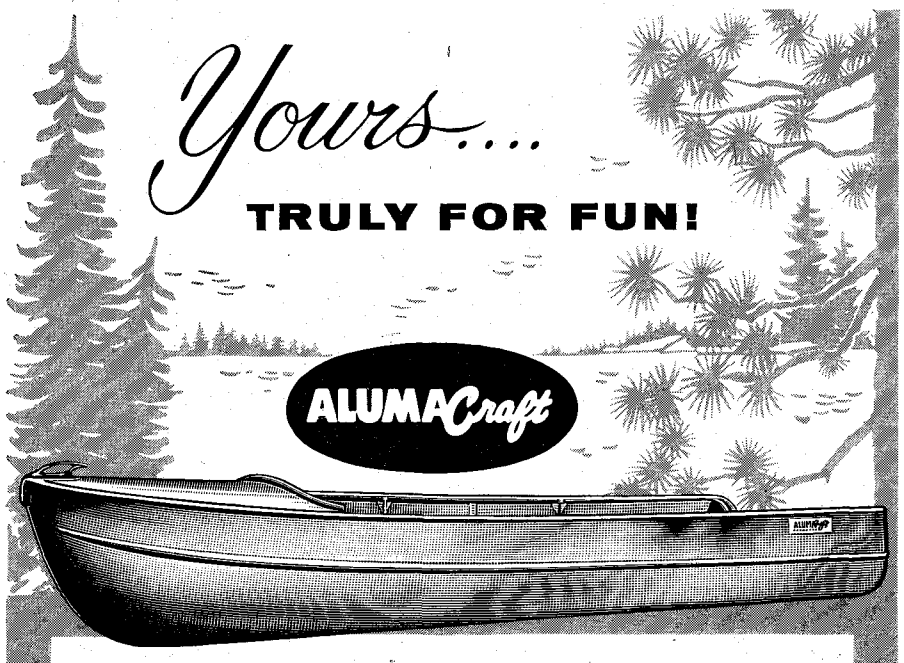

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Premature Births Can be Prevented

(Continued from Page 29)

delivered by Caesarean section of a seven-pound, two-ounce boy.

Since it was first produced in any considerable quantity seven years ago, the manufacturers have supplied Releasin gratis to some fifty hospitals for clinical tests.

To date, these tests have involved 600 women with various labor problems. In addition, more than 600 obstetricians have given Releasin to private patients, who paid for the drug, and only the steep price has prevented many others from prescribing it. Numerous factors remain to be evaluated: What is the optimum dosage? The most effective method of administration—intramuscular, intravenous or oral? What types of cases are likeliest to respond? The present signs, however, are promising. The drug appears to be capable of exerting one of two opposite effects, depending upon the stage of labor. If contractions are not too violent, it frequently stops them. But if labor has entered the final stage, it may then facilitate birth. The proportion of babies apparently saved by these effects has ranged between 50 and 95 per cent.

Although Releasin has prevented a few cases of miscarriage—that is, the loss of the fetus prior to twenty-eight weeks of pregnancy, most of its success has been in saving babies threatened by the hazards of premature labor—that which occurs after twenty-eight weeks, but before the forty-week full term.

Last year, in two New York hospitals, Flower-Fifth Avenue and the Metropolitan Medical Center, a team of obstetricians under the late Dr. Clair E. Folsome completed a control study of ninety women laboring in the twenty-fourth to the thirty-ninth week. Fifty of them received the standard treatment—bed rest, sedatives and a high-protein, high-vitamin diet. The remaining forty got Releasin. In the first group seven babies survived; in the second, twenty-seven, including a pair of twins. This represents a fetal loss of 86 per cent in the untreated as compared to only 35 per cent in the Releasin-treated group.

Thirteen of the women receiving Releasin had started labor during or before the twenty-eighth week of pregnancy, and of this number four gained enough additional time to give birth to healthy babies. Eleven of the infants born to this group, including two sets of twins, died. Greatest benefit was conferred on the twenty-two women whose premature labor began between the twenty-ninth and thirty-sixth weeks. Labor was halted long enough in these cases to permit the safe birth of nineteen infants. Three other babies died. Eighteen of the women treated by Doctor Folsome and his colleagues in this series had reached full term before labor started, but Releasin was employed because of suspected small babies. Fourteen normal-weight babies were born and lived, three were of "premature" weight but healthy, and one died. A second control study is now in progress at Flower-Fifth Avenue Hospital under Dr. Martin Stone.

At the Boston Lying-In Hospital, Dr. Daniel Abramson, senior obstetrician and head of the out-patient service, who was the first to apply a relaxin-containing extract medically, has treated over forty patients with Releasin, a large percentage of them successfully. In Salt Lake City, of twenty-three women in premature labor, to whom Dr. Emil G. Holmstrom, of the University of Utah College of Medicine, gave the drug, all but three bore live babies.

At Cleveland's State and Mt. Sinai Hospitals four obstetricians—Drs. Eduard Eichner, Charles Waltner, Martin Goodman and Stanley Post—charted the effects of Releasin on eighteen pregnant women. They used massive doses by intravenous drip, which they consider superior to intramuscular injection. Of thirteen women threatened with imminent miscarriage, three went on to full, or almost full, term and normal delivery. Ten lost their babies, but in each case labor was retarded and delivery, when it could no longer be halted, was relatively easy. In five cases of disorganized labor—that is, contractions and severe pain without progress—normal progressive labor was restored.

Among the test cases was that of a trained nurse, identified in the records as Mrs. J. W., one of the Salt Lake City patients. Her pregnancy history included one child born at normal term and one miscarriage. In the thirty-second week of her third pregnancy contractions began four to five minutes apart. For the first eight hours she received the standard care; then, the contractions persisting, Releasin. She went home three days later. The following week, Mrs. J. W. went into labor again. She gave herself Releasin, with which the doctors had supplied her, before reporting to the hospital. She retained the baby a few hours longer, and was delivered of a four-pound boy, who reached normal weight in an incubator.

Approximately 200,000 babies die before or at birth in this country every year. On the basis of the foregoing percentages Dr. Leonard A. Scheele, president of Warner-Chilcott and former Surgeon General of the United States, estimates that Releasin could save as many as 140,000 of them.

The development of the drug is linked to a long, complex chain of discoveries about hormones. The first of those discoveries arose, curiously enough, through a study of the prairie pocket gopher. When, in 1919, the Kansas State College of Agriculture offered a young zoologist from Missouri named Frederick Lee Hisaw a position on its faculty at $150 a month, he jumped at it.

The title accompanying his new job was grandiose, "Assistant Professor of Zoology and Experiment Station Mammalogist," but his duties turned out to be both humble and dreary—to combat pocket gophers. Burrowing rodents are among the most rapacious crop pests ever to plague the Midwestern farmer. "We destroyed them," says Hisaw, now Professor of Zoology at Harvard, a lean, spry, salty man of sixty-five, "by pumping strychnine-poisoned oats into their burrows."

But as he got better acquainted with the ratlike creatures he noted a physiological oddity. To enable them to run and turn inside their narrow burrows, nature endowed them with extremely slim hips. So close together, in fact, are their pubic bones set that no young aborning could possibly squeeze past. The females, however, whelp with ease as many as six babies to a litter. How, Hisaw marveled, do they manage it?

He uncovered the secret by dissecting a series of specimens in different phases of growth. Until sexual maturity, he observed, both males and females have similar pelvic girdles, the pubic bones joining to form a rigid arch. But with the approach of the first mating season the female pubis dissolves, vanishing entirely by late pregnancy and leaving the baby

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pocket gophers an escape hatch into the world. What mechanism brings about this dramatic change?

At the time Hisaw recorded his observation, physiologists were barely beginning to understand the function of hormones, those multifarious chemical substances, secreted by various organs, which flow through the blood stream to stimulate or regulate other organs. Few specific hormones had as yet been isolated and analyzed. The female reproductive system, however—it was generally agreed—falls under the control of hormones manufactured by the ovaries. Hisaw surmised that such a hormone was responsible for dissolving the female pocket gopher's pubis. A decade later, when the estrogen family of hormones was discovered, he attributed the phenomenon to them. He then turned to a consideration of kindred gestative changes in other animals.

Most mammals undergo extraordinary pelvic alterations during pregnancy. The pubis of the moles, Hisaw learned, also dissolves. That of guinea pigs separates and becomes so flexible that he could manipulate it through their pelts like rubber. In pregnant women, physicians since Hippocrates have noted the progressive relaxation of the pubic and sacroiliac ligaments. As the chief agent of these last two types of change, Hisaw postulated an unknown ovarian hormone. With no notion of how it accomplishes its task or, indeed, whether there was such a thing, he named it relaxin.

At Kansas State, later at the University of Wisconsin, where he took his Ph.D., and finally at Harvard, assisted by his students, he kept tracking clues to relaxin activity. The search required rare ingenuity. There were no means of examining the hormone as an entity distinct from others, since its chemical structure was unknown. He could only infer its presence from its manifestations. He injected virgin guinea pigs with the blood serum of pregnant rabbits. Within a few hours their pelves relaxed to such an extent that they could scarcely stand. He produced a slight relaxation in guinea pigs with the blood serum of pregnant women.

Convinced that relaxin existed, he cast about for a larger source to test it more extensively. Since sows are often butchered when pregnant, Hisaw and his students haunted the slaughterhouses, collecting sows' ovaries. It was a lucky choice. No species has since proved to be a richer source of relaxin. Extracting and purifying the ovarian secretions, a lengthy, tedious process of his own devising, he obtained a comparatively crude preparation with which he was able to stimulate artificially in animals conditions that occur naturally during gestation.

Skepticism greeted his early reports. Relaxin, his critics contended, was an imaginary concept. Even if it did exist, of what practical use could it be? It was further argued that the puzzling pelvic changes could probably be attributed to other ovarian hormones, notably estrogen and progesterone.

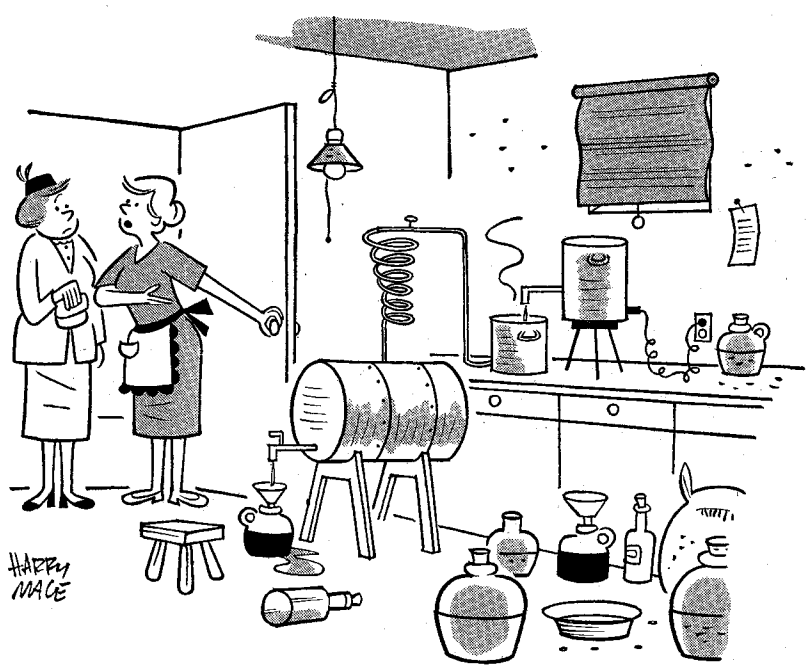
During the first half of woman's menstrual cycle estrogen increases, tapering off at the mid-point. It starts the preparation of the uterus to house the egg. When the egg breaks out of the ovary, it leaves at the site of the rupture a glandular yellow body. The yellow body secretes, among other hormones, progesterone, which thickens the lining of the uterus. If pregnancy does not take place, the lining sloughs off and the entire process starts anew. But if the egg is fertilized and implanted, the progesterone level continues to rise, and toward parturition estrogen again becomes active.

Fortunately for Hisaw's theory, the chemical structures of both estrogen and progesterone were now known, so that he could separate them from his ovarian extract. What remained, he believed, would be principally relaxin. The simplified extract, injected into his laboratory animals, produced the expected result.

Physiologists no longer doubt the existence of relaxin. They recognize it as an ovarian hormone related to pregnancy, operating interdependently with estrogen and progesterone, which increases from the fourth month and vanishes twelve hours after birth. According to a prevalent theory, an early effect of relaxin is to quiet the uterine muscles, thus preventing premature expulsion of the fetus; a later effect is to relax the connective tissues of the cervix—the narrow neck of the uterus—and so facilitate birth. Hisaw last year won one of the most coveted awards in his field—the medal of The Endocrine Society—for discovering relaxin and three related hormones.

In 1949 he curtailed his studies of relaxin. He had pursued them on the level of pure science with no practical application in mind. "A number of my students at Wisconsin and Harvard," says he, "took the problem with them when they left. I felt it was in excellent hands, and I wanted to investigate other aspects of hormonal activity before I retired."

One of those students, Wilbur H. Sawyer, Assistant Professor of Zoology



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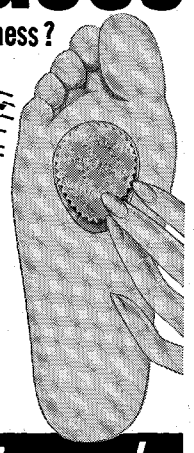

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at New York University College of Medicine, showed that the uterus of mice, which keeps contracting when suspended in saline solution, stops contracting as soon as relaxin is added. It was this demonstration which suggested to another former Hisaw student, Dr. Robert L. Kroc, a research physiologist with Warner-Chilcott, that a pharmaceutical form of the hormone might arrest the contractions of premature labor.

An intense, bustling, bushy-haired native of Illinois, aged forty-nine, Kroc studied for his Ph.D. under Hisaw at Wisconsin, and has played, after his teacher, the most important role in Releasin's development. Thirteen years ago he joined the Warner-Chilcott Laboratories, a division of the Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co. Specializing in drugs available only to physicians and hospitals, Warner-Chilcott encourages its top research men to choose some pet line of investigation. Kroc chose relaxin, and the company backed him handsomely. In the next eleven years it invested around $1,000,000 in the project and assigned sixty technicians.

At the outset, Kroc's toughest problem was to extract larger amounts of the hormone in purer form than anybody had hitherto managed to do. Hisaw had thought it necessary to process only the yellow body of sows' ovaries. Kroc found that whole ovaries secreted much more relaxin. Even so, enormous quantities of the organs were needed. Five hundred sows yield barely enough relaxin to fill a tube one third the size of a lead pencil. Warner-Chilcott signed contracts with pork packers the country over to remove the ovaries—ideally from pregnant sows, since relaxin increases during pregnancy—freeze and immediately ship them to Morris Plains. But few packers cared to spend the extra time selecting pregnant sows, so that the source material was usually diluted. The laboratories assigned two employees full-time to canvassing the meat-packing industry both here and abroad.

By 1948 Kroc and his colleagues had perfected a method of extraction, its exact details a trade secret. The end product, a whitish powder, was then dissolved in saline solution and enclosed in glass ampules together with a preservative.

Warner-Chilcott furnished Doctor Abramson and Dr. Duncan E. Reid, chief of staff at Boston Lying-In Hospital, with Releasin gratis, as it has to numerous experimental clinicians and some private patients. The first five women in premature labor whom he treated all kept their babies. Last summer the Food and Drug Administration, after reviewing these and other cases, sanctioned the sale of the drug.

It had been on the market only a few days when Dr. Walter Hoskins, Director of Clinical Investigations, answered an urgent phone call from Franklin, North Carolina, near the Georgia state line. The caller, Dr. Joseph W. Kahn, of Franklin's Angel Hospital, explained that his own wife, who was thirty-eight years old, had gone into premature labor with strong contractions at thirty-two weeks. She had borne a son two years earlier, after a long period of infertility. Now it looked as if she might lose her second child. Doctor Kahn had read the scientific literature on Releasin. Could Doctor Hoskins send him some?

Hoskins sent seven ampules by plane and bus to Franklin, and within twenty-four hours Kahn had begun the injections. The contractions stopped.

A month later Hoskins was gratified to receive a card proclaiming: "It's a boy! Name: Hank. Arrived: 2:40 A.M., 8/14/56. Weight: 6 lbs., 12 oz. Parents: Joe and Amelia Kahn. Thanks again for the Releasin."

Warner-Chilcott has been at pains to disabuse people of any notion that Releasin is a wonder drug, infallibly effective against premature labor. "If labor has progressed beyond a certain point," Hoskins cautions, "Releasin is powerless to stop delivery, though it may ease it. It appears to work best before the thirty-fourth week, provided contractions are not violent and the cervix only partially dilated. The majority of the failures reported occurred when those qualifications had been disregarded."

Current production runs around 14,000 cc's a month, enough to treat 24,000 patients with seven ampules each. But the price—$150 to $175 a series, depending on markups—lies beyond many pocketbooks. (Two or three injections, though, sometimes suffice.) Inevitably the price will drop when more efficient production techniques are devised. When and if chemists discover the molecular structure of relaxin, it may then be feasible to manufacture it synthetically. At least four pharmaceutical firms besides Warner-Chilcott are experimenting with the hormone.

Meanwhile, medical men go on exploring other potentialities of Releasin. Dysmenorrhea, or painful menstruation, incapacitates countless women every month. Since laborlike contractions characterize the affliction, it occurred to Doctor Abramson that the drug might allay them. Regular monthly injections would be prohibitively expensive and a practical nuisance. But in tablet form, he reasoned, the drug should be much cheaper, because it would be less refined than the liquid extract and as easy to swallow as aspirin. When he asked Warner-Chilcott to prepare some, Doctor Kroc warned him that Releasin taken orally would probably not work. The digestive enzymes, trypsin and pepsin, would inactivate it before it entered the blood stream. But Doctor Abramson persisted, and the laboratories sent him a few hundred tablets, containing the equivalent of one tenth of a cc of Releasin and costing a twentieth as much as the ampules to make.

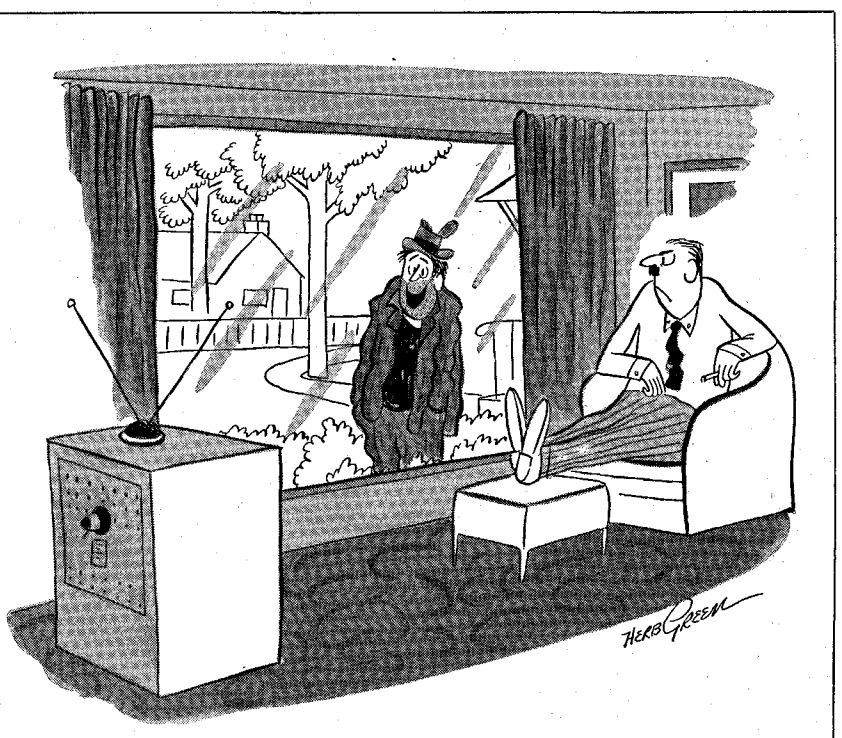
This study has not yet been completed, but Doctor Abramson reports that preliminary results in more than 100 women, including a large number of student nurses and the employees of a large industrial organization, are quite promising.

As we have seen, Releasin is also being considered as a corrective for such common complications of childbearing as difficult or prolonged labor both before and at normal term. What many obstetricians find hard at first blush to accept about relaxin, an apparently irreconcilable paradox, is how the same hormone can exert directly opposite effects—helping to retain the fetus in the early stage, and in the terminal stage to accelerate birth. According to Drs. Kroc and Blanchard, a likely explanation may be that a difference in the level of other hormones alters the response of the uterus to relaxin. Does it follow that Releasin can (1) mitigate painful birth, (2) induce labor, and (3) protect the baby from injury in a constricted uterine tunnel by softening the tissues? The number of clinical tests along those lines—only 100 so far—is too insignificant to draw conclusions from. Yet the signs point that way.

Not long ago, in the Good Samaritan Hospital in Suffern, New York, Dr. Louis A. Cohen gave seven injections of Releasin to a twenty-four-year-old patient, the wife of a railroad clerk, Mrs. Lorraine Yarsinsky. Twice before she had lost her baby. She was now in labor at twenty-nine weeks. The cervix had dilated too widely for the drug to stop contractions, and delivery took place within twenty-four hours. It is conceivable, however, that Releasin may have produced its second effect of relaxing the connective tissues, because Mrs. Yarsinsky bore triplets, all of whom survived.

The hope that Releasin may reduce the injury in diseases involving connective tissues, which originally led Abramson to treat arthritis with ovarian extract, has not faded. Scleroderma, for example, is an agonizing, incurable and ultimately fatal disease afflicting 10,000 people in this country at present. The skin hardens, restricting movement. The blood supply is cut off, causing fingers, toes and ankles to ulcerate. At the University of Miami School of Medicine, Boston's Lahey Clinic, and the Hospital for Special Surgery in New York, Releasin has been injected into a total of thirty-nine scleroderma victims for from eight months to two years. While in no case has the disease been cured, in thirty-one the symptoms have abated or disappeared.

Discussing the history of the drug that started with a pocket-gopher hunt, Warner-Chilcott's President Scheele observes, "We're pretty sure where its use begins—in labor. But we have no idea where it may lead." THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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If a President Collapses . . .

(Continued from Page 21)

authorities on government, including former President Hoover. Noted experts on constitutional law appeared before the Judiciary Committee and made their recommendations. But positive action was stalled by two events: the President's intestinal attack last June, and the subsequent presidential campaign. Members of both parties felt that discussion, right then, of presidential disability might be construed as raising the "health issue."

Now, with the President re-elected, restored to vigor and reportedly as anxious as ever for a clear solution of the disability problem, the way seems open for congressional debate and action. A number of bills, varying widely in their approach, have already been introduced in the House and Senate, and have begun their tortuous crawl through the committees. Other bills are in preparation. Still other solutions have been proposed by jurists, journalists and public officials.

The danger is that Congress, which has always dodged this problem in the past, will quietly brush it under the rug again before adjournment. Admittedly it may be difficult to obtain majority agreement on a solution. And the subject, thus far, hasn't developed much "voter appeal." The average harried legislator, being

> Anybody can move from the farm to the city, but only the successful can afford to move back.
>
> CHARLES RUFFING

human, tends to deal with what is urgent now, not what may become urgent—even catastrophically uncontrollable—on some sudden unknown future day. Personally, I doubt if we shall see action in this session of Congress, unless there is some further strong word from the President, which may well be forthcoming before you read this article. Even so, Congress would move faster if spurred on by an informed public opinion.

The purpose of this article is to examine the various proposals for determining presidential disability. I will try to weigh the merits and disadvantages of each. The subject has interested me ever since, as a young lawyer in the early 1920's, I used to hear my elders and professors speculating on the effects of President Wilson's illness on the League of Nations. I have studied it further since Mr. Eisenhower's illness. More recently, I have analyzed the congressional hearings and everything else I could find on the subject. I cannot pose as a constitutional authority, but I have talked about this with many eminent men who are such authorities, in private life and in all three branches of the Government.

First, a quick glance at some of the chief proposals, if only to show their variety:

Former President Hoover believes that "the determination of presidential inability, and its termination, should rest with the Cabinet, and the executive powers should be executed by the Vice-President during any such period."

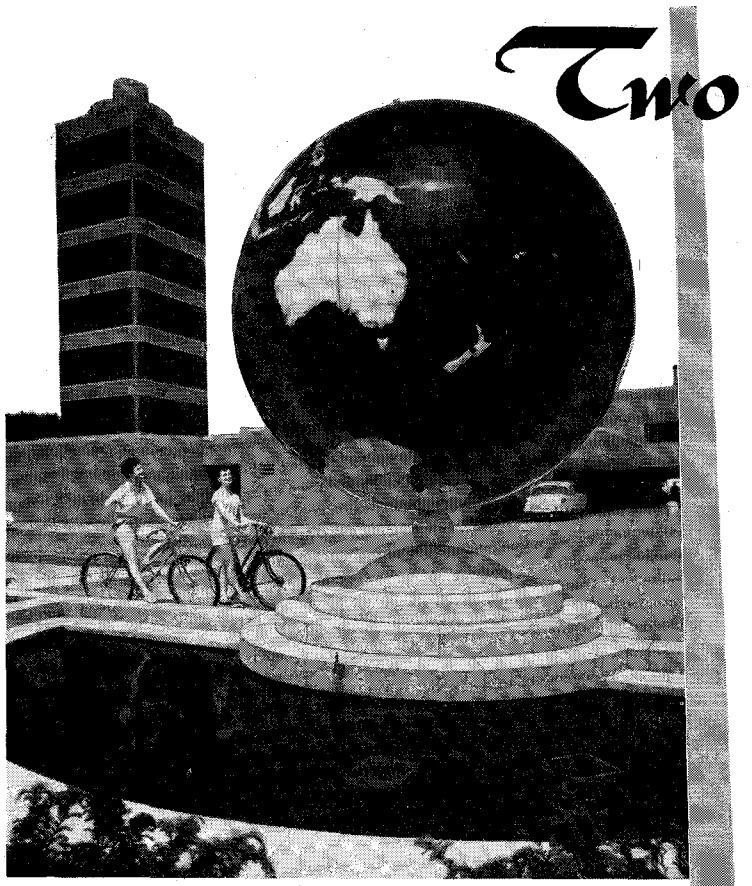
Peter Frelinghuysen, Jr., Republican congressman from New Jersey, of brilliant legal background, favors a constitutional amendment. It would authorize Congress to raise the question of a President's inability, but the Supreme Court would then have to determine whether the President was incapacitated, in which case the Vice-President would exercise the powers of the presidency until the court decided that the President was able to resume his duties.

Frederick G. Payne, respected Republican senator from Maine, believes a statute would suffice. It would allow the Vice-President, whenever he believes the President is so incapacitated that he cannot act upon his own disability, to notify the Chief Justice. The C. J. would then appoint a panel of three to five "qualified medical specialists in civil life." If they unanimously found the President unable to perform his duties, the Vice-President would take over until the President stated that he was able to resume.

Chairman Celler has heard enough expert testimony on this subject to make your head swim. He believes the situation could be clarified by a concurrent resolution. It would authorize the Vice-President, whenever he decides the President is incapacitated, to convene both houses of Congress and announce that he has taken over the powers and duties of the Presidency. It would allow the President to resume his duties when he feels fit to do so.

Arthur Krock, veteran Washington correspondent of The New York Times, has been a shrewd observer of our Government's working since 1910. He remembers the dreadful and unsolved dilemma posed by Wilson's collapse in 1919. Appearing before Mr. Celler's subcommittee, (*Continued on Page 108*)

Two



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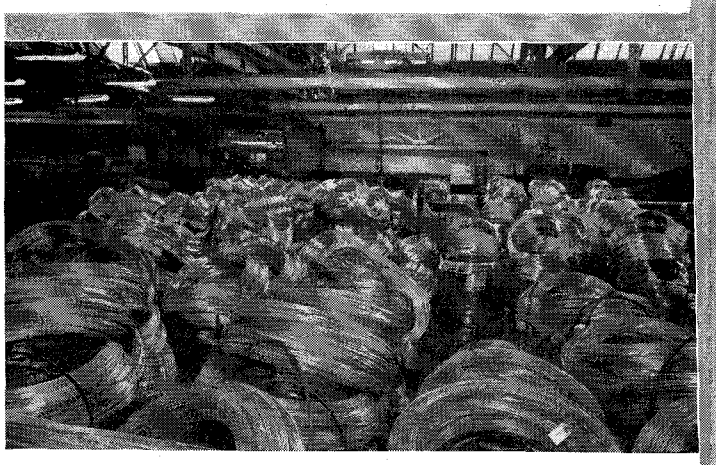

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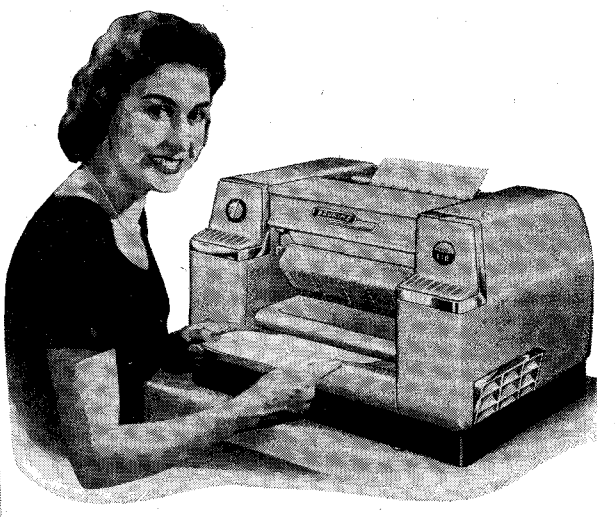

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FROM AN AMANDA VERANDA—Main street of little Ohio village which owes much of its present prosperity to success of Mid-West Fabricating Company, Inc., GM supplier. (Insert: Stanton Johns, Amanda native son and President of Mid-West, at drafting board working on GM order.)

ACTIVE FOR AMANDA LIFE—Stanton Johns, Mid-West President, answering alarm with Asst. Fire Chief Don O'Hara. Mrs. Johns, Mid-West Secretary, busy with Camp Fire Girl activities.

MARRIED TO THEIR JOBS—Francis Crago and his wife Helen, who are saving from their Mid-West pay to build a new home in Amanda.

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How a "small-town boy" and his town have made good in a big way

Prosperity begins at home.

At least that's a quick and pretty accurate way to sum up what's happening in little villages and towns from coast to coast as they join America's ever-increasing network of industrial progress.

Look, for instance, at Amanda, Ohio (population 650).

This tiny village is having its most exciting days since back in 1827, when old Bill Kessler, crunching by in his trading wagon, saw a bear up a tree, shot it, founded the town and named it for his daughter. And it's mainly due to Amanda's own home folks—one Stanton Johns in particular.

How a "Home Town" Business Starts

STANTON was making garden plow wheels in a rented plant in Columbus. What he really wanted was to operate his own plant in his own town. And the local folks agreed. In fact, they wanted him so much that twenty of them signed notes of $250 apiece to get him started.

So—in 1946—Amanda had itself a new enterprise — Mid-West Fabricating Company, Inc.—to bring outside business into the town. This volume of business was not very great until a friend tipped Stanton Johns off to a very important fact of modern business life. And that, of course, is General Motors' continuous interest in developing new sources, however small, to help build GM products for you.

What GM Means to a Small Business

IT SEEMS GM's Oldsmobile Division was on the lookout for more help in fabricating car control rods. So when Johns visited them in Lansing, Michigan, he came home with Mid-West's first GM order — a small one but with acorn potential in it.

For as soon as Mid-West proved they could deliver what General Motors wanted —that acorn order grew into an oak tree of further orders. Other GM Divisions followed Oldsmobile, as did other companies. And today Mid-West volume has climbed from the original $27,000 in 1946 to a cool million. This divides many ways — from Mid-West's purchases from their own suppliers to the $320,000 payroll going to 82 employes—and thence into Amanda tills.

What's more — as usually happens in industry today—Johns plows back profits into the company, contributes to many projects for the town's welfare. Thanks to Amanda itself — and to General Motors — Amanda *is doing* fine.

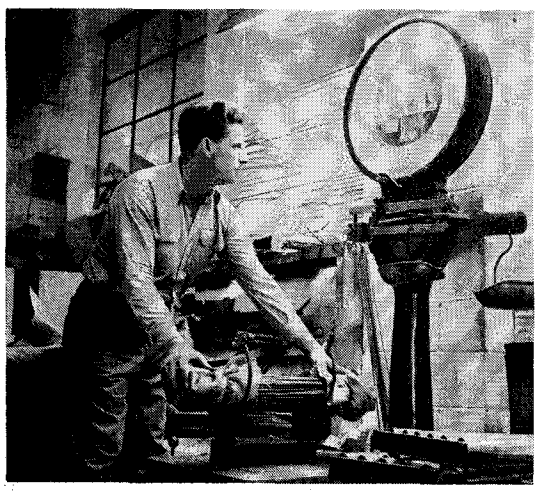
What has happened in this tiny Ohio village has happened in hundreds of towns and cities all over the United States. New business has flowed into these communities—and as a result these communities in every state in the Union share in GM's success.

How much they share is shown by the fact that outside sources of materials and services for GM receive, in total, close to 50¢ out of every dollar that GM takes in.

How General Motors Profits Spread

Nearly 50% of every dollar General Motors takes in goes out again to the 26,000 business firms supplying GM Divisions with goods and services. How widely this money spreads across the nation is shown by the fact that more than 144 million dollars go into West Coast California while more than 130 millions go into East Coast Connecticut each year. And there is not a state in the Union, even the least industrial, which does not figure in this GM success picture.

GENERAL MOTORS — Good people to work for — Good people to deal with



BETTER RODS FOR BETTER ACRES—Dick Young weighing shipment of rods for Chevrolet Division of GM. Dick works winters at Mid-West to buy lime and fertilizer for his dairy farm, where you see him feeding his purebred herd.

FORGING AHEAD AT 86—L. E. Conrad, Amanda's octogenarian blacksmith, is, like General Motors, a customer of Mid-West. The plant supplies the steel he uses in his work.

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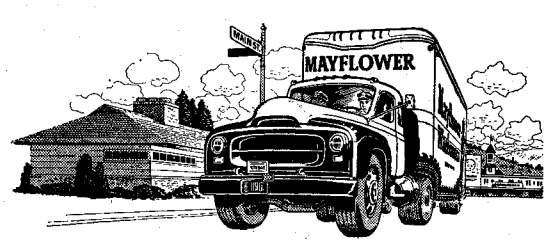

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(*Continued from Page 105*) he commented severely on the proposal to allow a Vice-President, on his own initiative and decision, to assume the mighty powers of the Presidency.

"Preposterous," he said. ". . . It is beyond credence that Congress, the courts or the people would accept such an arrangement."

Mr. Krock's own suggestion is, in brief, that Congress create a permanent Inability Council composed, ex officio, of six congressional leaders—of both parties and from both houses—and of the five senior members of the Cabinet. This council, if a serious question of inability were raised, would consult with an advisory panel of five leaders of the medical profession. If a majority of the panel finds the President incapacitated, in a written public report, the council in turn, by majority vote, could make a report of inability which would be decisive. On recovery, the President could be restored to his duties by the reverse process.

You can see at once, from the above five proposals—and there are others—that we have here what is called "a healthy difference of opinion." So healthy, indeed, as to threaten indefinite delay in agreement on a solution. And such delay might be unhealthy to the point of disaster.

There is a brighter side, however, which the above brief summaries fail to reflect. Most authorities, whatever their other differences, agree on certain fundamental propositions which, if they could be clarified by prompt congressional action, would dissolve much of the present perilous uncertainty.

The most serious uncertainty is this: if a President becomes disabled and the Vice-President takes over, does he merely take over the powers and duties of the office (as acting President)? Or does he assume the office itself, and thus become *the* President? It makes a vast difference. If the V. P. becomes the President, then we have the absurdity of two living men, each "President of the United States." And suppose the original President feels fit to resume his office, but the successor President—having tasted the power and the glory—declines to step down? Apparently he could then be removed only by impeachment proceedings—a long and messy process involving conviction of "high crimes and misdemeanors."

The common sense of the matter is that the V. P. should take over a disabled President's duties only as acting President. Many authorities believe that Congress could properly by law declare this to be the fact. But Congress has never got around to declaring it. Thus a doubt remains, which has caused trouble before and could cause worse trouble in the future. Consider the past:

The semideranged assassin, Guiteau, shot President Garfield on July 2, 1881. Garfield lay desperately ill, much of the time in coma, until his death on September nineteenth. Members of his Cabinet discussed the problem. At one time they agreed that it would be desirable to have Vice-President Arthur become acting President until Garfield's hoped-for recovery. They took no action. What deterred them was the possibility that Arthur might thus become the President, thus excluding Garfield from office for the remainder—nearly three and a half years—of the term. Loyalty forbade their taking such a risk without Garfield's approval, and he was too ill to be consulted.

During Garfield's illness much public business was neglected, and our foreign relations took a turn for the worse, but the nation—safe then behind its oceans—wobbled through without major mishap. The dilemma was removed, and soon forgotten, after Garfield died and Chester A. Arthur became President. Arthur, who had been acutely worried and embarrassed during Garfield's illness, urged Congress to take clarifying action. Congress talked about it and—did nothing.

After Woodrow Wilson's collapse in 1919, some of his associates, including Robert Lansing, his Secretary of State, considered whether Vice-President Marshall should be asked to take over temporarily as acting President. Here again, doubt whether Wilson could later reclaim his position prevented any action. In Wilson's case there were so many complicating factors—which will be referred to later—that a simple law authorizing the Vice-President to take over temporarily as acting President would hardly have sufficed.

But such a law, it is generally agreed, would be helpful in most ordinary cases of presidential disability. And once this point is cleared up, a further useful provision would be in order—namely, that a President be authorized to announce his own temporary disability, thus "devolving" his duties upon the Vice-President. (An ailing President could then do this with his mind at rest, knowing that his duties would be restored to him on his recovery.) Most authorities agree on this. The only objection I've heard is that a malingering President might take advantage of this to shirk his duties and responsibilities. The obvious answer is: if a President should become so sick of mind or poor in spirit as to do such a thing, his declaration of inability would be a blessing for the nation.

There are also several minor points on which most of the experts seem agreed. One is that while there might be a finding of temporary disability, there should never be a finding of "permanent disability." First, because in these days of medical miracles it is always possible that the President may recover. Second, because it would be an unnecessary and cruel blow to an ailing President to declare him permanently incapacitated.

Further, it is felt that when a Vice-President takes over as acting President, he—as well as the ailing President—should receive presidential pay. When the President recovers, the acting President would revert to his pay and status as Vice-President. Similarly, if the Speaker of the House, who is second in line of succession, were called up as acting President, his pay and status in Congress should be merely suspended, reverting to him upon the President's recovery. Otherwise the Speaker, after serving a few weeks as acting President, might find himself out of a job—a job which he had won by decades of public service. The same logic applies to the next in line of succession, the President pro tem of the Senate.

All the above pesky underbrush could and should be cleared away. Then we reach the major obstacle in the way of a solution—the tough question posed by President Eisenhower himself—who shall determine the disability of a President, when the President is unable to determine his own disability?

The importance of the question has been veiled from the public by an extraordinary series of chances and events. Physicians tell me it is amazing, by the law of averages, that no American President has developed overt mental derangement. We cannot expect this luck to continue indefinitely. Mental illness, particularly a borderline case, would confront us with the most agonizing dilemma of all. Any procedure set up to determine presidential disability must embody the clarity, strength and public acceptance to cope with such a situation.

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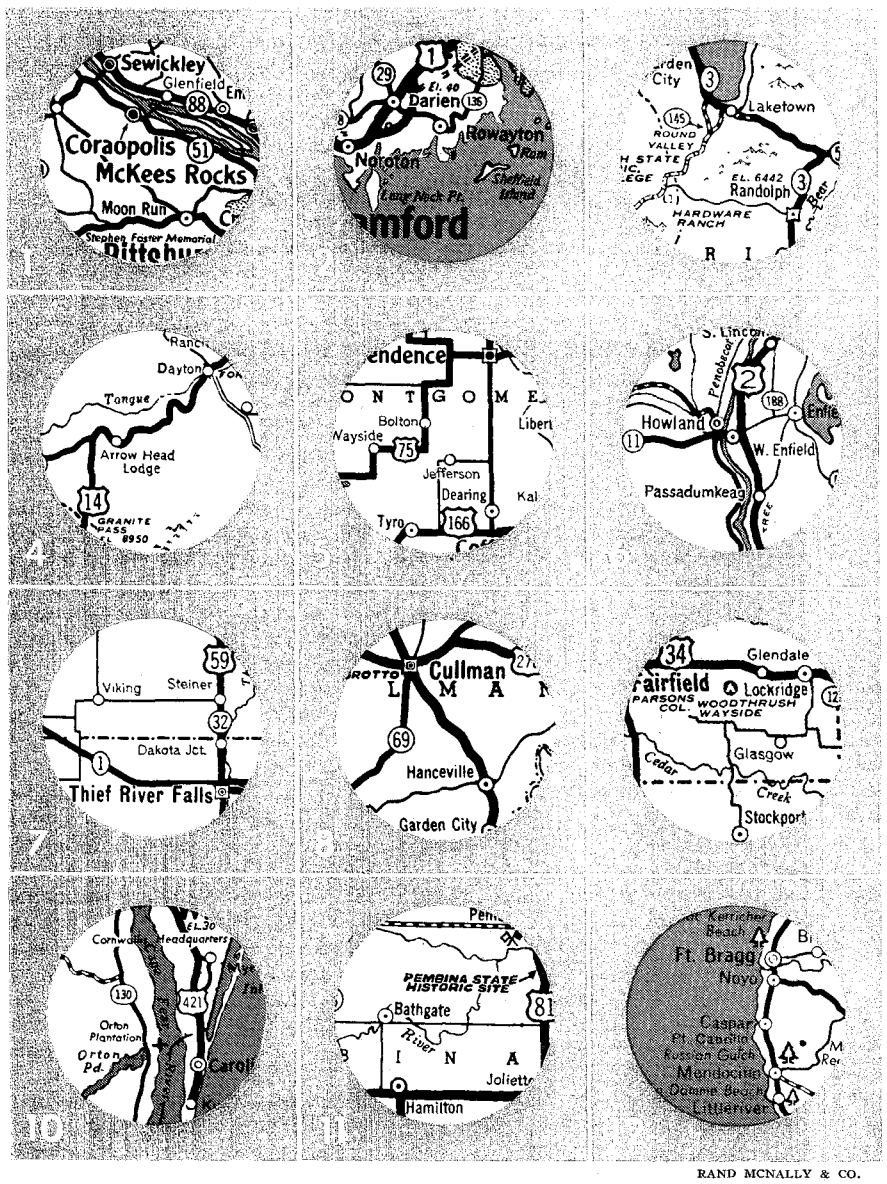
Consider the case of President Wilson. Following his stroke and paralysis he did not suffer from mental illness in the ordinary sense. At times his mind functioned brilliantly. But his terrible physical illness produced a nervous and emotional instability, a reluctance to take the initiative, an invalid's seclusion from the events of the world, which certainly impaired his judgment and his ability to deal with his fellow men. These side effects were as complex and tragic in their results as certain forms of mental illness might be. They persisted, in varying degree, through the remaining seventeen months of his presidential term, and indeed until his death in 1924.

It came on this way: In the late summer of 1919, Wilson, already worn down in his battle for the League of Nations, decided to take the issue "to the people." Valiantly he set out on a punishing, nationwide speaking tour. His train left Washington on September third. The weather was torrid. There was no air-conditioning in those days to keep out the heat, dust and cinders. He made one or two major addresses, plus a dozen whistle-stop speeches, per day. The strain and fatigue increased. Racking headaches began to torture the President. He would not quit. In the early-morning hours of September twenty-sixth his body, less strong than his will, broke down. A stroke (or cerebral hemorrhage) paralyzed his whole left side from jaw to foot. He called to Mrs. Wilson, who quickly summoned Wilson's personal friend and physician, Admiral Grayson. On Grayson's order, the tour was abandoned and the train headed for Washington.

Now note this sad and fateful circumstance. Mrs. Wilson records in her memoirs that, as she sat near her husband at dawn on September twenty-sixth, she felt: "From that hour on I would have to wear a mask, not only to the public but to the one I loved best in the world; for he must never know how ill he was." And Josephus Daniels, in his Life of Woodrow Wilson (1924) wrote that Wilson, soon after his collapse, "exacted a promise from his wife and doctor (Grayson) that his condition, if serious, should not be made known. The country knows how true they were to the promises."

Such affectionate loyalty inspires sympathy, but the result was that the facts of Wilson's illness were long concealed from the public, and even today few people realize how sick a man he was, not only in the weeks following his stroke, but in the months and years after his "partial recovery." Mrs. Wilson's words, above, suggest the possibility that Wilson himself never knew "how ill he was." If so, this presents the hard case, envisioned by Mr. (*Continued on Page 111*)



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Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 112*)

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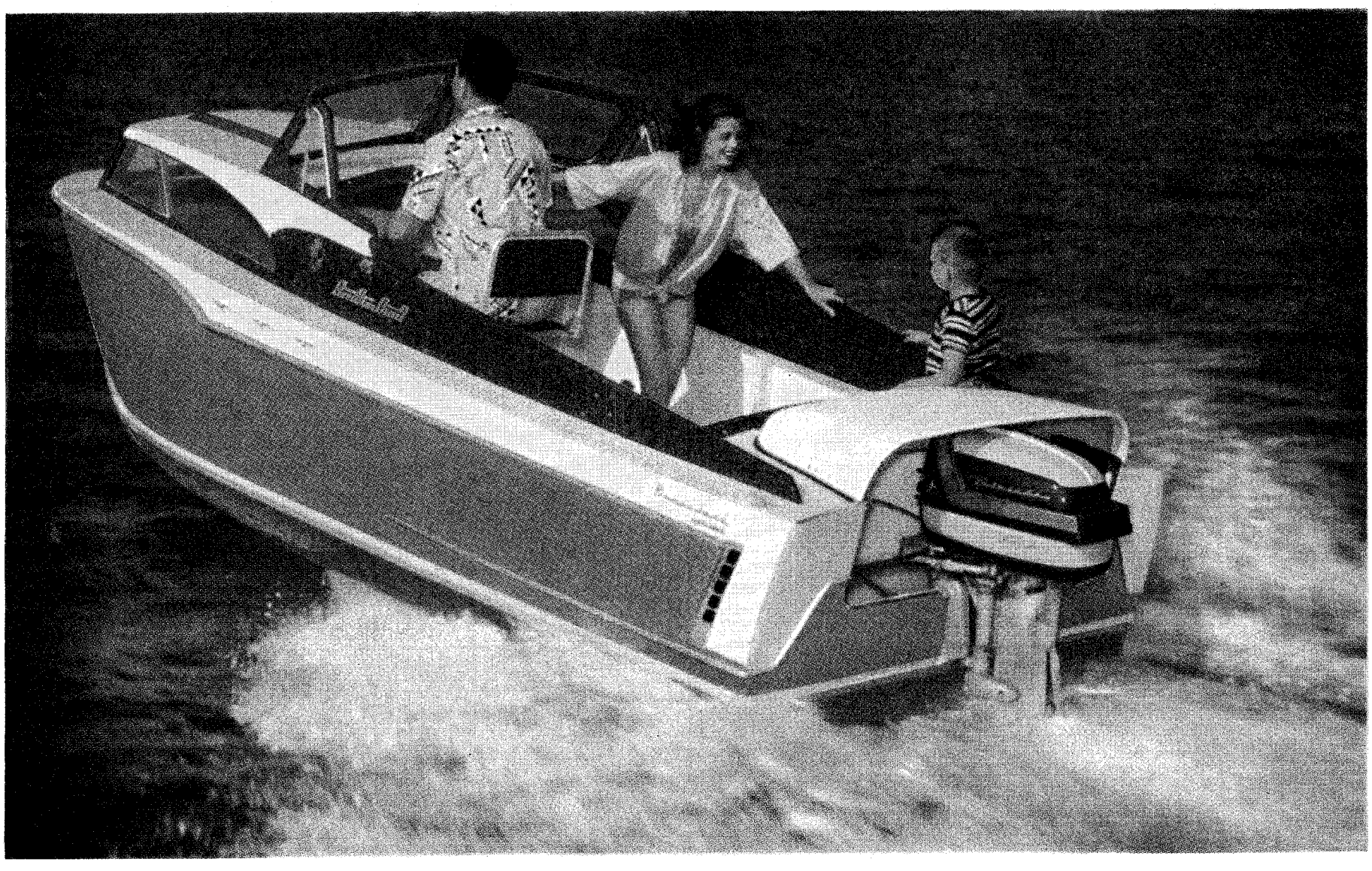

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(*Continued from Page 109*) Eisenhower, of a President "unable to determine his own disability."

The loyal secrecy surrounding a President has complicated the question of disability. The bulletins from Garfield's bedside were vague and overoptimistic. Even the forthright Grover Cleveland concealed from the public the fact that he had a cancer operation while he was President. The secrecy around Wilson's illness was so dense that the Vice-President and members of the Cabinet were for a time kept in the dark. And President Franklin Roosevelt's intimates, from sometime in 1944 until his death in April, 1945, knew far more about his failing strength than was divulged to the public.

One of Mr. Eisenhower's most useful and least appreciated services to his country has been in dispelling this dangerous secrecy which formerly shrouded presidential illness. Following his heart attack in September of '55, and again after his intestinal operation in June of 1956, the medical bulletins, as well as the statements by his physicians, described the President's condition with unexampled clinical particularity. Some reporters grumbled because they were not allowed to cross-examine the doctors *ad libitum*, but certainly enough was revealed to permit intelligent judgment and comment. Credit for this public service must go to the patient; credit for an assist should go to his advisers, especially Press Secretary Jim Hagerty.

Now that Mr. Eisenhower has set the wise and courageous precedent, it seems unlikely that any future President or his entourage will dare disregard it. This open information policy will enormously facilitate the functioning of any lawful procedure set up to determine presidential disability. But some procedure there must be.

For warning, let's look back once more at the case of Wilson and the League. Charles Seymour, president-emeritus of Yale and historian, has written that Wilson's illness resulted in "a progressive breakdown certain to affect his judgment and his personal dealings with men . . . [He] was thus divorced from political realities. . . . Wilson's illness led directly to the defeat of the treaty."

Col. Stephen Bonsal, noted foreign correspondent, diplomat and confidential intermediary between Wilson and Colonel House, kept a diary of those days. Not until 1944 did he publish his book, Unfinished Business, based on the diary. He revealed that in early November of 1919, at House's suggestion, he had a friendly private conference with Senator Lodge (the elder), chief foe of the League. Lodge minutely went over the printed copy of the League Covenant and, in his own hand, made certain moderate changes, mainly of verbiage, and totaling less than a hundred words. These changes were far milder than the reservations Lodge had hitherto insisted on. Hastily Bonsal conveyed the precious document to Colonel House, who joyfully sent it on, addressed to President Wilson at the White House. There was no reply, not even an acknowledgment. Silence. Bonsal could not find out what happened to this historic document, or even whether Wilson ever saw it.

On November nineteenth the Senate voted against ratification. Bonsal estimated that if President Wilson had not been "entirely out of touch with the situation" the Treaty and the Covenant, with only slight reservations, would have been ratified in the Senate by a vote of 81 to 13.

A few days later Colonel House spoke to Bonsal about the "important question, that cannot and should not be avoided: who was President of the United States during those crucial weeks? . . . Here is a situation which may occur again under, if possible, even more tragic circumstances. It is to be hoped that congressional action on the matter will not be long delayed."

Here was a grim warning, voiced by a man closely involved in the crisis, urging congressional action more than thirty years ago. Congress, as in Arthur's day, did nothing.

We cannot be absolutely sure that Wilson's illness or incapacity prevented America's entry into the League; we cannot be sure that the League, even with the vastly increased power and momentum of American membership, could have prevented World War II. These are hypotheses, speculations. What we can be sure of is this: the historic decision against the League was made when the American Government was not functioning normally at the top.

The Garfield and Wilson cases not only show the urgency of the problem; they also throw light on the merits and defects of the proposed remedies. Let's examine again the various proposals.

Former President Hoover would authorize the Cabinet to determine a President's inability, as well as his ability to resume his duties. This has the virtues of simplicity and clarity, and avoids the pitfall of allowing a disabled President to reclaim his powers at will, which would obviously be perilous if the disability were mental. The main objection to Mr. Hoover's plan is that members of the Cabinet are often bound so closely to the President, by ties of affection and loyalty, that we could hardly count on them for impartial judgment in a borderline case. The cabinets of Garfield and Wilson were influenced by such loyalty. A more remote danger is that a President, if he felt disability creeping upon him, might remove the more independent Cabinet members, replacing them with pliant men. (This is not entirely remote. Lansing, who had dared to consider the possibility of the Vice-President's taking over after President Wilson was stricken, was fired when Wilson had partly recovered, in February, 1920. Secretary Tumulty quotes Wilson as saying that Lansing was disloyal: "Lansing sought to oust me when I was upon my back.") Another possibility, under Mr. Hoover's plan, is that an acting President might put his own coterie into the Cabinet—men who might be less than judicial about "terminating" the President's disability and incidentally endangering their jobs.

For these reasons, I think Mr. Hoover's plan might fail to command the public confidence so essential to a disability procedure. But it would be far better than the present utter uncertainty.

Congressman Frelinghuysen's plan would, by constitutional amendment, place the final decision with the Supreme Court. Such a decision would be beyond effective dispute. The objections to this plan are (1) that it usually takes a long time to get an amendment ratified by the states; (2) that the Court should not be asked to pass upon a matter involving the political leadership of the nation; (3) and—I think this is most serious—that by this plan the Court could not even consider the matter until authorized by a two-thirds vote of each house of Congress. In a crisis, and with the Senate's rules of unlimited debate, this could result in fatal delay.

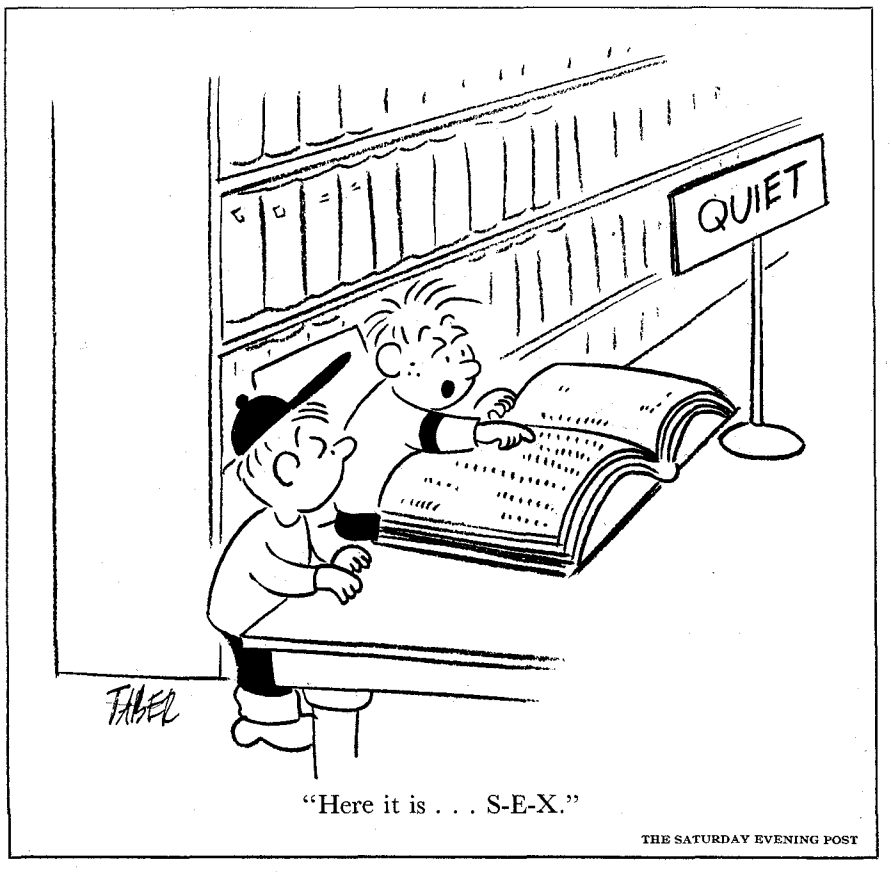
But here again, I think Mr. Frelinghuysen's procedure would be a great advance over the present situation.

Senator Payne's plan would allow a final decision to be reached by the unanimous opinion of three to five qualified medical specialists, selected by the Chief Justice. I think this gives more power to a Chief Justice and to a small panel of doctors than the American people would grant. A Chief Justice is highly respected. But, however honest and learned in the law, he might have fads of his own about health and the medical profession.

Congressman Celler's plan is simple and direct. It clears the air by allowing a President to declare his own disability, in which case the Vice-President would act. The danger of the plan is that it also allows the Vice-President, on his own initiative, to decide that the President is incapacitated, and to announce to Congress that he, the V.P., has taken over the powers and duties of the Presidency. I agree with Mr. Krock that such a decision should not be granted to or thrust upon a Vice-President.

If the V.P. is a loyal and affectionate lieutenant of the President's—remember Vice-President Marshall—it is too much to ask that he decide upon the degree of disability of his ailing chief. If he is unfriendly toward the President or overambitious—remember Vice-President Aaron Burr—it is too great a power to grant him.

Mr. Celler's plan would also allow the President to announce his own recovery and thus resume his powers at will. This would be obviously unwise in cases of mental instability. Suppose a President developed, as do many able and brilliant men, a manic-depressive tendency. In his depressed phase, he would be inclined to turn over his duties to the V.P. A few weeks later, in his manic phase, he might happily and overconfidently resume his full presidential powers. This could occur, I am assured, in a case far short of certifiable insanity.



"Here it is . . . S-E-X."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Arthur Krock, as we have seen, suggests the creation of a continuing Inability Council, composed of six members of Congress and five of the Cabinet. While I disagree with some details of his plan, I think the idea of a permanent commission, composed ex officio of certain persons high in the Government, is practical and valuable. Other experts have thought along the same lines. Prof. Arthur Sutherland, of the Harvard Law School, suggests a commission of five members: the Chief Justice, the Secretaries of State and Defense, and the two leaders respectively of the President's party in the Senate and the House. Prof. David Fellman, of the University of Wisconsin, proposes a somewhat similar commission. David F. Houston, who, as Secretary of Agriculture and then of the Treasury, sat under the guns of indecision during Wilson's illness, concluded that the determination of presidential disability might properly be vested in "a commission . . . composed possibly of Supreme Court Justices, members of the Cabinet and members of Congress."

Having thus canvassed the field, I will now throw into the pot of discussion my own plan, entitled Smith's Two Cents' Worth. Even this title may claim too much, because the ideas expressed are not really my own. They are a distillation of the ideas of others, based on considerable study and on interviews with many men eminent in the Government and in constitutional law.

(Here I suggest that the reader have a cup of black coffee and swathe the brow in a cold towel.)

I would have Congress establish by law a Presidential Powers Commission of nine members. It would be composed ex officio of three members of the Supreme Court—the Chief Justice and the two senior Associate Justices—of two members of the Cabinet—the secretaries of the two senior departments: State and Treasury—and of four members of Congress—the majority and minority leaders of the Senate, and the Speaker and minority leader of the House—but if the Speaker were next in line of succession, he would be replaced by the majority whip.

This commission would be authorized to find as a fact, at any time, by a two-thirds vote in writing, that a President was suffering from a temporary "inability to discharge the powers and duties of his office." Thereupon the Vice-President would become acting President. When and if the commission voted that the President's disability had been "removed," he would at once resume his full powers and duties.

Such a commission would satisfy, I believe, the most vital requirement of all—general public respect and acceptance. Its members would represent, in the American tradition, the three great branches of our Government; both political parties; and "checks and balances." Taken together, the group would embody

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The three Supreme Court members, secure for life in high honor and status, are as free from ignoble ambition and party bias as human beings can normally be. Of the remaining six members, four—two from the President's own party in Congress and two from his Cabinet—could be expected to prevent any unfair finding of presidential disability. Any four of the nine could block such a finding.

The four congressional leaders would bring to the commission their practical knowledge of Government and of public opinion. They are always men of great experience, but long service alone does not carry men to the top of the House and the Senate. They must also be admired and trusted by their fellow legislators.

Some experts think the two Cabinet members would be too swayed by loyalty and affection for inclusion in the commission. I disagree. I think it only fair that they, who are likely to know the President better than the other members, should take part in the inner councils of the commission. If delicacy required, the two Secretaries could vote "No" or abstain, without blocking a two-thirds vote.

Some authorities feel that Supreme Court members should have no part in such a "political" matter. Again I disagree. A decision on presidential disability has political aspects, but, far more importantly, it involves the nation's welfare and survival. The Justices would strengthen the public prestige of the commission; they would add judicial dignity to its proceedings; they would contribute their invaluable experience in weighing evidence. For similar reasons, I think the Chief Justice should be ex-officio chairman of the commission.

The members of the commission would serve without pay. Service on the Presidential Powers Commission would carry great honor and high responsibility. This in turn would have its influence on even a member inclined to partisanship. As Professor Sutherland has eloquently said, "We want this thing done soberly, reverently, discreetly, and in the fear of God."

As suggested earlier, I think the law should also allow the President to declare his own temporary disability. But with such a commission established, he might well choose to advise with it before doing so. He should be allowed to resume his duties when he feels fit to do so. With the commission functioning, there would no longer be the danger of a mentally unstable President's reclaiming his powers. If he did so, the commission, in touch with the nation's best medical opinion, would simply intervene, with all necessary speed, and declare the ailing President "temporarily unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office."

I think the commission should be provided with a paid administrative secretary and small staff, for two purposes: to handle the mail, some serious and some crackpot, which would flow to the commission; and to keep available, on twenty-four-hour service, the places where the commission members could be reached in times of crisis. Also the whereabouts of their alternates.

Alternates? Yes. In case of sudden nuclear attack, regular members of the commission might be atomized or themselves disabled. It would be simple to provide by law a clear line of alternate members. For the judicial members, it would run straight down the Supreme Court's seniority and then to judges of the Federal Courts of Appeal. In Congress it would run down prescribed lines of congressional seniority. Similarly in the Cabinet.

Maybe I'm getting too gruesome, but why not, while we are about it, provide for eventualities? Thus, short of universal cataclysm, we would always have an ascertainable, respectably constituted Presidential Powers Commission.

Returning to the more normal world, I think the Chief Justice should call occasional meetings of the commission, however robust the President, to discuss procedures of disability and the problems of proper medical and other testimony. The meetings should be spaced at variable times and intervals, so that a critical convocation of the commission would cause no premature alarm. The commission should be given the power of subpoena, though it would hardly need it.

But why try to advise a body of such able men? The law should make no attempt to prescribe their procedures or to lay down any precise definition of disability, which can take so many unforeseeable forms. It might be physical or mental. It might grow from severe nervous and emotional instability. If a President's plane were lost over the arctic wastes, we might not even know, for days or weeks, whether he was alive. Or he might fall into the hands of the enemy in wartime. In all such cases we could trust the commission's own good judgment whether to declare the President's "temporary disability."

One more point: Could Congress properly establish such a commission by ordinary statute? Or would the plan, to be fully effective, require the long process of a constitutional amendment? Most authorities feel that a statute would suffice; that Congress would merely be creating a fact-finding body to carry out the obvious and sensible intent of the Constitution. But some respectable authorities doubt this. One older constitutional lawyer, recognized as a leader of the American bar, told me recently:

"Your plan is the most practical I have heard of so far. I would like to see it in a statute, signed by the President, as soon as possible. I think it would command such widespread acceptance as to be followed without question by the officials involved if we were caught in a disability crisis in the near future. But to make doubly sure, I would also start it on its way—in its main essentials—as a constitutional amendment. This would nail the matter down beyond dispute."

Such, then, is my plan—Smith's Two Cents' Worth. Since it is my brain child—however numerous the other putative fathers—I fondly regard it as darn near perfect. What I am more seriously convinced of is this: Any of the other plans mentioned here—with certain stated qualifications—would be better than our present feckless, reckless uncertainty. I don't see how any sane citizen can disagree with President Eisenhower's earnest warning that the doubt surrounding this question should be resolved.

THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 109

1. Pa.	2. Conn.	3. Utah
4. Wyo.	5. Kan.	6. Me.
7. Minn.	8. Ala.	9. Ia.
10. N.C.	11. N.D.	12. Cal.

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First Baby (Continued from Page 31)

smiled, adding, "Great-grandfather dubbed them He-Getter and She-Getter, respectively."

She expected a snort. Instead, Nurse Barton said quite seriously, "Interesting. How have the odds run?"

"In the dolls' favor. Heavily. Or so I've been told."

"Which one you been rubbing?"

Before answering, Laura toyed with the gold band on her finger. "Neither," she said.

"No preference, eh?"

The nurse slid the thermometer deftly into Laura's mouth, forestalling an immediate reply, and for that Laura was truly grateful.

No, I have no personal preference, she told herself firmly. *I want a normal, healthy baby, and that's all I do want.*

True. Undoubtedly, unequivocally true. Then why was she letting the darn little dolls over there mesmerize her? "Who's more important to you," they grinned, "your own father or Ted's august Navy family?"

"There's a cunning baby up in the nursery now," the nurse said. "You ought to see her. Her name is Margaret."

Margaret? A baby Margaret upstairs? Laura must have started, for the nurse slipped the thermometer from her lips and looked at her quizzically.

"I'm all right," Laura assured her. "It's just—my mother's name was Margaret."

Nurse Barton nodded. "I knew your mother. Wonderful woman."

"Everyone says so." After all these past months of reticence, Laura felt a sudden urgency to confide. "My father still misses her," she said. "When I was little I used to feel guilty that he lost her just because I was born."

"Nonsense!"

Laura grinned. "Dad's exact reaction! And he knew how to make it stick for a six-year-old. One night, after prayers, he said suddenly: 'You hurry and grow up, baby. Then you can have a little girl—and be sure you call her Margaret. Another Margaret would be like having mommy back with us again.'"

Shaking it down, the nurse headed with the thermometer back to the alcohol. "I like that," she said.

"I did too," Laura said. "I remember asking him why he hadn't called me Margaret. He said my mother had my name picked out. They'd both planned on a Laura exactly like me!"

All the fine lines in Nurse Barton's face spread out in the right direction. "Sounds just like Doctor Foster," she said. She picked up the She-Getter and held it out. "Here. Shouldn't you be rubbing this?"

"I can't!" Laura shot out a fending hand and turned her face away. "Put her back," she begged. "Ted has to have a boy!"

Nurse Barton's eyes widened. "He does?" she repeated. The doll wobbled a little in her outstretched hand.

"Of course," Laura said. "Ted's a Porterfield."

The nurse appeared singularly unenlightened by that fact—for which Laura could scarcely blame her. How to explain to anyone the feeling that marrying a Porterfield was like being grafted onto the backbone of the United States Navy? Laura was the only wife outside their closed Navy circle.

She shifted and crossed her ankles uncomfortably.

"The Porterfields are all Navy career men," she explained, emphasizing the word "men" carefully. "They have a—a legend; a cherished record for producing boys, and nothing but boys, for the United States Navy to raise as officers. They've been doing it for generations!"

The nurse appeared to digest that. "Could be monotonous," she said.

Laura brushed that off. "Ted has four brothers," she went on. "Each one already has sons. What chance do you suppose I'll have with his family if I flub their record right at the start?"

"Well ——" The nurse put the doll back on the dresser. "By now I should think they'd be dying for a girl."

Laura shook her head. "No," she declared. "Ted's mother is intensely proud of being a 'mother of sons.' She told him she wouldn't have broken the Porterfield legend for anything."

"Not much she ——" The nurse broke off, and finished matter-of-factly: "What can she do if you do have a girl?"

"Try to expose it, probably. Like the Chinese."

"Bosh! Everyone knows the male's responsible for the baby's sex. I'll just bet ——"

Laura kept on. "Ted's sister-in-law has already sent me a bundle of baby clothes from her boys. And you should have seen the note with it!"

The recollection of Elizabeth's note, on Navy crested stationery, still sent slithering chills up Laura's spine. Elizabeth was the oldest brother Paul's wife—and was strictly from a long line of admirals herself.

"Maybe you'll have one of each," the nurse said. "Relax and let me have your wrist."

Laura stretched out her hand and settled back.

I won't think of the family letters, she told herself. *I'll think of Ted's.* They, at least, were tangible. It worried her that they sometimes seemed more tangible than Ted himself.

Right after her news of the baby he'd written immediately:

I just can't believe it, Laurie. I keep awake on night watches, pinching myself. Me, the youngest—a Porterfield sire already!

I've told the family, officially. Mother may still take some winning over—you know she thought we were too young. And there's Liz—she was tactfully grooming her own kid sister for me, I suspect. But don't worry! When you meet her you'll know nothing between Cissie and me could approach the bottom rung of our ladder. . . .

I just conjure up your face these days, and all the clouds over all the China seas turn cotton-candy pink. . . .

Laura gripped the chair arm, wanting Ted so much. The nurse glanced at her sharply, but Laura shook her head again. *Relax, gal. The first rule in having babies is to relax.*

Well, there was the matter of Ted's old jalopy. That was a nice—if not exactly relaxing—object to think about. . . . The "Courting Carriage," Ted called it—having courted her in it for all the six magic days before they were married. Laura loved it sentimentally, but Ted had bigger plans. He had, that is. Now he was jettisoning them jauntily. He wrote:

Forget that fund we frivolously earmarked for the new car. Use it any way you need to. The old jalopy's more my type, anyhow. . . . Paul's stationed near you. I wrote him to get it out of storage, supervise repairs, and see you have it at the hospital. Just be sure and let him know when. . . .

By the way, I had a letter from dad today. He's tickled that I'll have a boy at the Academy while I'm still young enough to enjoy class reunions. . . .

"Stop mooning, Laura!" Nurse Barton's insistent voice cut across her reverie. "I said this package just came for you!"

"Package?" Laura repeated blankly.

The nurse laid it on the chair arm. "Postmarked Washington," she said. "From a Vice-Admiral Porterfield. Pretty impressive!"

"It is to me too," Laura assured her. "I never met my father-in-law. I haven't been married long."

The nurse's keen eyes flashed to her figure, one eyebrow shooting up.

Laura flushed. "As a mere matter of record," she amended rapidly, "today is my first anniversary!"

"Congratulations," the nurse chuckled. "Now how about opening the admiral's present?"

Laura stopped fingering the string. She ripped off the mailing wrapper, then hesitated again—for now she had on her lap a neat rectangle of navy-blue tissue paper, crossed precisely by a narrow gold rope, and tied in an authoritative square knot.

Nurse Barton set a white enamel washing pan on the bedside table and started to wheel it over.

"Get to it, child," she ordered briskly. "There's still the business of getting ready for dinner."

Laura got to it; she uncovered a miniature football decorated with a large blue "N" and a bright gold star. She held it up dubiously, and it tinkled.

"It's a—a rattle, I guess," she said.

"What's that on the handle?"

"Is there something?"

Laura peered at it closer. There certainly was—an inscription. She read it aloud, with mounting resentment: "THEODORE PORTERFIELD, JR. CLASS OF '79." She pushed the rattle and wrappings away from her onto the table. "The admiral has a patent for these, no doubt," she muttered.

"Not much question which voodoo doll he'd rub," the nurse agreed, her voice dry as powdered aspirin. She adjusted her spectacles and peered closer at Laura. "Look, you really want a girl, don't you? Well, I think you'll have a better time of it if you ——"

A quick knock on the door interrupted her. Mary, the girl in charge of the hospital office, popped her head in.

"Visitor for Mrs. Porterfield!" she sang out. "Pretty persistent one too—from out of town. Says she's gotta leave soon, can't come back, and demands to see the patient briefly."

"Demands?" Nurse Barton said. "Tell her no visitors."

Laura couldn't imagine who. "Didn't she tell you her name?"

"Oh, sure. She even presented me with an engraved calling card. 'Mrs. Paul Ingersoll Porterfield.'"

"Oh-oh." Laura's voice sifted out so thin she scarcely heard it herself. *Elizabeth. The United States Navy representative.* She swallowed. "You'll have to let her come up," she said. "I can't afford the strain on the family relations."

"Your in-law relations are not my concern," the nurse said significantly. "Doctor Foster's daughter is." But she hesitated for a moment. "How do you feel? Any twinges?"

"None. Truly, not a single twinge. Not since they stopped when I came in this morning."

"Well"—she hesitated again—"I'll go down and get 'er. Here, you get into bed." She went out, murmuring, "If this were a bigger hospital, you'd never get away with it."

Look, Laura told herself, leaning back against the stark white pillow, tugging to loosen the sheet so it wouldn't look like

LOOK!

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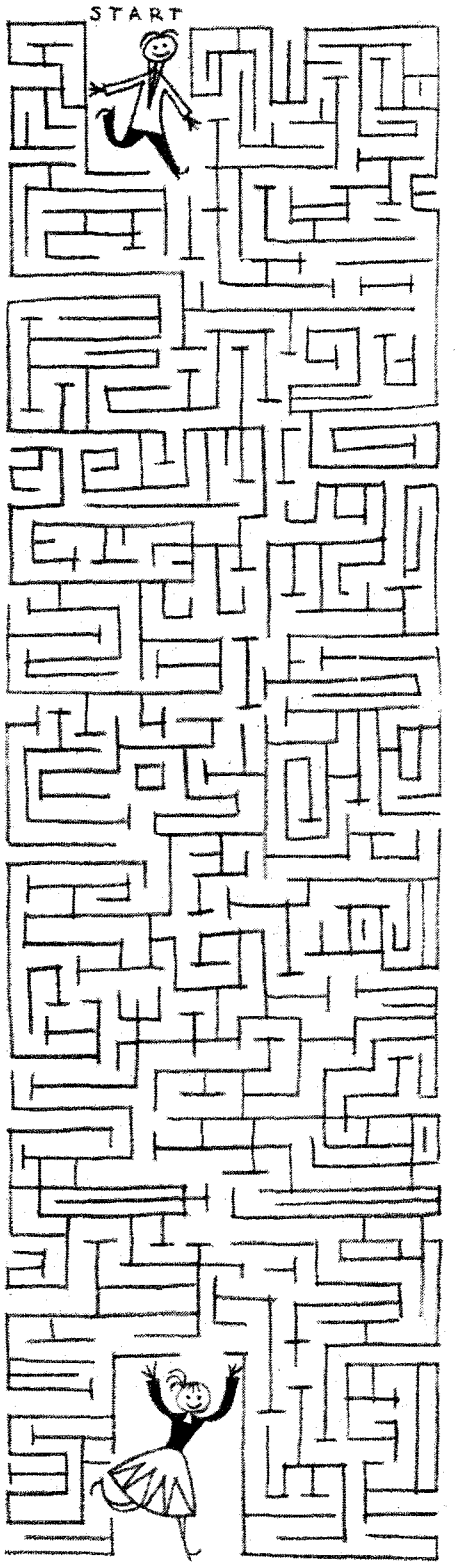

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a beach-ball cover. *How much of a terror can she be? Ted's brother married her, didn't he? It's all in my own mind.*

Thus dubiously fortified, her heart was still pounding as the door swung open slowly. She braced herself, then blinked. Because for one blurred moment she was sure that the Washington Monument had materialized on her threshold and was sweeping into her room! She shook her head to clear it while a very tall, very straight woman in a pale beige suit, with a beige-powder complexion and a beige obelisk-shaped hat, bore steadily down on her.

Fascinated, Laura felt her cheek brushed by lips that even felt like marble.

"I'm Elizabeth," the monument said. "I thought I ought to come and represent the family."

Laura managed to stifle a giggle. At least it was just the family she was representing; not the whole Navy. "I'm glad you could come," she said. "Thank you for the baby clothes."

Elizabeth smiled and drew a straight chair to the bed. "I thought you could use them," she said, sitting down. "As I recall, an ensign's pay doesn't stretch too far."

A movement behind her diverted them both. Mary, bubbling with excitement, had followed Elizabeth in. She was wheeling a teacart table—a breath-taking, moving garden, crammed with stalks of the purest, whitest, most spice-fragrant carnations—thousands of crisp, crisp petals, standing out as though freshly cut with pinking shears.

"Terrific, aren't they?" Mary sniffed with rapture. "We never told you they came. We wanted you to see them set out all at once! And did we have a time digging up what to put them in!"

Proudly, she pointed to the milk bottles, vinegar cruets, laboratory crucibles and sundry other impromptu vases the hospital staff had produced.

Laura's eyes filled. She'd worn white carnations the morning of her simple wedding. These made her feel loved again; protected, pampered, like a Sybarite—and Ted had surely planned it like that.

"Very nice," Nurse Barton said.

Elizabeth fingered her necklace. "But sort of overwhelming, isn't it?" she contributed.

Mary shot her a dirty look and went on arranging flowers around the room. "Here's the card came with them," she told Laura, reserving the last bouquet for her bedside table. "We taped it to this jar."

She stood back while Laura, wishing she could be alone, read the message: "Count 'em, Laurie," it read. "One hundred and four carnations! Two for every blessed Sunday we've been married. I love you. Ted."

Mary sighed. "Real romance. Gosh, I better get back to the office!" She pivoted, dragging the cart behind her through the door.

Elizabeth glanced at Ted's card.

"You won't do Ted's career much good," she said quietly, "by encouraging that kind of extravagance."

Laura pulled herself back to the present. "It's our anniversary," she explained.

"Is it? I'd forgotten the date. Well, happy anniversary. I've brought you something too." Her hand fished into her large handbag and came out with a little book.

"Here," she went on, laying it on the table. The title jumped out at Laura: FOR THE EDIFICATION AND GUIDANCE OF THE YOUNG NAVY WIFE. "It's a manual, really; and I think a good one. And it's a present for the baby, too—for the way you manage yourself will affect his career." She tapped the book affectionately, smiling. "I should think it's good," she added. "I wrote it."

Nurse Barton peered over at the title and snorted.

Laura tried to cover with a quick cough—not very loud, for by now her ego was stretched out flatter than she was. She noticed the beautifully matched pearls her sister-in-law kept fingering, and tried feebly to change the subject.

"Such a lovely necklace," she said.

Elizabeth's hand seemed to tighten on the pearls. "Thank you," she said. "I'll have to leave soon. The commandant's wife asked me to drop in this afternoon—and one doesn't treat that sort of obligation lightly."

She stood up, but hesitated as she smoothed her beige kid gloves over her long fingers.

"I'm—glad you could come," Laura said.

"I am too." Still Elizabeth hesitated, as though making up her mind. "I'd like us to be friends, and so I've thought something out for you." She tucked the pearls inside her suit lapels carefully before coming to the point. "Look, the admiral and Mother Porterfield are in Washington. They want you to have the hospital wire them when the baby comes. I think they plan to come and see Ted's son."

"Son?" Laura could feel a chip balancing on her shoulder. "What if it should be a girl?"

Elizabeth leaned forward, like a conspirator. "That's what I'm getting to," she said. "If it's a girl, just don't let them know. Forget to notify them!" She added, "In your condition, you could easily do that."

"But why?" The chip on Laura's shoulder started to teeter. "Certainly they'd find out ——"

"Of course they would," Elizabeth agreed. "But this way you'll give them time to simmer down. Because they'll stew—you can bank on that." She sloughed off Laura's sharp intake of breath. "Oh, you'll have a boy," she assured her. "All Porterfield wives do. And in that event, by all means let them know. So, if it's a girl, let the nospital notify me. Believe me, it will be easier on you—for by the time you meet, they'll have digested the shock."

Lonesomeness for Ted swept over Laura like a ground fog, but tears of pure outrage spiked the back of her eyelids.

"Shock?" she repeated.

"Certainly, shock," Elizabeth said. "You know the Porterfield legend."

The chip was down. Laura's eyes left Elizabeth's face and fixed on the two cherubs. "There's a—a kind of Foster legend around too," she said slowly. "Sort of sprung up in our last two generations. My father would awfully much like for me to have a daughter."

"That's beside the point!"

Laura looked back at her. "It isn't," she said softly. "If my baby is a girl, I won't hide that for a second. I'd like to have a girl."

Elizabeth's face registered annoyance, then anger. Her lips parted, but Laura missed the retort, for a sudden inner twinge sent her clutching for the mattress. She took a deep breath, gripping it hard as the distance between her and her sister-in-law lengthened itself out.

Nurse Barton was at her bedside immediately.

"Please," Laura gasped, "hand me the She-Getter—and damn the torpedoes!"

From there on, everything went full speed ahead.

It went so fast, in fact, that by the middle of next morning Laura, refreshed by a fine night's sleep, flanked by pillars of white carnations, could look down at little Margaret sleeping in her arms and forget she ever had a problem. Her father had been in to see her—to remind her delightedly that she'd fulfilled their secret pact. For the time being, Laura drifted high up in Ted's pink clouds.

Nurse Barton came in for the baby. "Kind of a luxury being flat again?" she grinned.

Laura smoothed the white sheet satisfactorily across her stomach. "And isn't my daughter perfect!" she crowed.

"Perfect. And good as gold besides." She took the baby from Laura's reluctant arms, headed for the door, jockeyed it open with the practiced free hand, and almost collided with Mary.

The girl burst in, whipping out a memo pad with exaggerated flourish. "Now hear this!" she cried. "'The admiral presents his compliments to his daughter-in-law. He and Mrs. Porterfield are on the morning plane, due in at eleven.'" She glanced at her watch, mock-stricken. "That's only thirteen minutes to go—and, gee, we're fresh out of red carpets!"

Laura's sense of well-being sprang a discernible leak. She gulped, "So soon? How could he know?"

"Your father telephoned him." Mary looked at her watch again, slapped an open palm to her forehead and dashed for the stairs.

Laura was flabbergasted. Could her father have failed to say which, and the Porterfields be taking a boy for granted?

She, herself, planned to take nothing for granted. Laura spent the next few minutes nervously powdering her nose and making good use of a lipstick she rechristened "Civilian Red." Next to Ted's flowers on the table, she determinedly propped the She-Getter. She was straightening its pink grass skirt when a tinkling voice floated in from the doorway. "Are you always so pale, my dear?"

Laura started. She felt her eyes widen at the sight of this tiny, erect, silver-haired woman, in a lavender linen suit, who had come in so quietly and was now regarding her through intensely blue eyes—blue as Ted's. Mrs. Porterfield looked like a miniature executive version of Billie Burke.

"Good thing I came right up! The admiral stopped off with your nurse to see the baby." Mrs. Porterfield came in quickly, kissed Laura and sat down. Her short nose crinkled as she sniffed. "M'm-m-m! Carnations. . . . I do wish the admiral would hurry," she went on, glancing back toward the door. "He has a big package he's being very mysterious about. He wouldn't even check it on the plane." She leaned toward Laura. "Don't you wonder what's in it?"

A miniature diving suit, I'll bet, Laura thought. She heard footsteps down the hall and tensed in readiness.

Only nothing—nothing at all—could have readied her for the gold-striped avalanche that rolled into her room, pointed a long box at her like a sword, and boomed, "You have my grandchild's nose!"

"Constrain yourself, pappy," Mrs. Porterfield said mildly. "You're startling the child."

He glared down at her. "Laura wants to hear about her baby!" he roared. "You used to hit the ceiling if I forgot to mention the boys right off!" He dropped the package onto her lap. "Just busy yourself with this, woman," he ordered. "My son's wife and I can manage our relations for ourselves."

Laura felt her icy reserve melting under his blowtorch. *Remember the rattle,* she reminded herself firmly. *If they still think it's a boy ——*

A sharp sob from her mother-in-law captured her attention. "Pappy Porterfield! You never once hinted you knew that these were still in the attic!"

She held up a pair of pink angora booties for Laura's bewildered inspection, pressing them against her cheek while her other hand caressed a whole mound of pink baby clothes.

"My mother and I shopped for these before Paul was born," she told Laura, "and I saved them and saved them—right on down the years through Ted. Then the children's children came along—and I saved them—and saved them ——"

The admiral cleared his throat gruffly. "If you'll (*Continued on Page 116*)

"Let's ignore size for the moment. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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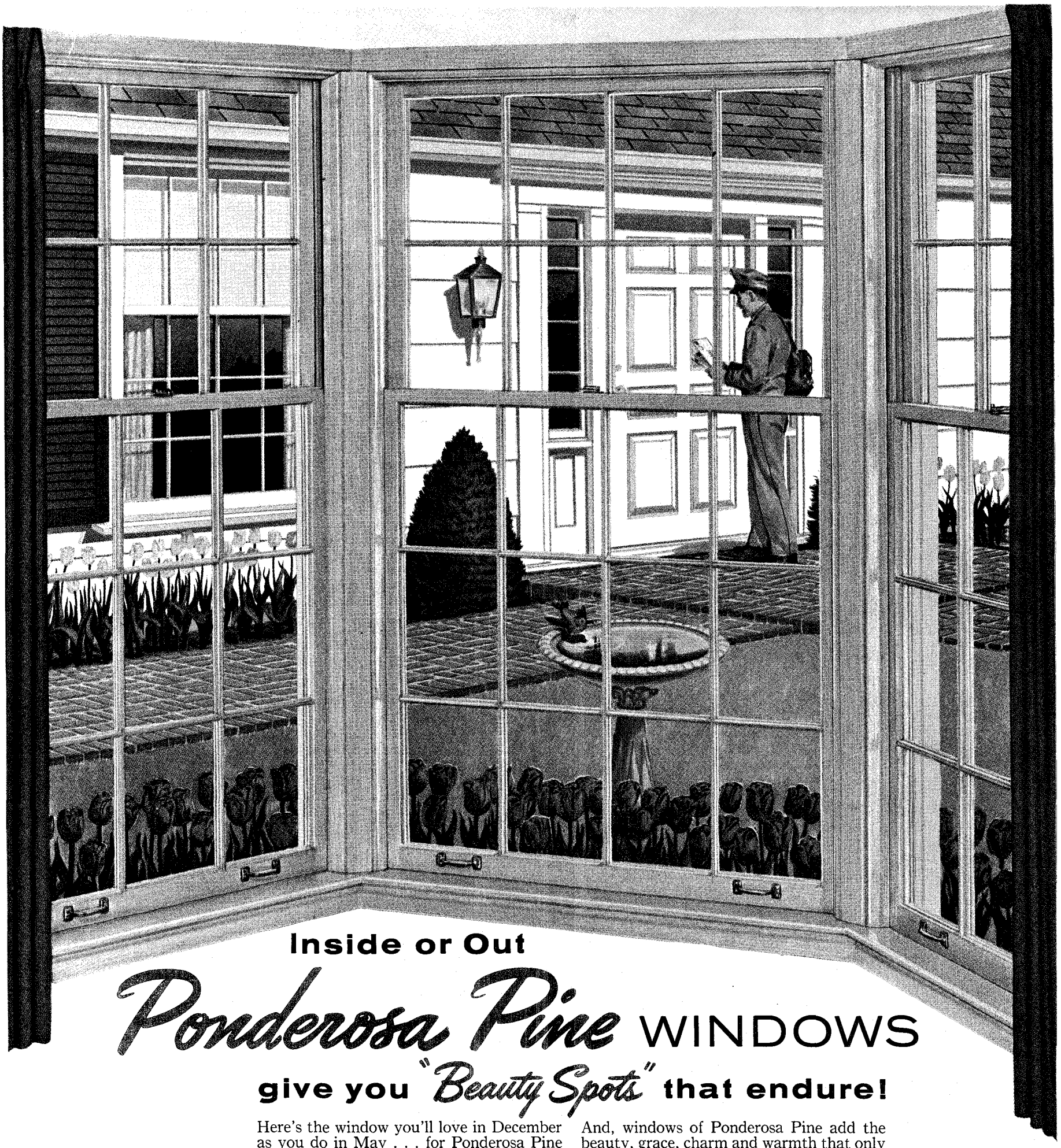

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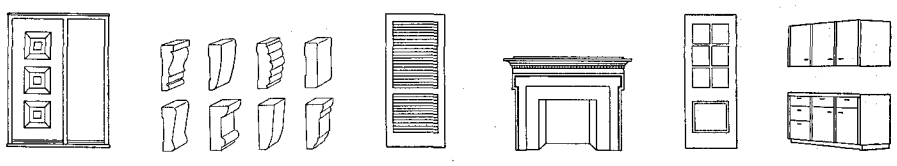

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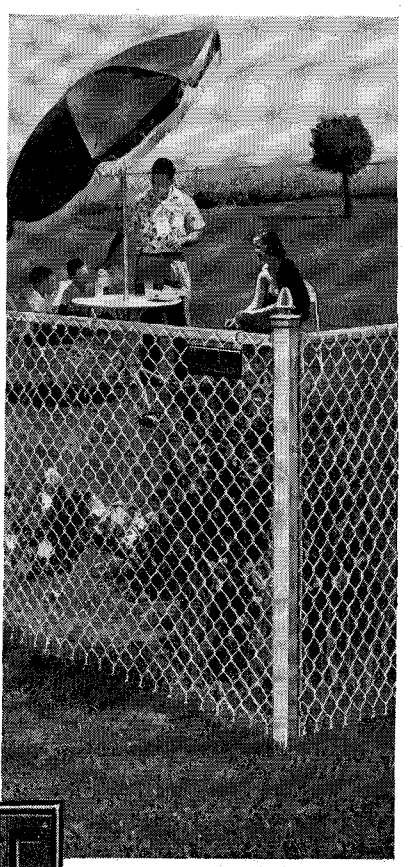

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(*Continued from Page 114*) stop dripping salt water on my granddaughter's wardrobe, madam," he said, "there are some items in there which neither you nor your mother had anything to do with!"

He pawed into the box, coming forth with a pink lace dress, which he handed to Laura, who took it, but remained speechless, watching them both.

"This," he declared virtuously, "came from a French convent in Tsingtao. Then Paul arrived." His eyes accused his wife as he added, "But wait."

Digging in again, he triumphantly produced a bolt of bright pink silk. "Shanghai, for this," he muttered. "Still no girl. Then this"—"this" was a tiny, pink-embroidered wool robe—"this came from the French Bazaar in Panama. And what did I get? Another son! But did I give up? Not me."

He went on rummaging through the pile on his wife's lap, still muttering. "Now where the devil are those gloves? They were my —— Ah-h-h!" The tiniest, pinkest, most adorable kid gloves joined his treasure. "These finished it," he sighed, his big hands outstretched toward Laura in resignation. "Your Ted."

Laura shook her head to clear it. Somebody was strictly mixed up. "But"—she indicated the football rattle—"that meant you hoped I'd have a boy, didn't it?"

"Hoped for another boy? Hell, no! After thirty-five years in the United States Navy, you learn to put up with the inevitable."

"But Elizabeth said ——"

"Elizabeth told you we wanted another grandson?" The lines in the admiral's face deepened; for the first time he looked as he might up on the quarter-deck. "Now what could she hope to gain by that?"

His wife answered him quietly. "The pearls, pappy," she said. "The pearls."

He swung toward her. "What about the pearls?" he demanded. "They never were hers!"

He paced to the window, swung abruptly and paced back. "Damn expensive pearls," he told Laura. "Perfectly matched. I bought 'em, back in Yokohama, years ago, for the first Porterfield girl." He cleared his throat as he added, "We let Elizabeth wear 'em. Good for pearls to be worn."

"But we asked her not to tell the boys she had them only in trust," Mrs. Porterfield chimed in. "Ted was so young! I never wanted any of my boys to feel not wanted." Her blue eyes softened. "It's bad, psychologically, at any age, not to feel completely wanted," she said. "Doctor Spock could tell you that."

The pieces of the puzzle were flipping into place for Laura. If Elizabeth had had her way, the admiral might have let her keep the pearls. She must love them. Laura decided never to mention Elizabeth's scheme, not even to Ted.

She looked up at the admiral gravely. "I wouldn't like to take the necklace from Elizabeth," she said.

"Bosh! They belong to my granddaughter!"

That subject closed, he stooped over to pick up the little pink-wreathed cherub on her table. "What's this?" he asked.

Laura told him happily about her great-grandfather and of the power of the magic dolls.

The admiral stroked his chin thoughtfully as he held it. "She-Getter, eh?" he mused. "And you just rub the tummy—like this?"

"Pappy Porterfield!" his wife sputtered. "You put that down!"

The admiral's ears reddened; he dropped the cherub like a hot coal. "Forgot to ask," he mumbled. "What's my granddaughter's name?"

Laura laughed merrily. "Margaret," she said. "For my mother."

"Margaret," they repeated in unison. Mrs. Porterfield added, "That's my name too!"

"But Ted said your name was Anne!"

"Margaret Anne. My mother was a Margaret too. Calling me Anne was less confusing."

All three of them beamed. Nurse Barton's head suddenly popped into the doorway. She winked an eye and then disappeared.

Laura sank back into her pillow. "Now, if only I could be sure Ted himself wasn't set on having a son," she sighed.

"That bothering you, sis?"

Laura's head pivoted toward the strange voice. It belonged to an older, more gold-braided edition of Ted.

"Paul!" Mrs. Porterfield cried.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Tardy Spring

By Hannah Kahn

The man who sweeps the sky
Told the boy who paints the moon
That the girl who tints the grass
Could not come to work till noon.

For the girl had overslept;
She had danced the whole night long
With the scarecrow in the field,
While the cricket made the song.

So, if spring is late this year,
Do not think that it is strange,
For the girl who greens the grass
Overslept the season's change.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"Hi, mom."

Paul came in, laughing, strode deliberately to the head of Laura's bed and grasped the rail. "Help me get this to the window, pappy," he called. "Let's show her how Ted feels about coming up with the Porterfield girl."

Her bed transformed into a sedan chair; Laura clutched the sides of the mattress for support. In a matter of seconds she was eased down at the window with careful ceremony.

"Take a look, ma'am," Paul grinned, pulling the curtain aside so she could see the driveway below. "Ted's written request."

It took time for what she saw to penetrate. Parked out there in the hospital drive was the unmistakable flivver outline of Ted's old jalopy—except that it had been completely repainted, tires and all, an improbable shade of the softest baby pink!

Laura's eyes blurred.

Mother Porterfield came up beside her, carrying the jar of carnations with Ted's card still taped to it.

"I may have had only boys," she murmured righteously, "but I certainly brought them up right." THE END

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My War With the Army

(Continued from Page 43)

"And if Joe Miller is missing in action?"

"He's not the type. It'll be me."

"Look, couldn't we open a bottle of champagne or something? Just for old time's sake, before they stand you up against the wall?"

But I wasn't going to fuzz my brain. I wanted the United States Army to be proud of me. I went back to counting cubes.

The Army, however, had other ideas. After a perfectly peaceful basic training, I became the basic target for G-2. I'm pretty sure there wasn't an Intelligence officer stationed in the continental United States that didn't have a crack at investigating me. Whenever things got dull down at G-2, they'd yawn and say, "How about looking into that Private Von Rosenstiel again?" They never did get anything on me, because, except for my still being a German citizen, there wasn't anything to get. But they didn't quite trust themselves either, and my service record was one big blackball. No service in Europe. No service in any higher headquarters. No service in airborne units. In fact, no service in anything but the Quartermaster Corps. I landed in a laundry outfit in Elkins, West Virginia, where language was of secondary importance. It wasn't what I'd had in mind as useful service, but, as my wife cheerfully pointed out, it was service. I was granted my American citizenship, joined the Y and mourned that I wasn't deemed fit for overseas.

But with all that study of the ninety-eight-cent manual, I had also made one of the highest scores ever made on the United States Army Classifications Tests, and when a bright young general at headquarters was looking for a bright young man to complete the best damned outfit to fight this, etc., the filing machine stoically turned up my card. With hardly a blush, I was attached to corps headquarters of an airborne outfit bound for Europe and landed in a camp in Wiltshire just outside Ogbourne St. George.

Now, eleven years later, it was deserted. Not so desolate as some we had passed, for, as the major of a British cadre stationed there told us, it was still being kept in mothballs for airborne maneuvers every fall. The ablution room, petrol and bathhouse signs that had caused such GI mirth were weather-beaten, but still there. So were the tar-paper barracks, but in the emptiness they all looked alike, and when the one I enthusiastically established as my old billet turned out to be in a distant part of the camp, I felt like an angel that has lost its way in heaven. For Ogbourne St. George had been heaven. It was acceptance at last as a first-class citizen. It was overseas. It was—and I wasn't hamming—my big chance for some really useful—maybe even noble—service to my country. On the battlefield, of course. I certainly didn't dream that my only chance in the whole war would come in as unheroic a spot as Sally's Salvation Army Canteen.

I was gradually getting my bearings in the empty camp. I found the mess hall, and after that it was easy. Here were the barracks, there the offices, Ridgway's headquarters, the drill field where we were ordered to play touch football every night to keep in trim. The PX and the rifle range. And over there, I pointed, should be Sally's. But it wasn't there.

"Torn down two or three years ago," the British major told me. "Only a temporary structure, you know."

"No," I said. "The only really permanent one, I hope."

"I beg pardon, sir?"

"Nothing." I turned to my wife. "It was kind of a cradle of liberty."

"What?"

I could see it more vividly than the buildings that still stood—the tar-paper walls, the corrugated-tin roof, the small dim windows with paper curtains. Everybody hung out there to shoot the breeze and look, and I, with my muddled English, even listened.

The talk was pretty gloomy. Everything was fouled up, there wasn't much work, and it rained and rained and rained. Ogbourne St. George had one pub and one teashop. Swindon, the nearby railroad town, was bleak and grimy and had one movie, and one girl for every 1000 GIs. There wasn't enough to do, and there hadn't been any mail in three months. Big flights of bombers reminded us that things would perk up, but all we worried and griped about was no mail. Once in a while somebody would ask me about the Germans, but the interest was halfhearted. The real enemy was the APO. If we asked about it, we got the usual about a war going on, priorities, and the others.

So things dragged along until the evening when I saw an article in Stars and Stripes about the soldier war ballots. Roosevelt was running for his fourth term, and there was something about the importance of the soldier vote, what with 4,800,000 citizens overseas, and how everything possible was being done to assure every American soldier his constitutional right to vote. His constitutional right!

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"Who wants some mail?" I asked impressively.

The hoots were deafening, and I was kind of amazed that those born-in-America guys didn't get it immediately. In fact, it took a lot of one-syllable explaining to make them recognize their blessings of being in an Army—a democratic Army—where, even in wartime, civilian authority—us—was still supreme. It was certainly worth a couple of shillings to cable our senator that we were being deprived of our constitutional right. And then to impress the United States Army that not getting the war ballots to us violated the Constitution and might lure a Senate investigation.

"So we get our ballots! So what?"

"The ballots are in the mail, stupid!"

"A lot the Army will care!"

"The Army will care plenty. Just you watch."

I got the price of the cable, but they all trooped along to be sure it was properly invested.

A bored APO clerk counted the message.

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"Ten and six"—the clerk tossed the message into a large basket marked BASE CENSOR.

If he had thrown the ten and six out the window, the boys wouldn't have been more incensed. They thought the cable would go through the unit. Base censor, they were positive, would never pass it; their shillings would have been better spent on beer. I was pretty sure base censor would, since it contained no military information, and even surer that for our purposes it wouldn't matter much one way or the other. The important thing was that the cable was sent.

"And who's going to impress the Army?"

"Me," I said miserably, sick at the thought of the maze of brass I was leading myself into.

I was hardly a distinguished candidate. For, appreciative though I was of my life as an American soldier, I was scared stiff of Army authority. Whether it was the indelible mark left by six weeks in the German Army during the Czech crisis, or whether Germans are just born with it, along with ears and eyes, I don't know. But instinctively my insides froze and my body tensed to rigidity at the sight of anybody of a higher rank—which, for a corporal, was just about everybody—until my buddies advised sick call for muscular spasm. It was no joke. I hated it; I knew it wasn't necessary, but I just couldn't help it.

And I had been brash enough to promise to impress the mail out of the Army! But I'd taken their money, so that night I sat down to write the "letter follows" to my senator.

It was a real tear jerker, but I meant every word of it. I mentioned how I had left Germany because I hated Hitler, who had made such a farce of elections. How proud I would be to be voting for the first time, not only as a new citizen but as a soldier serving my admired new homeland. How impressed I had been that filling out absentee-ballot forms had been part of the processing at the port of embarkation. I knew firsthand, I said, how important the vote is to maintaining democracy, and now it seemed the ballots were being withheld from us—a matter possibly of 4,800,000 votes, and certainly a violation of our constitutional right.

The next morning the letter had to be censored by the Inspector General, a nice man whose section worked in the same hut as mine, who cleared all complaints. But to get to him, I had to get permission of the first sergeant (three stripes and three rockers) to see the company commander (two bars) for permission to see the Inspector General (eagle). Oh, Lord!

I took a deep breath and reported with my very best salute and a wave of nausea. The captain looked up from his desk and asked me what I wanted.

"I'm concerned about the mail, sir."

He cut me short. "You don't want me, corporal. You want a ticket to the chaplain. Maybe he can help you. I certainly can't!"

"But, sir, this isn't quite the usual," I hurdled on. "It's our ballots."

"Ballots? Oh, the absentee ballots. Um-m-m. Afraid I can't do much about them, either, son. Um-m-m. No." He looked slightly uneasy.

"No, sir. I just want your permission to see the Inspector General, sir."

"Oh. Sure!" He laughed good-naturedly. "By all means, corporal. Go right ahead."

Letter rattling in my hand, and walking like a stork to keep my knees from banging, I saluted stiffly and reported that I had the permission of the company commander to see the Inspector General. He offered me a seat. I sat on the edge of it, ramrod-stiff, befitting the presence of a colonel, and told him about my concern about the lack of mail.

He smiled kindly. "I know, corporal. My mail isn't coming through either."

"Yes, sir," I said. "I understand that, sir. But it isn't just the ordinary mail I'm worried about"—a lie, of course; a terrible offense in the presence of an officer—"but the soldiers' ballots are supposed to be in the mail, sir. It doesn't seem right that all these soldiers are being denied their right to vote, and Election Day is coming very close."

"That's right, it is, isn't it?" he mused. "You've got a point there, corporal." He smiled sympathetically. "But there isn't a thing I can do about it."

I half rose as if to leave, and there was nothing I wanted to do more. But my hand very politely pushed the letter across his desk.

"I understand, sir," I said meekly. "So, if you'll just censor this letter so I can mail it ——"

He glanced casually at the letter. The smile faded from his face. "Corporal, I can't let this letter go through. I —— No. No, indeed, I certainly can't pass this. It's ——" He glanced at the letter again. "It's—against all regulations!" He almost shouted the word with relief, and my stomach dropped at the sound of it.

Then it dawned on the colonel that the telegram was already on its way. "You've sent that cable?" The voice was small for a man his size.

"Yes, sir." I smiled bravely. "You see, sir, for me the first vote ——"

He didn't hear me. He sighed heavily, and suddenly I was very sorry for him. He was just as frightened of civilians as I was of him—the higher authority. He was probably imagining, as he stared out the window, my letter still in his hand, a big Army limousine speeding up the road. A big Army limousine full of a couple of generals, escorting lots of senators, stopping right at his office door. They made a difference, those senators. In Germany, nobody had them.

"Sit down, corporal." I jumped. "Perhaps we should talk. . . . No!" Suddenly he lifted the telephone, cranked the handle and said, "Get me ETOUSA. . . . No. ETOUSA, dammit! European Theater of Operations United States Army! Inspector General Haines at Headquarters! Right away!" There was a pause.

I sat there, very still, very stiff, my hands laid correctly on my knees, elbows in, fingers neatly side by side, trying to look as though I weren't listening.

The colonel started talking, very slowly, very deliberately and in a wide circle. Gingerly he edged himself to the point of saying, "Well, sir, it's not really just the mail. It's the war ballots, sir. The corporal has cabled his senator to investigate the delay, sir. . . . Yes, sir, his senator." There was a long pause. "Yes, sir," and the colonel put down the receiver. He looked at me and said, "They'll call back in a few minutes. Stay right here."

It was very quiet. The letter was still lying on the table, but the colonel silently ignored it and me. The fire crackled in the little potbelly stove, and at the far end of the corridor a typewriter rattled urgently. I sat still and stiff, looking respectfully mournful, as I felt a proper corporal should.

It seemed an eternity until the telephone rang again. The colonel snatched it and snapped to attention. "Colonel Smith speaking. . . . Yes, sir. . . . Yes, sir. . . . Yes, sir." He put the receiver down and said with true conviction, "Well, corporal, we surely fixed that one in a hurry!" He smiled broadly. "General Haines just advised me that instructions have been issued to all ports to ship every sack of mail immediately, regardless of any other priority. If there's a single sack of mail not shipped within the next twenty-four hours, there'll be hell to pay!" He casually handed me my letter. Uncensored.

"Thank you, sir!" I saluted magnificently, turned and walked out.

The hullabaloo at Sally's Salvation Army Canteen was tremendous. Twelve hours later the mail trucks were coming in. The postal boys worked around the clock to break it down, and for a couple of days I was pushed right to the head of the line every time I went to chow. I got over forty letters in that mail. The ballots weren't there, of course. They came around Christmas, instead of greetings from home, and it was 1948 before I got to exercise my constitutional right as a citizen to vote in a national election.

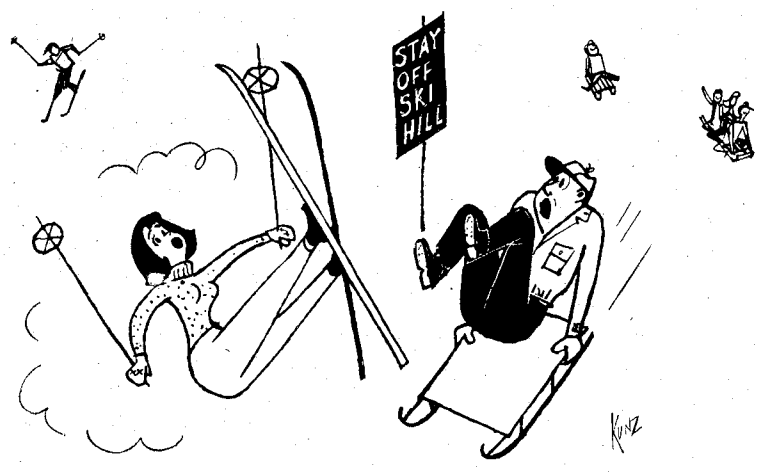
But the Army had tried, and I appreciated it. I was always sorry I didn't get a chance to do something big in return. I kept trying, but the best I could manage was saving them the embarrassment of shooting me during the heavy infiltration of the Bulge, when I pronounced all the passwords just like a spy. Except for that small group of fellow citizens in Sally's, I was nobody's hero.

I never got a reply to the cable either. But after that I always felt a surge of kinship when I leaped to attention at the approach of an officer.

I looked benignly at the space where Sally's Salvation Army Canteen had stood and over the rolling Wiltshire hills.

"Actually, it was a real good Army," I said, as we turned to the car.

"Especially good," said my wife, taking me firmly by the arm, "now that you're out of it." THE END



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Angelica took off timorously down the novice ski run at the big state park. Suddenly a large sled darted off-course from the nearby sledding hill and struck wavering Angelica. On recovering from her spill and injuries, she sued the state for damages.

"The state should be held responsible for maintaining such a dangerous combination of courses," she asserted. "While it had posted signs warning sledders to keep off the ski run, that wasn't enough. It should have built a fence."

"The hill," state attorneys replied, "belongs to all the people. Sledders are as much entitled to it as skiers. We did our duty when we warned them to keep out of one another's way. After that, it was up to them to watch out for themselves."

If you were the judge, would you make the state pay Angelica?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The state paid. The court said, "It is common knowledge that coursing sleds are not easily controlled, while novice skiers are notoriously unable to direct their own movements." Letting them intermingle as the state did, the court added, can result only in disaster.

Based upon a 1941 New York decision.

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The Forbidden Island (Continued from Page 35)

He settled himself on a drift root. We listened to grease sizzle on fir-bark coals.

Presently Sullivan said, "A couple of questions you might answer for me, Jim. Where's the Kingdom? What is it, exactly?"

"An island," I said. "You can see the hump of it between Spanishman's and Damara."

"But why the Kingdom? Why not just Kingdom Island? And what's so special about the place?"

I liked Dan Sullivan, liked him a lot, but us upcoasters don't talk much about the Kingdom to outsiders. From the start, Krim and his folks have asked only to be let alone, and by and large, we've respected that wish. Oh, we growl when they raise hell with a fisherman who has raided their territorial waters. But, partly because Krim Eliasen paid high for his people's right to freedom, and partly since it's healthier so, we leave them alone and try to see that strangers do likewise. For myself, it always tickled me to know that one of the world's last working Utopias lay a few miles off my doorstep.

"Only thing special," I said, "is the reception Kingdom Islanders give those who come pestering around." I suspected that Marsi had dropped a word or two about her homeplace, and that Sullivan was cross-checking. "It's a closed community, Dan. Has been for sixty years. They don't welcome visitors, and I'd just stay away from there, were I you."

"But you've been over."

"I'm often across," I told him. "I run their mail over—such mail as they get. I buy most of my meat and garden truck from the Kingdom. But in thirty years I've never once been invited up from their dock." I let him chew on that for a moment, then added what I hoped would be the finisher, "There's nothing on that island would interest you, Dan. A few stump ranches, a cannery with the boilers rusted through, a boat yard that's practically out of business ——"

"That last would interest me," Sullivan said. His voice was soft, amused. "What are these Kingdom people, Jim? Mormons? Mennonites? Breakaway Amish?"

"Nothing so peaceable," I said, remembering the Battle of Damara Gap, the bodies of Japanese codders afloat in Kingdom Eddy, and Krim Eliasen, an old man even then, standing on my landing with the wind in his beard and the blue fire in his eyes, and a provincial policeman's handcuffs on his wrists. "Look, if Marsi told you anything about that place, forget it. She's a simple girl, and she's homesick. They all are when out of the Kingdom."

My salmon slabs were crusting nicely. I sluiced sea water on them, while Sullivan watched me with the fire glow red-brown on his tired face. Offshore, where Missioner Rock showed dark and dim, a disturbed gull loosed its lonely cry. I knew Marsi Eliasen was out there on her nightly swim, and wished with irritation and a touch of worry that the girl had kept her homesickness to herself.

What Sullivan next said did nothing to ease that worry. "You know, I got to thinking this afternoon. I'd considered taking a motor sailer up to Alaska, maybe on out to the westward along the Aleutian chain. But now, I'm not so sure." He was speaking lightly, but it was strange talk for a man who at thirty had already bitten off a pretty fair chunk of success. "Life grows too complicated. We shift mountains to get what we believe we want, and when we've got it, it mushes down to a handful of nothing. I've been thinking I could do worse than find myself an island up here. Marry an island girl, raise a beard and a family, make a place for myself in this Erewhon, this two-bit, broken-down paradise of theirs."

Water slopped from my dipper. I exploded at Sullivan through the hissing steam, "Man, are you contemplating bigamy? You're already married!"

"My former wife," Sullivan said. The beach pebbles whispered under his feet as he leaned forward. "And buy your boats from some other company after this. They've cheapened the mix. That's why your last utility was a lemon."

"They?" I found myself gaping at him. Seacraft was Dan Sullivan, had been since he started his firm on a very thin shoestring after Korea.

"I'm clearing out," he said. "I was winding things up when your letter arrived."

... ...

Cat on the Walk

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

With sparrows' curses on
her head,
And oaths of jay birds,
loudly said,
She steals along our garden
path,
Sleek object of a morning's
wrath,
While lizards freeze upon
the wall
And big-eyed toads scarce
breathe at all,
Knowing our pet is not
what she
Indoors with us pretends
to be!

... ...

"Weaseled you out of it, eh?" I said.

But it didn't make sense. I knew Sullivan's generosity—he'd designed and rigged me a fine power-launching unit last visit—and the integrity that would cause him to make a personal issue of replacing a faulty boat. But I also knew of his tough boyhood years in Jersey and his marine combat service; and beyond that, I'd risen a poorer man from more than one all-night poker session with him. It seemed improbable to me that anyone could take away from Sullivan anything he wanted to keep.

As if reading my thoughts, he shook his head. "Ah, I'm letting them have it. The thing's been shaping up for two years at least."

"But why?" I demanded. "And who in thunder's the 'them' you speak of?"

"My wife," he said. "My ex-wife, and my sales manager. A smart operator, I raised him from a pup. Some few others." He leaned his elbows on his knees, speaking lightly still. "Not that I couldn't lick them, you understand."

Well, I didn't understand. There never yet was a man by the name of Sullivan too proud to fight. Also, while I've heard of men who turned their backs on attained success, I'm sufficiently cynical to consider them rarer than horns on a doe deer.

"Listen, boy," I said. "It's not my business, but if they got your shirt, if you're busted ——"

"They didn't," Dan said, "and I'm not. But thanks anyway, Jim."

Something plashed softly between the offshore kelp beds, and Sullivan jacked his wide-built six feet off the drift log. "I'm not broke. I'm not sick or even unhappy. After my wife walked out on me, it simply came to me that the party was over, that I'd reached the end of something. When you feel that way, why bother hanging around?"

As far as his wife went, it could be he was well rid of her. A pretty woman, spectacularly so, but reminding me of a Portugee flat I'd once owned. Beautiful lines, but short on stability. There was no cure for what ailed him in the Kingdom, though; only an Irishman with the black dog on his back would entertain the notion he'd tossed at me.

I heard voices from the direction of camp—the honeymooners were coming down for their fish. Sullivan sauntered off down the beach. When I next looked that way, peering through the uncertain starlight, I saw not one figure, but two. Marsi must have waded ashore at the sandspit. Their shadows merged and I turned to drop more bark on my fire, a sense of trouble riding me hard. As I'd tried to warn Sullivan, those tough Karelian Finns of the Kingdom are a different breed from the mild-living Mennonites or Amish. And as for young Marsi, I'd give that girl a good dressing-down come morning.

There was something different about her when she strode into the lodge dining room with her thumb in my breakfast tea. It puzzled me for a moment; then I realized she'd been fussing with her hair, and that she'd shed her white apron.

"Mr. Delaney," she said in her warm, calm voice, "could you tell me, please, what means the word 'orpiment'?"

"I expect it's one of those newfangled table sauces," I told her, snappishly and to cover my ignorance. "If someone's asked for it, just tell them we're fresh out. And another thing, young lady. There'll be no more night strolls with the guests. I'm plain amazed at you," I went on, speaking very severely, "a girl with a fellow in the Kingdom and all."

Marsi reddened to her ears. She said, and I'd never seen that girl so lovely or so confused before, "Please to believe me, Mr. Delaney, it was by accident I met with Dan. I had no idea ——"

"Mr. Sullivan to you, miss," I told her. "And still another thing. You're on no account to talk to him about the Kingdom. Seems to me you may have babbled too much as it is."

Marsi said meekly, "I told him very little. I will not go walking with him again, I promise" She hesitated, looking down at me with a slight frown between her fine, long-lashed eyes. "But in my heart I will still be sorry for that young man, Mr. Delaney."

Her words startled me no less than her manner. Beneath the meekness was more than a hint of strong metal. I remembered, then, that while she might wait on table at my camp, she was still Krim Eliasen's granddaughter.

"Now why should you go and be sorry for him?" I asked her.

"Because he has been badly hurt."

"Dan—Mr. Sullivan told you that?"

"He did not need to tell me." Her smile was indulgent, a recognition of male stupidity. "Do you mind if, after my work is done, I borrow from your office the English dictionary?"

"Go ahead," I told her, glad of a chance to change the subject. As a matter of fact, I'd made a mental note to look up that word myself.

But it wasn't in my dictionary, and my bump of curiosity itched me about it all morning. Finally I made an excuse to wander into the kitchen, where Marsi was rolling pastry dough.

"Who mentioned this stuff, this orpiment?" I asked her. "If the customers want it, perhaps we'd better stock it."

"Mr. Sullivan said the word to me last night." She reached for a cooky cutter and said calmly, "He told me as we were saying good night that he had it in his mind to go trading orpiment among the savages." Marsi stamped out half a dozen star shapes; then, gently frowning, selected another cutter. "I think what he meant was that he might cross to the Kingdom, Mr. Delaney."

"And you didn't forbid him? You didn't warn him?"

She gave me an unfathomable look that hinted of motherly indulgence, but it seemed to me there was pain in it too.

She said quietly, her hands busy, "In a year, perhaps two years, there may no longer be a Kingdom. My grandfather has held it together. When he dies, it will all end, it will fly apart. Children will no longer learn how the elders sailed from Riga in the little boats, and how the good Parliament of Canada gave us an island for our own. The Hunos, Einar and the rest, wish to sell the island back to the government for much money." Her voice had deepened and her eyes were bright with tears. "No, I did not try to forbid Mr. Sullivan, although I warned him. He is a big man—big inside as my grandfather was when young. A man like that, strong and wise ——"

The tears overcame her. I bulled out of the lodge kitchen and straight down to the landing. The replacement hull Sullivan had brought me was missing. I boarded my eighteen-footer and lit out with both motors hooked up. Tide slowed me at Damara Gap, but in less than half an hour I was rounding the north cape of Damara with Spanishman's large on the port bow and the dromedary hump of Kingdom Island looming ahead.

A small boat rode Kingdom Eddy, cruising lazily amid drift that the tides gather from a thousand North Pacific beaches. It was one of those summer afternoons of haze and flat calm, sea and horizon blended so that the white hull appeared to hang in some element neither water nor air. I hailed, but was alongside the drifter before I got an answer.

Sullivan sprawled on the bottom boards. His shoulders were against a thwart, and the water in the bilges was pink from blood he'd shed. His face was badly swollen.

"Well," I said to him as I helped him into my boat, "I take it the savages weren't having any of your orpiment."

"At least," Sullivan mumbled, "I got farther than you. I did get off their dock." He flopped on a side seat and began to peel the rags of his shirt. "But you're right, my friend. They're no kin to the Amish."

He soused his shirt overside and mopped his puffy face. Krim's angels must be getting soft, I thought; the damage was less than I'd expected. Sullivan's voice came muffled through the rags.

"I met your old man of the mountain," he said. "Krim Eliasen. Found him hoeing a corn patch and had a talk with him. Wasn't till I was on my way back to the dock that things got fouled up. There was this boat yard, Jim. Primitive, but they were building a honey of a carvel, a double-ended cross between a Columbia River type and a Nova Scotia Cape Islander. I went down for a closer look. No one paid me any attention for a while; then a husky I'd picked as the foreman came over to me."

"And slugged you?"

"Nope. He was most polite. Not what you'd call friendly, but not tough either. Asked if I (*Continued on Page 122*)

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March 23, 1957

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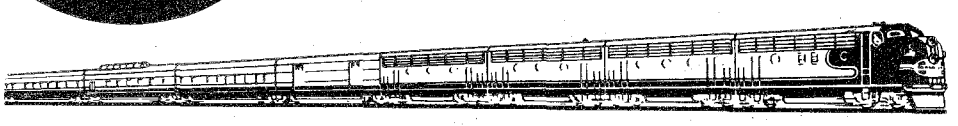

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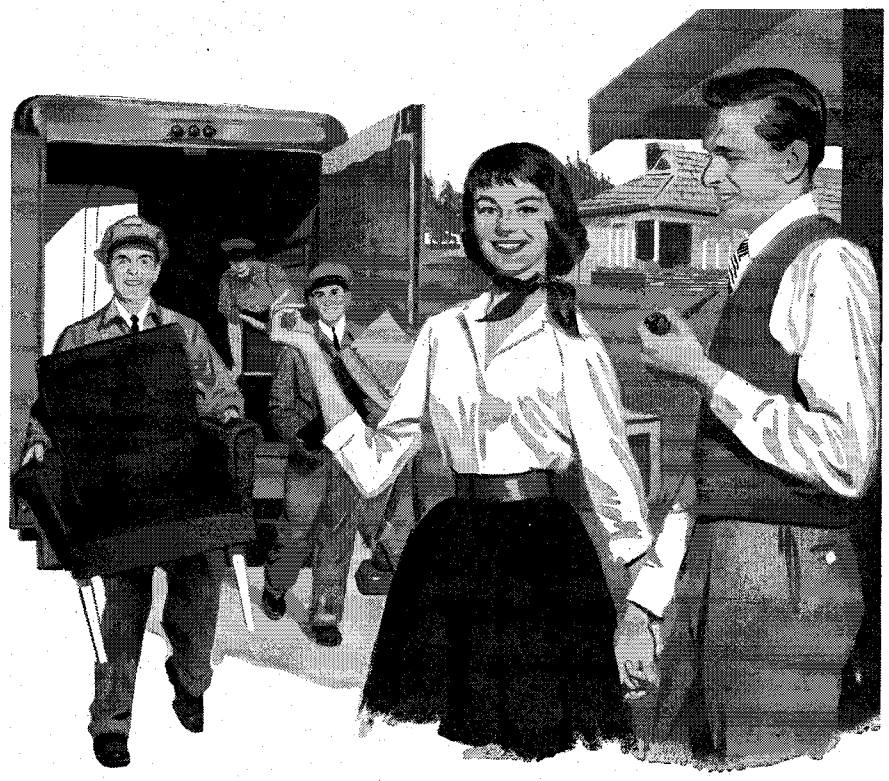

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MANUFACTURER DEALER CUSTOMER

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(*Continued from Page 120*) were the appraiser from the federal government. When I said no, he inquired what my business was." Sullivan bundled his shirt and tossed it into our wake. His smile was lopsided and he spoke with the finicky precision of a man with a sore jaw, but that gleam in his eyes had been lacking a day ago. "So I told him. It was a civil question, and I'm not much good at beating around the bush. Then the ball began. This monkey let me have it." The lumpy grin widened. "Naturally, I didn't propose to be a sitting duck. I shook him with a couple before the rest downed tools and joined in."

"Go on," I urged. It would be Einar Huno, Marsi's fiancé, he'd tangled with. But even that hothead, dealing with a simple case of trespass, would have done no more than march Sullivan to his boat.

"You told him your business in the Kingdom," I said. "Now, suppose you tell me."

"I went over to talk to the old man about settling there." Sullivan dropped it casually. "And about marrying his granddaughter. He didn't cotton to that last, but he let me finish my pitch, then promised to take the matter up with his council."

I didn't answer Sullivan—I couldn't, not right away. He'd met Marsi Eliasen yesterday, spent perhaps six hours in her company, and had crashed the Kingdom with a statement of intentions. I admire American impetuosity, even though, as a Canadian, I'm inclined to take a good look before I leap. But this of Sullivan's left me sucking wind.

He said, while I stared at him, "That old man is no deadhead, Jim. When I pointed out to him that with new machinery for their cannery, modern equipment in the boat yard ——"

I found my voice then. I said, "You listen to me! You get that motor sailer you spoke of, boy, and push her clear to Siberia if it tickles your fancy! But forget about Marsi Eliasen, unless you want to end with gulls perched on your chest. Even if you had anything in common with that girl, which you haven't, she's not for you. The man you fought with—know who he is?"

"I don't." Sullivan lounged on the seat, and the boards complained under his hard two hundred pounds. There wasn't a hair on his wide chest, but the muscles bulged and swelled to his lazy stretch. "Still," he said reflectively, "I think, with luck, and the rest off my back, I could have taken him."

I didn't try to reason with him further. Even if I'd told him what he had got himself into, he wouldn't have heeded. I didn't speak to Sullivan again until we were closing the home cove.

Then it was only to rid my mind of a small irritation. "What's this stuff you mentioned to Marsi? This orpiment?"

"How the devil would I know?" Marsi Eliasen was out on the tide flats, a lone figure small in distance. Sullivan, watching her, spoke abstractedly, "I read a lot. One way of plugging the gaps in a sketchy education. The word turned up in a poem about a seafaring party who had everything and nothing." Marsi was running now, splashing knee deep through tide pools with gulls whirling before her and above her like flakes of a sudden blizzard. Seen so, she was all grace, all beauty, not the awkward-seeming girl who lumbered around my lodge. Sullivan continued to watch her, his battered face live as I'd never seen it, the weariness gone. It was for that moment the face of a lover who could spiel poetry to a girl on a starlit beach. "Maybe you eat orpiment," he said. "Maybe you wear it or rub it in your hair. I'll find out sometime, and let you know."

I took a party to Fiddler's after coho salmon that evening, and another bunch next morning, so, while I fretted considerably about Sullivan and Marsi, I didn't have time to stick my nose into their affairs again until well past noon. Then it was Marsi who came to me, where I was tuning my rental motors outside the gear shed on the landing. She was wearing her gray homespun dress. The sun was in her bright hair, and her face was sweet and serious, and frightened.

"I've been meaning to talk to you," I began. But she reached down and put a hand on my shoulder and shook her head. Scared she might be, but she was also determined.

"I kept my promise, Mr. Delaney," she said. "I did not go walking with Dan. I talked with him here." She took a deep breath. "He has asked me if I will marry him."

"And you told him no, of course."

"I told him yes." Briefly, the secret, half-indulgent smile touched her lovely mouth. "It was the council picked Einar Huno for my husband. Einar was not my choose."

"Choice," I corrected her, wondering if any Kingdomite girl had ever spoken so before. "I suppose you've figured out, too, how you'll handle things when Einar comes for you? After that fool visit of Dan's, d'you think they'll let you stay here? Einar will be across any day, any hour ——"

"He is coming now," Marsi said. She looked past me, cross-channel where Spanishman's lay long and low, with Damara flanking and the Kingdom humping purple beyond, the sea all dazzle and glitter between. I picked up the vessel, lost it and spotted it again. *It doesn't have to be from the Kingdom*, I told myself; but I knew it was, even before it cleared Damara Gap and settled on a course for my landing.

"If your mind is set on this," I told Marsi, "if you won't listen to anything I say, go find Dan Sullivan. Take my work boat and clear out fast. Catch a plane at Samiston ——"

"No!" Her voice was firm, and the metal in it was no longer masked by meekness. "We'll make our home in the Kingdom. Dan wishes it that way; we both wish it that way. Times change even there, Mr. Delaney. We will help to change them!"

A shadow fell across us. Behind me, I heard Sullivan chuckle. He'd come down from the pool. His black hair was plastered to his head, and the marks of yesterday's beating showed dark on his face. He looked at Marsi and she at him, and seeing how it was with those two, I knew in spite of reason whose side I was on.

"You heard her," Sullivan said. "We aren't running, Jim." He studied the inbound boat; and it was hard to recognize him as the tired and defeated man who'd checked in two days ago. He said, grinning, "They'll buy my orpiment if I have to lick every buck on their island by way of persuasion."

I could see now, as distance narrowed, that the black-hulled troller was Einar Huno's own. It looked mighty pretty standing in past Missioner Rock, pretty as a girl on her way to her wedding. Its varnished main poles stood forty feet with never a kink. They'd dressed the rigging with gay little holiday flags that whipped in the breeze, and the sun twinkled on fresh topside paint. *Was a time*, I thought, watching that sweet forty-footer surge down the cove, *when Krim Eliasen wouldn't have stood for any such foofaraw.*

My sports—those who'd stuck around camp—were drifting down. I heard the bride from Georgia say to her husband, "Oh, those cute beards, honey! Just like something off a little old Sunday-school

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card. Y'know, you ought to grow yourself a beard."

"A dozen of 'em," he answered her. He asked me, "What we got here, Mr. Delaney? The House of David ball team?"

Perhaps the scene had its comic element, but it was lost on me. Those young men swinging down to my float, making fast with swift efficiency, hadn't stepped off any little old Sunday-school card. They were sons of the crew who had held the Kingdom fishing grounds with knife and gun. In attitude and outlook they were foreign to our world as if they'd stepped from an earlier, rougher century.

The rest of us—me, my staring dudes, Sullivan lounging in the shade of the gear shed—mightn't have been there. Einar Huno came forward alone, his shapeless gray jacket buttoned tight across big chest and flat belly, his black hat riding level on his head. He moved unhurriedly, a bearded man very sure of himself, his blue eyes cold in a face burned dark by wind and sun.

"Peace be with you." He gave Marsi the formal Kingdom greeting. Then he said to the girl in his careful English, "You will go now for your things. It has been decided you shall come home."

"I'm not going with you, Einar." Marsi's voice was low but steady. They fronted each other for a long moment, and

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The automobile is here to stay, but a lot of motorists evidently aren't.

DAN BENNETT

---

the silence was absolute, the sort of hush that comes just before the plunger closes the circuit in a detonating rig.

The explosion erupted without further warning. I saw Einar Huno reach for the girl's arm, and Sullivan spring his shoulders away from the shed wall. He crossed the float in three easy strides; his right hand closed on Marsi's shoulder, swinging her aside as if she were a child. He took another step, and his left drove in with hip and shoulder behind it. The golden beard jerked up. Einar's hat flew off to roll on edge across the decking. Einar hit the float as if his legs had been kicked from under him, the back of his head thudding hard on the planks.

I started edging toward the gear shed, where I keep my shotgun. But the gangup I'd looked for didn't materialize. Instead, Einar pulled himself to his knees, his fingers fumbling at the buttons of his jacket. He shed the jacket with a double shrug. His hand came away from his hip as he rose, and I heard the Georgia bridegroom tell his wife in an urgent mutter, "You skedaddle, sweetheart. They're fixed for a cuttin' fight."

I admired his good sense. And I knew, with a sinking in my stomach and a very clear picture of the RCMP patrol launch nosing into my cove, that this would be no play fight, no mere pecking with only a blade tip bared, the way young fellows settled their minor differences in the Kingdom.

Einar stood as if waiting, a trickle of blood at his mouth corner. A second knife—his younger brother's—flipped in a short arc to quiver in the wood at Sullivan's feet.

Sullivan stepped over and past it. I saw the surprise on Einar Huno's face, the indecision firming too late into purpose. And I glimpsed more than that. With Einar's father or granddad, there'd have been no instant of doubt. What I foresaw in that swift, clear flash was the end of the Kingdom.

Perhaps Einar dropped the knife of his own accord. Perhaps Sullivan's hand, snaking to the Kingdomite's wrist, took it away from him. I was never quite sure afterward. I only know that the two big men stood toe to toe on my float and beat on each other like smiths on an anvil, until Einar swayed forward at last, and rolled on his face, and lay still.

Panting, Sullivan faced Einar's friends, bunched ominously now and shuffling in. I ducked for the shed and my shotgun, but Marsi Eliasen already gripped it, and the Georgia bridegroom was stooping for a handy oar. When I turned, no one was moving. They were looking, all of them, at the man who had emerged from below-decks to stand on the troller's hatch cover. I stared with the rest. I'd last seen him after the Battle of Damara Gap, when he came over to give himself up, to stand trial and serve his time for manslaughter. His frame was a giant's still, straight as if his massive shoulders didn't carry the weight of ninety years. The grand beard, snow-white now, gave him the look of an elder prophet. This was Krim Eliasen, the leader who had shepherded his people across the Atlantic in vessels smaller than Columbus' littlest, who had bared his knout scars before the House of Commons in Canada's capitol, and won from those hardhead politicians the gift of an island and the New World's freedom for him and his forever.

Krim looked down on us from the hatch cover, and the eyes wide-spaced in the splendid head were sad. He nodded to the young men; they turned and boarded without a word spoken. The old man gazed at Marsi and Dan Sullivan. His voice, when he spoke to them, was gentle. "I have been outvoted in my council. I have to tell you, against my own desire, there is no place for you among us." Then he said to Marsi alone, his words dropping softly, but words of excommunication for all that, "The Kingdom is closed to you, my child. Go with him, in peace."

He turned, a patriarch in homespun, and went below. They helped Einar on board and shoved off.

We were quiet until the black hull was moving swiftly into the glitter beyond the cove. I said to Sullivan then, perhaps a trifle bitterly, "Well, you've traded your orpiment, Dan. But you won't trade in that port again."

"I know," he said. My mind was running in an Old Testament groove that day; the thought struck me that Marsi Eliasen, beside him with his arm around her, wasn't the first young woman to weep outside the gates of a lost Eden. Sullivan understood too. He said, more to her than to me, "I've another kingdom down south. I left it in a mess, but maybe it's worth fighting for. If we work fast, we can win it back."

And they did. They rolled into my camp two years later, bringing their firstborn and a sample of the new Seacraft line on a tilt-boom trailer. The boat was bright yellow, its design a shameless steal from those hulls the Kingdomites used to build before Krim died and, at Einar Huno's urging, the council sold their island to the Department of National Defence for a navy reserve.

"The color of orpiment," Sullivan told me, while I feasted my eyes on that boat. "A yellow dye, Jim. The ancients compounded it of rare mineral earths."

"If that's all it is," I said to him, "I'd as soon you hadn't told me!"

"I wish I hadn't run it down," Sullivan said. But he was smiling, and he didn't speak like a crazy Irishman who had once dreamed of Utopia. More like a father whose infant daughter was testing my pool with her clothes on, and who figured he'd best fish her out. THE END

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Everybody Laughs at Me

(Continued from Page 30)

individual progress in mind over matter, rather than his blunt acceptance of standards created by a multitude of societies, each guided by its own interests.

With Dr. Albert Schweitzer's simple diagnosis, "Reverence for life," as a motto, I have learned to love and respect life in every form.

As I was lying there, convinced that this was the end, my deepest regret was that it had to happen in such a ridiculous way, when destiny already had guided me safely through the almost impossible.

Each happy moment has proven to me the eternal beauty of life and each wound I have suffered has been an injection strengthening my immunity toward despair.

Victor and Sanna Borge. "She is known to many as 'The Dragon' because she is usually a fire-breathing guard outside my dressing room," her husband says.

Often, in these frequent inoculations, my sense of humor has been the serum, and again when confronted with what seemed to be my final disaster, I smiled at the fact that here I was, a pancake, in front of New York Times Building which so thoroughly resembles a flatiron.

It is only fair to point out here that at the most crucial moment, something very fortunate happened. I have been alive ever since, almost constantly.

Quick as lightning, the pressure ceased and I was able to get back on my feet. Somehow I'd lost my shoes and my clothes were torn and unrecognizable, but since nobody knew me anyhow, I was in fine shape. I was able to find my way out of the tumultuous crowd, and leaning against the corner of Broadway and 45th Street, I dictated (in Danish) the loveliest, most heartfelt wire and sent it straight upward, with the speed of gratitude.

Life was now more beautiful than ever . . . and thirteen years later, on another New Year's Eve, I stood in that very same spot on the corner of Broadway and 45th Street, and looked up at a huge electric sign. Slowly, I started toward the theater. There was a swelling mob outside the Golden box office, and they were trying to buy seats that had long since been sold. The lights glowed yellow against the black of the sky, and they spelled it out: VICTOR BORGE in COMEDY IN MUSIC. On an impulse I unlaced my shoes, tucked them inside my overcoat and walked in stockinged feet past the theater and down the dark alleyway to the stage door. It felt good.

That first New Year's Eve experience, as it happens, was just part of a rough initiation. On January 30, 1941, I made my Broadway debut in a revue called Crazy With the Heat. Ed Sullivan, as I said earlier, fired me on opening night. Just before curtain time they eliminated the routine I had been rehearsing. They pushed me out on the stage to open the show, and gave me exactly three minutes to do a ten-minute act. I got panicky at the piano and was still playing mechanically nine minutes later when they dropped the curtain to get me off. They came very close to dropping the curtain on my life.

After this personal disaster I knew I was washed up in New York. I was in the same position as Jimmy Durante, who once told me, "Pal, I stick to the piano because I have to. There's chewing gum on the keys." I had to stick to the piano, too, because I still hadn't been able to translate my Danish patter into entertaining English.

Gil Boag, the elderly ex-producer who had acted as my manager in the Sullivan fiasco, came to the hotel during this grim period and tried to sweep out the blues.

"Well, Gil," I said, "what do I do now?"

"I know a couple of agents down in Palm Beach," he said, "and I also know some wealthy people who might need a piano player for private parties. At least you'd have eating money."

Early in February, Gil and I got on a bus and rode south. We rented a room in the basement of a modest West Palm Beach hotel, and I allowed myself twenty-five cents a day for food. We had been there a week or so when Gil took me to see the foremost agent in the Palm Beach area.

"What do you do, Borge?"

"I am a pianist."

"Everybody plays the piano," he insisted. "How do you do it?"

"With two hands, usually," I said.

He didn't even twitch, so I put some sheet music on the rack of the piano in his office and began to play the Blue Danube waltz backwards. I ran through it a couple of times and the agent looked disgusted. Gil glanced at me in complete bewilderment, and I said, "Oh, pardon me. I'm playing it upside down." Then I turned the music around and played the waltz as it was written. This brief bit of musical comedy, which I originated in Copenhagen, was one of my most successful routines. It always got a laugh, and still does today.

But at this audition, if you can call it that, neither man cracked a smile. Gil got up with an embarrassed shrug, and the agent pushed me out the door.

He turned on Gil angrily and I heard him say, "If this is your idea of talent, don't come around here any more. Why, this guy can't even read music."

The man must have passed the word around Palm Beach. I couldn't get another audition and I couldn't get a job. Once more I was moving forward with the speed of silence. Gil and I were literally living on bread and orange juice in the land of yachts and millionaires when he met an old friend named May Andrews. She said she would be happy to have me appear with Al Jolson and Hildegarde at a hospital-benefit show in the Whitehall Hotel.

She offered me room and dinner for my contribution. At the last minute Jolson and Hildegarde were unable to attend and Miss Andrews frantically asked me to do the whole show.

The newspaper reviews said the Whitehall Hotel show was my first complete performance in America, which was true, and that I was unique, which might have been true, depending on your point of view. One writer generously reported: "Borge has a marvelous gift of pantomime that enables him to hurdle the obstacle of a scant English vocabulary."

Overnight, people were discussing me, and I was invited to perform at the swank Everglades Club. "We hope you'll draw a good crowd and we'll give you a dollar a head," the club manager said. I accepted, of course, and wryly told Gil I hoped there would be lots of two-headed people. After the show I went into the office with the manager and said, "My English may be not so good, but I can count. There were four hundred guests."

"Right, Borge," he said. "So here is four hundred dollars."

"And there were forty waiters," I said.

"Oh, but waiters don't count," he said, closing up his cashbox.

"You agreed to a dollar a head," I said. "The waiters were watching the show and each one had a head."

He opened the box, handed me another forty dollars and walked out. My scant English wasn't so scant when it came to business. Gil Boag was so overwhelmed with this triumph of Dane over dilemma that he took sick. His health during the last few years had not been up to par and he felt unable to continue working. He insisted on going back to New York immediately. The next day I gave him $400 and, much to my regret, sent him back to New York.

Gil's unhappy departure from Palm Beach in 1940 changed my picture somewhat, but thanks to the fact that all those waiters had heads I still had forty dollars. Since then I've been crazy about waiters, although they may not be so crazy about me.

I was in a restaurant one evening just before a performance, and I was in a hurry, but there was no waiter in sight. Finally I went into a Borge pratfall off my chair and lay motionless on the floor. That did it. The maître d'hôtel and three waiters showed up faster than the Four Horsemen, and tenderly lifted me up.

"Thank you," I said, "and now would one of you be kind enough to bring a menu?" I never had to wait in that restaurant again.

Another time, under similar circumstances, I sent for the headwaiter and said, "Would you please run into the florist's next door and get me three dozen roses?"

"I'm sorry, sir," he said. "The florist is closed."

"Well, never mind," I said. "I only wanted to send flowers for the waiter's funeral. He was a good man, too bad we lost him."

The second time I pulled that gag, alas, the maître d'hôtel took my order seriously, rushed away before I could stop him, and got a busboy to run six blocks for the roses. They cost me forty dollars, which sum, I glumly reflected, was what I had salvaged from the waiters at Palm Beach long years before.

I wish I could report that my first invasion of Florida established me as a top-rank entertainer, but I was something less than colossal. I did go to the Brook Club, in Miami, for a week, and I collected enough to ride back to New York on the train, where, for all practical purposes, I was right back where I started. Only more so.

I had not been back in New York very long when some of my Danish friends—and I certainly blessed them more than once—got me an audition in the chromium-and-mohair bistro known as the Rainbow Room.

The manager there had never heard of me, and he barely looked up from his vitamin-and-aspirin lunch. "Do your stuff, Borge," he said, gulping another pill. The waiters were busy setting tables, and the clatter of glasses, silver and dishes sounded noisier than Fibber McGee's closet. I know what I'm saying. I was around that closet for thirteen weeks one

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summer, substituting for the Fibbers. Anyway, I performed for twenty minutes more or less all by myself, and the manager grunted, "O.K., boy. I'll let you know." I still haven't heard from him.

Thereafter I was extremely wary of the ritual known as "audition" and submitted only when there was no other out. The fact is, I am lost without an audience. Indeed, I feel that the sole reason for my existence is to bring pleasure to those who honor me with their presence. During a regular performance I don't care whether there are ten people or ten thousand. My respect and concern go to the individual, whether he paid for his seat or sneaked in the back door.

One evening at the Persian Room at the Plaza in New York, my comedy routines were going so well that I barely touched the piano. During about forty minutes of chatter, I noticed a party of six seated at a ringside table. None of them had even smiled once from the moment the show began, and they were beginning to attract the attention of other people in the room.

"Gentlemen," I said, stopping in midstream, "have I done anything to offend?"

They squirmed a little and gazed at one another blankly. Finally one man stood up and said, "Señor, we no spik *inglés*. We come from Buenos Aires. Sign outside say: 'Victor Borge, Pianist.' Why you talk so much and no play piano?"

I abandoned my comedy at once, sat down at the piano and played Chopin and Mozart without a break for half an hour. Well, you never know. I might want to play Buenos Aires someday.

The Rainbow Room audition and other similar experiences did not encourage me to stay in New York. I decided to go to California. My misinformed friends said the high cost of living was lower there, and besides, there was the magic land of Hollywood. I had been a movie actor in Denmark and perhaps I could do it again. This was wartime, and they were making a lot of spy pictures in which a foreign accent could be useful. There wasn't enough in the till for rail or bus fare, but I got started with the help of a prominent New York Dane named C. H. W. Hasselriis.

His daughter was being married in San Francisco and wanted her car out there. Could I drive it out for her? I certainly could. I delivered the automobile on schedule, bought a seat in one of those car-pool rides from San Francisco to Los Angeles, and settled down in a rented room in Hollywood.

At last I was in the promised land, but I soon found out that I must have been missing whenever *who* had promised whatever to *whom!* There was no stampede to get my name on a dotted line, no one was interested in my accent, and the studios seemed to be well supplied with piano players. Hoagy Carmichael, Jimmy Durante and Minnie Mouse, among others. There was even a chimpanzee—I don't recall his name—that wore a green suit and could play When Irish Eyes Are Smiling. A rather limited talent, I might say.

I was so pinched for funds that I couldn't even afford thirty-five cents for the regular tourist trip through the National Broadcasting Company studios. Presently I met Dagmar Wiggers, the grand dame of Danish journalism, whose dispatches I had been reading for years in the Copenhagen Politiken. She introduced me to Harry Maizlish at KFWB, the Warner Bros. station, and he in turn took me to see Rudy Vallee. Rudy was then owner of a restaurant called the Pirate's Den, where treasure chests of various kinds were examined for possible use on his radio show.

"Go ahead and do something," Rudy said.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Hilltop View

By Helen Rittell

The blighted elms were cut
down, one by one,
Leaving an emptiness
against the sky,
Where once were mellow
shade and sparrow song,
Where squirrels lived and
children clambered high
Into the leafy dimness. Oh,
in time
We'll come to boast of
vistas that we see
Opening up before us—
distant roofs,
A winding road, a stream.
Yet if there be
Comfort in the knowledge
that our world
Is wider than before, there's
also pain:
If sunlight comes
unchallenged to our hill,
So do the chilling winds, so
does the rain.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

When it's time to mow...
these power partners make great products even better!
Do it now! Insist on a mower with a Briggs & Stratton 4-CYCLE engine . . . and look forward to years of easy-going power mowing. You'll find these power partners on a vast majority of today's quality-brand mowers . . . and on countless other products for home, farm and industry. Reason: manufacturers of powered equipment know Briggs & Stratton engines (1 to 9 hp) bring out the best in their products—for years on end.
BUILT RUGGED TO LAST LONGER, PERFORM BETTER
Air-age engineered—proved on millions of lawn mowers, garden tillers, tractors and other equipment. Gives you the quick starts and smooth-running power for tough going that have made Briggs & Stratton 4-CYCLE engines No. 1 in the World.
Find Us Fast In The Yellow Pages
Wherever you live, authorized Briggs & Stratton service is nearby—look in the Yellow Pages of your phone book under "ENGINES-GASOLINE"
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Once again, dishes were rattling and even the waiters were talented in a noisy way. They seemed to be playing the Anvil Chorus with wineglasses and knives and forks. But I did something. I don't recall what routine I tried. It didn't matter. After a minute or so, Rudy cried, "Stop! That's enough! Come to the studio tomorrow night."

The following evening I reported at NBC, and Rudy said, "I'm going to use you in the warm-up." The warm-up is a form of hypo by which an audience is jazzed up before the program goes on the air. The object is to have people laughing loudly at the precise instant the announcer says, "The Brooklyn Shroud Company presents Homicide! And here HE is—the star of our show—Jack the Ripper!" If the warm-up man has done his job well, the radio or television audience is hooked by that opening laugh, and you'd be surprised what it does for a program rating.

I was the only warmer-upper on duty that night, as I recall, and I did my punctuation number. This is a weird business in which punctuation marks—periods, commas, and so on—become assorted sound effects as I read a love story from a little book. It is what you might call a Borge trade-mark, and I had just barely got my Danish version translated into English. I do not wish to claim that it paralyzed the studio audience, but the results were sensational for me, and marked the starting point of my American career.

After the show went off the air, Rudy came backstage and shook my hand. "You were great, Victor," he said. "The show was really an anticlimax after that hysterical warm-up. I would love to use you regularly, but there just isn't any room. I'm committed to John Barrymore, Joan Davis and a lot of other people, and we have only half an hour."

Here it is again, I thought. *I'm jinxed. The operation was a success, but the patient died.* "Thanks, Rudy," I said.

Rudy and I were on the way out toward the stage door when I was intercepted by two excited advertising-agency men. They said they were connected with the Bing Crosby show, and they had been doing a little espionage work on the Vallee program. They told me the Groaner could use me and that I could start at once. Rudy urged me to go with Crosby. "You're better off with Bing on a one-hour show," Rudy said. "I couldn't give you more than a couple of minutes on mine."

When the negotiations started, I found that I was being represented by Vallee. He had asked me to sign an agency agreement and I did.

A week later I made a somewhat nervous debut on the Kraft Music Hall show. This time there were no noisy waiters nor bored auditioners. I was supposed to do twelve minutes—two appearances of six minutes each. Perhaps Bing's followers were in a daffy mood that night. Perhaps the pixies in my own head were getting time and a half. In three minutes the place was bedlam. The studio telephones were ringing like a six-alarm fire when Bing hastily reshuffled the script. Bing himself was my best audience and he kept me out there for twenty-nine minutes. The NBC switchboard, they said, was jammed for the next four hours.

There were telegrams and phone calls from radio editors in every corner of the land. There were offers from other shows, and agents were getting in line to sign me for personal appearances. All of them were asking: Who's this crazy Dane? It was my $64,000 question, and at last I had the right answer. I was numb with joy.

I was on the Crosby show fifty-four times over an eighteen months' period; after the initial show the nation's radio editors voted me the No. 2 Discovery of the Year. First place was won by a young fellow named Red Skelton, and under the circumstances I was content. "After all," one of my Scandinavian friends said, "how can you say 'I dood it' in Danish?"

There was only one shadow for me on this new sunny road. Rudy Vallee was stunned when he saw what was happening on a rival radio show, and his sponsors were frothing because he let me go. Besides signing up as a Vallee client, I also sent him a keg of Scotch as a little token of thanks, and he wrote me an acknowledging note just as the storm was breaking over his head. Here is a part of it:

My dear Victor: You shouldn't have done it, but it was a very sweet gesture, and every time we tap our lovely keg of Scotch it will remind me of a friendship that I hope will endure and grow stronger as the days go by.

I have not yet had to face the Eastern executives of my broadcast, but when I do meet them, my reply will be a very simple one. I was thinking of your interests, and I have no regrets for so doing.

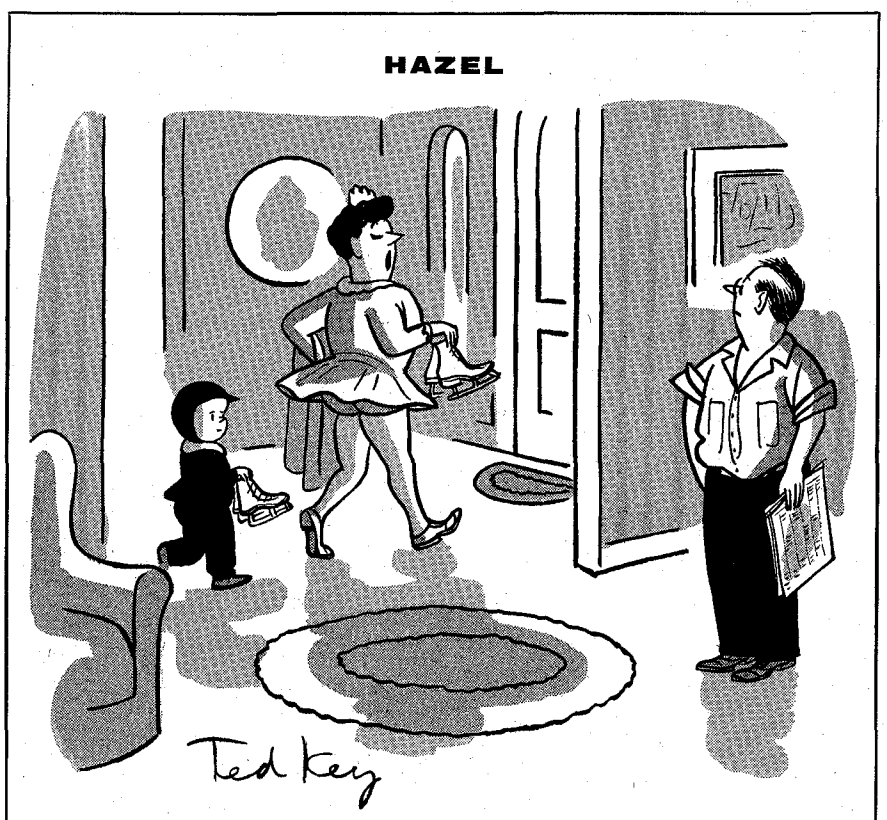
As ever,
RUDY

That friendship, alas, did not endure. Rudy never quite forgot his error, and, by some strange logic, has blamed me for it all these years. In numerous newspaper, radio and television interviews he has implied that he advanced money to help my career, and has said that I am ungrateful. One of these dissertations, unfortunately, was syndicated by Hedda Hopper.

I do not quarrel with Rudy's right to talk about me, for this seems to be standard strategy in some phases of show business. But I would prefer that these conversations be backed by facts. I never borrowed money from him, nor did I ever owe him money in any form. I was ready to perform on his radio show had he chosen to use me. Moreover, at his request I traveled thousands of miles with his service band and gladly performed with him at dozens of camp shows for the armed services. One other point. Rudy had signed me to an agency talent contract, and so, for two years or more, he collected 10 per cent of my earnings.

If it helps, I can cheerfully say I am grateful to Rudy for that early rejection, because it brought me to Crosby. Thereafter, doors popped open like hot chestnuts and I never had to scrimp again. I was proud indeed to be on that top-rated show, even though Bob Hope later on referred to Crosby's cast as "slaves of the pot-bellied lamp." Hope was kidding in this description of Bing, of course, but from my standpoint I was thankful to be a Crosby slave at any price, rather than a forgotten prisoner in a concentration camp.

As a matter of fact, I had a dramatic demonstration of the difference not long after I began working for Bing. I was standing on the sidewalk outside Station KFWB one sunny afternoon, waiting to keep an appointment with Harry Maizlish, a man to whom I am forever indebted. I do not want to forget that his tireless efforts during those dark days brought about the audition which placed me on the Crosby show.



"Pond's frozen."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I was watching children in the school playground across the street when a police squad car suddenly pulled up at the curb. I must have looked like a suspicious character. A cop jumped out, looked me over and said, "What are you doing here, mister?"

"Waiting to see Mr. Maizlish at the station," I said.

My accent was thick, and I must have sounded like Herman Schnickergribble from Düsseldorf. The cop gave me a chilly once-over and said, "Let's see your papers."

I fished out my draft-registration card and a driver's license. He examined them slowly, then motioned me toward the police car. "You'll have to come to the station," he said.

I was scared stiff. "What have I done?" I stammered. "You're making a big mistake! I work here! I've got to be on the Bing Crosby show in a few hours!"

"Don't argue," he said. "Get in. If you're O.K., there'll be no trouble."

I must admit I was tempted to run. The sequence of events was all too familiar. The black police car looming up out of nowhere. The catlike movements of the cop, while his partner sat at the wheel with one hand poised over his holster. The cold, impersonal routine of looking at papers. The brusque command to get into the car. It had happened thousands of times in Europe, and those who were hustled off to the "station" were never seen alive again.

But I went along with the officers, secure in the thought that this was not Nazi Germany or occupied Denmark. No matter what I had done—and my conscience was certainly clear—I would get justice in the American way. En route to the station I remembered my first experience in an American court. Shortly after I got off the boat in New York I engaged a press agent, because my friends said, "You're dead around town without publicity." I didn't have money enough to pay my room rent, much less a press agent, but my friends were convinced the need was urgent, and they staked me for $500. I gave it to the man, and a month later he sued me for an additional $500, which I had refused to pay. I got a summons and went to court without a lawyer.

"Mr. Borge," the judge said, "why have you not paid this bill?"

"Mr. Judge," I said—I had not yet learned the phrase "your honor"—"this press agent promised to get my name in all the papers, and I already paid him five hundred dollars."

"How much publicity did you get?"

I stepped up to the bench and gave the judge a huge Manila envelope marked: "VICTOR BORGE—PRESS CLIPPINGS." He opened it, explored it for a moment, and finally pulled out one tiny clipping from a Newark, New Jersey, shopping paper. It had two lines ringed in red which said: "Victor Borge, Danish comedian, arrived in New York last month." The judge gazed at this lonesome little snip of newsprint and leaned toward the press agent, who was sitting at a nearby table.

"Is this all you did for Mr. Borge's first five hundred?"

"Well—uh—yes, judge. But ——"

"Case dismissed!" the judge snapped, glaring down at the plaintiff. "It is a disgrace for anyone to take advantage of an immigrant who hardly understands our language and who came here with nothing but faith in our American system of justice. You should be ashamed of yourself."

The judge's words were still running through my mind when we got to the police station in Hollywood late that afternoon, but I was a little uneasy when they searched me, put my wallet and personal knickknacks into a little pile and took my fingerprints. Then, with some severity, they told me what it was all about. It seems that on my draft card my own signature was on the dotted line supposed to have been signed by the clerk of the local board in New York. The clerk had apparently made an error and I didn't know the difference. The police thought I had a forged card and might have been a spy, though I can't imagine an enemy agent being that stupid.

I was allowed to call Crosby and Maizlish for help. They were tearing their hair because they needed me on the show and they insisted that the station sergeant phone the FBI in Washington. He got through in a few minutes, and I was cleared at once. The sergeant apologized for the inconvenience, returned my things and wished me good luck. I couldn't help thinking that in some parts of Europe they would have shot me anyway, just for the hell of it. I made the show in time that night, and Bing gave me a casual greeting.

"Glad you're back, Borge," he drawled. "I thought that other show had hired you away."

"What other show?" I asked, mystified.

"Gangbusters," he said.

Editors' note—The concluding article of this series by Mr. Borge will appear next week.

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March 23, 1957

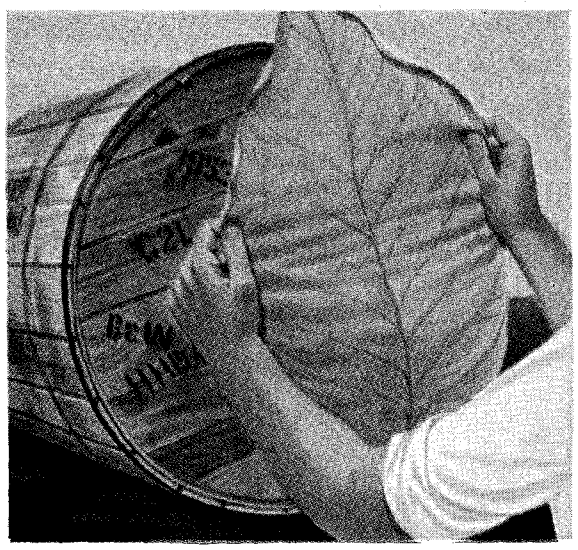
Don Carter, BOWLING CHAMPION, SAYS:

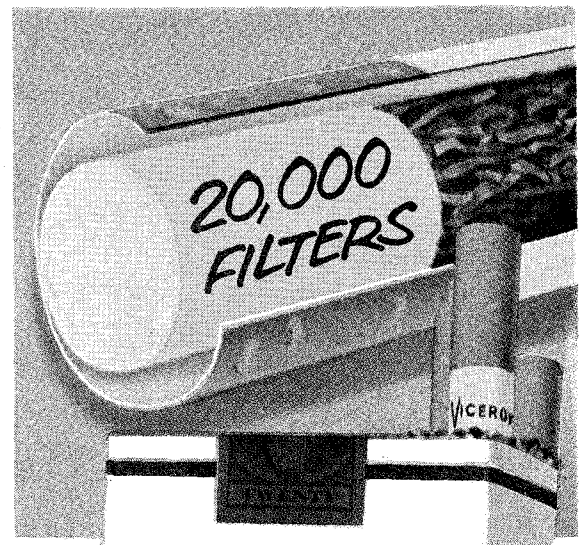
"Viceroy has the smoothest taste of all!"

Smooth!
From the finest tobacco grown, Viceroy selects only the Smooth Flavor Leaf. No other will do!

Extra Smooth!
Each Smooth Flavor Leaf is specially Deep-Cured, golden brown through and through, for *extra* smoothness!

Super Smooth!
Only Viceroy smooths each puff through *20,000 filters* made from pure cellulose—soft, snow-white, natural!





MR. AND MRS. DON CARTER are both champion bowlers—and they both agree: "That smoother Viceroy taste just can't be beat!" Join them—and the many other champion athletes who have changed to Viceroy for the smoothest taste of all!

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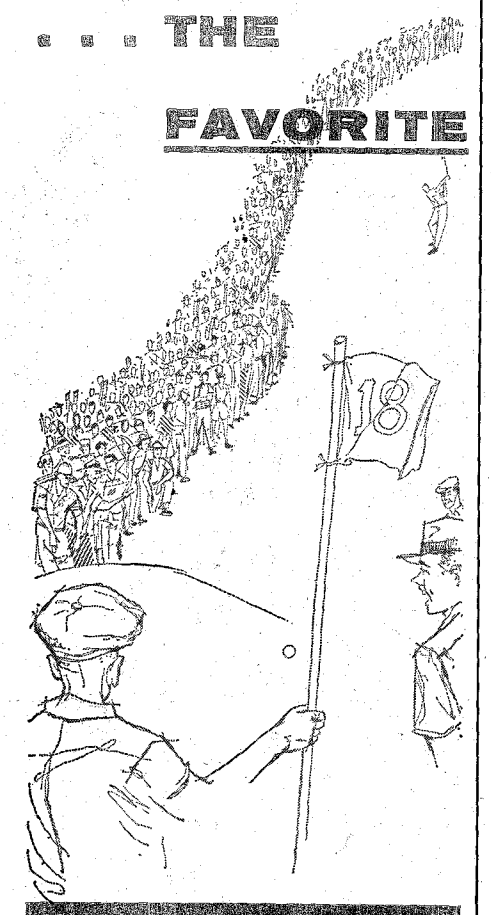

Once more Titleist led all other balls as the *choice* of the Pros and Amateurs in the Big Money Tournaments of 1956.

In *every* major open tournament, as well as the National Open, National Amateur, National P. G. A., Masters' and the Women's Open and Women's Amateur, more Titleists were played than any other ball.

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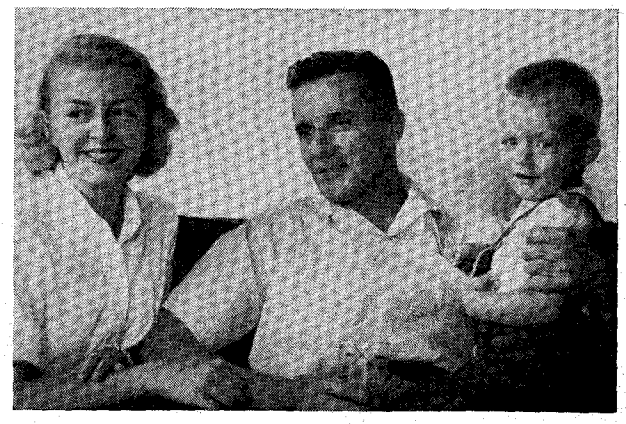
Keeping Posted

He's Very Familiar With the Sky

Col. Charlie Blair has two jobs, both of them in the air. Maybe you have flown with him on one of his three-a-month round-trip runs between New York and Europe—he's a senior captain for Pan American World Airways. His other job is Air Force duty for two weeks of each month; then he is a jet man, and the prudent way to accompany him on that tension-packed activity is via page 32.

Consider this flight log: 23,000 flying hours—700 in jets—5,000,000 flying miles; 710 Atlantic crossings as aircraft commander. Blair reflects, "As I travel an average of 1000 miles a day the year around, my hobby of baseball is somewhat curtailed." Blair holds the old flying-boat record from New York to Ireland (14 hrs., 17 mins. in 1944); also the present propeller-engine record for New York to London (7 hrs., 48 mins.); and in 1951 he made an America-Europe flight via the North Pole, for which he was awarded the Harmon Trophy. "I flew an F-51 fighter which I owned, called Excalibur III—later it found fine hangar space in the Smithsonian Institution."



The Blairs and one of their young people.

Blair has two youthful sons and a married daughter; and what do you suppose Mrs. Blair did before she was married? Oh, sure—airline hostess.

About Cameras and Users of Same

This isn't exactly a gag picture of Victor Borge and photographer Larry Fried, for actually Borge is fanatical about cameras and, on any excuse, aims one. Borge, page 30, can't make much sense out of light meters, though; so Fried, who took the home-life pictures for the Borge series, told the comedian about an automatic-action meter, new on the market, and promised to get him one before Borge left two days later for Europe. After fine-tooth-combing New York, Fried finally purchased one of the rare gadgets from a private owner, then arrived at a Hudson River pier just as Borge's ship majestically departed. Fried sold the meter back to the baffled first owner; then, going to his home in Tarrytown, found that Borge had sent him some ready-to-cook Rock Cornish hens, which later the Frieds consumed while wafting thank-you thoughts seaward.

The first camera Larry Fried ever had in his hand he detached from a Nazi officer while fighting with the 1st Infantry Division in World War II. It seemed like an amusing contraption; so he took some combat pictures, got a war correspondent to have them developed, and was charmed when the Associated Press bought them, exclaiming, "More!" And now he's doing fine with Pix, Incorporated. The Frieds, who have a tiny daughter, state that their second child will arrive July fourth.

Bathtub Expert Cleans Up Fallacy

Washington Editor Beverly Smith, Jr., who on page 20 pursues a serious theme, appears here in a lighter mood and in a Victorian bathtub. Not long ago, the National Housing Center in Washington opened a $120,000 exhibition of aged tubs, and one of the explanatory plaques explained that plumbing was first installed in the White House in 1882. When Smith heard about this, he, an old-tub fan, was outraged. Had he not presented unassailable evidence in the Post (THE CURIOUS CASE OF THE PRESIDENT'S BATHTUB, August 23, 1952) that President Andy Jackson pioneered White House bathtubbing around 1830? When the exhibition people replaced their plaque with a marked, enlarged copy of Smith's article, our man felt ever so much better.

That's Using His Head

John Kobler reports that after interviewing Dr. Frederick Hisaw at Harvard University, (page 28), they lunched at the Faculty Club and the author reflected that his companion's precision of thought certainly made a mockery of the old saw about professors being absent-minded. As the two men lunched, it began to snow, and after they left the club Doctor Hisaw presently halted, stared at his feet, and exclaimed, "Great Scott, I didn't have these galoshes on when I came in!"

Or would you call this presence of mind?

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"This Place Can Save Your Life"

Here is a visit to a modern hospital's "recovery room," where patients are brought through those critical postoperative hours when death lurks in ambush.

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